FRENCH POETRY AND MODERN INDUSTRY

1830–1870

GRANT

Margaret Carnegie
Library

MILLS COLLEGE
PRO CHRISTO ET MUNDO
1865 :: C 1885
CALIFORNIA

HARVARD STUDIES IN ROMANCE LANGUAGES

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE
DEPARTMENT OF FRENCH AND OTHER
ROMANCE LANGUAGES AND LITERATURES

VOLUME VI

LONDON : HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

FRENCH POETRY AND MODERN INDUSTRY

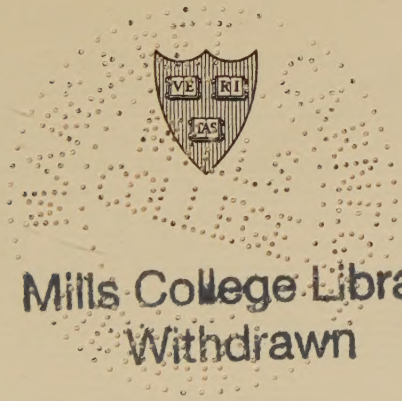
1830–1870

A Study of the Treatment of Industry and Mechanical Power in French Poetry during the Reigns of Louis-Philippe and Napoleon III

BY

ELLIOTT MANSFIELD GRANT, PH.D.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN SMITH COLLEGE



Mills College Library
Withdrawn

CAMBRIDGE

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

1927

COPYRIGHT, 1927
BY THE PRESIDENT AND FELLOWS OF
HARVARD COLLEGE

PRINTED AT THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
CAMBRIDGE, MASS., U.S.A.

46186
840.9
G761f

PREFACE

In 1918, M. C.-A. Fusil published *La Poésie scientifique de 1750 à nos jours*, in which he traced the evolution of the poetry of science from La Motte Houdar to Richepin. Perhaps the greatest difficulty that confronted the author was to define his subject exactly. He tells us that "la poésie scientifique est celle qui fait directement sortir l'émotion des découvertes de la science et de ses chiffres, ou qui se meut dans la zone où la philosophie voisine avec la science." And as one reads his work, one discovers that scientific poetry draws its inspiration from "pure science," that is, from astronomy, biology, geology, the evolution of the species, and the like. The poets in question treat, in one form or another, scientific fact and theory. At least, such is their point of departure.

In order to define his subject even more closely, M. Fusil makes an illuminating restriction. He says:

> Enfin nous éviterons de confondre la science et le machinisme. Ce sont en vérité deux choses assez distinctes, bien qu'on ait l'habitude de n'y pas regarder d'assez près. . . . L'étude des animaux fossiles a plus de valeur philosophique que l'invention des ballons, la théorie de la descendance que la construction d'une machine à vapeur, l'analyse spectrale que la télégraphie; les aéroplanes n'apporteront que des modifications superficielles dans notre façon de penser; mais la découverte de corps radio-actifs est lourde de conséquences métaphysiques, et elle est en train de bouleverser notre conception de la matière et du monde. . . . A moins qu'on ne voie dans le machinisme un affranchissement progressif de la pensée humaine par l'asservissement de la matière, ou que le poète ne lui emprunte des images et des symboles: ce sont les seules façons de le considérer qui doivent ici nous intéresser *en passant*.

The distinction is clear. M. Fusil is interested in poems inspired by science and not in those inspired by the applications of science. He is concerned with the poetry of science and not with the poetry of industry.

The poetry of industry exists — M. Fusil does not deny it — and has reached a high point of development. The time has come

when it is perhaps worth while to determine when and how French poets began to react to such mechanical discoveries as the steamship, the locomotive, factory machinery, the telegraph, the balloon, and the like. I propose, therefore, to study the relations between poetry and industry in France from 1830 to 1870. These four decades coincide with a very rapid growth of the industrial movement and a corresponding transformation of French society. It is the logical period in which to seek the beginnings, the evolution, and the quality of *la poésie du machinisme*.

I have tried not to encumber my text with too many quotations. I have, therefore, relegated to an appendix a number of texts of lesser importance. There remain, however, — I fear it is inevitable in a work of this kind, — a good many quotations inserted in the narrative.

Parts of Chapter III and Chapter IV of this book appeared in print in the *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, vol. xxxix, no. 4, under the title, "Poetry and Modern Industry. A Literary Controversy of the Second Empire." The editor of the *Publications* has kindly granted permission to reproduce that material here.

It is a pleasure to thank all those to whom I am indebted. Professor André Morize, at whose suggestion I began this investigation, has given most generously of his time and counsel. To work under his direction has been a pleasant and valuable experience. Professor Albert Schinz aided me during the early stages of my work, and I am glad of this opportunity to express my appreciation. Finally, I owe a debt of gratitude to my wife, who has assisted me in every possible way.

E. M. G.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

THE BACKGROUND 3

CHAPTER II

THE PERIOD OF FIRST CONTACT 17

A few poems prior to 1830. Ampère, Vigny, and Musset. Barbier's *Lazare*. Quinet, Deschamps, and Lamartine. Chevreau and Laurent-Pichat. Paris–Versailles accident. Vigny's *Maison du berger*. Pommier. George Sand and some proletarian poets. Academic *Concours*. Michelet's *Le Peuple*. Hugo's *Melancholia*. De Banville and materialism. Miscellaneous poems. Several poets from Lyons. Belgian poets. Conclusion.

CHAPTER III

THE THEORY 66

I. The Preparation.

More poems treating of industry. Poetic hostility to machinery. Dupont's Preface. Michelet's *Le Banquet*. Pelletan's *Profession de foi*. Articles by young writers connected with the *Revue de Paris*.

II. Maxime Du Camp and *Les Chants modernes*.

The man. His relations with Saint-Simonists. The Preface. *Les Chants de la matière*. Conclusion.

CHAPTER IV

THE REACTION TO *Les Chants modernes* 97

Flaubert's attitude. Planche and Leconte de Lisle. Sainte-Beuve, Baudelaire, Laprade, and Renan. Texier and Lacaussade. Pontmartin. Defenders of Du Camp. Conclusion.

CHAPTER V

THE POETRY OF INDUSTRY DURING THE YEARS IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING *Les Chants modernes* 114

Minor compositions favorable to industry. Hostility. Laurent-Pichat. Barrillot. Baudelaire. Soulary. Van Hasselt. Hugo and the idea of progress in *La Légende des Siècles*. Du Camp's *Convictions*. Conclusion.

CHAPTER VI

THE POETRY OF INDUSTRY, 1860–1870 137

Discussion of the state of poetry. Minor compositions. Michu's *Chants de l'Industrie*. Further discussion of the state of poetry. Lemoyne and De Banville. Renaud. Minor compositions. Coppée. Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. Sully Prudhomme. Conclusion.

CHAPTER VII

INDUSTRY AND THE POETIC LANGUAGE 161

Viennet's protest. Periphrases and metaphors. Technical words. Use of technical terms in connection with non-industrial themes. Personification. Question of "plastique." Conclusion.

CONCLUSION 171

APPENDIX A. SOME MINOR TEXTS 183

APPENDIX B. SYSTEMATIC LISTS OF TECHNICAL WORDS . . . 195

BIBLIOGRAPHY 203

INDEX 213

FRENCH POETRY AND MODERN INDUSTRY

CHAPTER I

THE BACKGROUND

THE scientific economist realizes that machinery was introduced into French industry during the eighteenth century. A recent writer on the subject tells us that "à cette date [1780] le mouvement d'inventions nous a paru assez avancé, leur application assez répandue . . . pour justifier l'emploi de l'expression de *machinisme.*" [1] He goes on to say that by 1815 "l'introduction du machinisme est un fait accompli, la transformation économique est achevée." Facts and figures prove this contention. The case of the industrialist Richard, for example, is illuminating. In 1810 he was at the peak of his career. Proprietor of the greatest industrial establishment in France, he then owned six spinning mills, containing over a hundred thousand spindles, at which some thirty-six hundred workmen toiled to spin seven hundred thousand pounds of cotton a day. His eight thousand weavers made use of nearly seven thousand looms, on which they wove eighty thousand pieces of cotton cloth.[2]

These figures are positively startling. And in a sense they are deceptive. While it is true that the beginnings of the industrial movement must be sought in the eighteenth century, it is equally certain that the nineteenth century witnessed the truly significant development of that movement. It was not till then that the consequences of the introduction of machinery really occurred. And it was not till then that mechanical means of transportation and communication were effected.

In 1812, the cotton mills of France consumed only ten million kilograms of raw material. In 1847, they consumed fifty-five

[1] Charles Ballot, *L'Introduction du machinisme dans l'industrie française* (Paris, 1923), p. 2.

[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 109, 110.

million. A similar growth took place in the woolen industry; in 1812, it had required only forty-six million kilograms of wool; in 1847, it used eighty-four million. The *machine à vapeur* was known in the eighteenth century, but it was comparatively rare. The nineteenth century saw it spread in the most amazing fashion. By 1839 there were over two thousand in use. The Jacquard loom, invented during the Empire, permitted an undreamed-of development in the silk industry, and this advance occurred most rapidly in later years. The Indret and Creusot establishments were founded in the eighteenth century. It was not till the Restoration, and even later, that their truly prodigious growth took place.

The most dramatic episodes of economic history are probably those centering in the adoption and development of the steamer and the railroad. Every American is familiar with Robert Fulton and the trip of the *Clermont* from New York to Albany in 1807. Four years before, he had offered his invention to Bonaparte in a demonstration on the Seine. His invention rejected, he returned to America. In 1816 a Frenchman, Jouffroy d'Abbans, whose unsuccessful but promising *pyroscaphe* had floated on the Saône several decades earlier, launched a steamboat on the Seine. In the same year, the *Élise* crossed the Channel, weathering a storm which destroyed several sailing ships. In 1819, when the *Savannah* crossed the Atlantic, transoceanic steam travel became an accomplished fact. By 1830 the French possessed fifteen steamships. In 1835 a line was established between Marseilles and Constantinople. By 1840 the number of steam-propelled vessels, transatlantic and coastwise, had greatly increased. Driven, at first, by paddle-wheels, the steamboats were subsequently — as a result of the inventions of Smith and Ericsson in 1835 and 1836 — propelled by screws.[1]

[1] These various facts were culled from articles in *La Grande Encyclopédie*, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Duruy's *Histoire de France*, and J. H. Schnitzler, *Statistique générale, méthodique et complète de la France comparée aux autres grandes puissances de l'Europe* (Paris, 1846).

The railroad was developed with even greater rapidity. The first concession was granted February 26, 1823. The road was to run from the Loire to Pont-de-l'Ane, and was put into operation in 1828. Another line, from Saint-Etienne to Lyons, was planned in 1826, and was put into operation by sections from 1830 to 1833. These roads, and a few others, are of slight importance inasmuch as they consisted merely of carriages mounted on rails and drawn by horses. But in 1832 the Saint-Etienne–Lyons line installed a locomotive. After that, other lines followed in quick succession. By the laws of 1837 and of 1842 the government authorized a large network of roads. Some of them were completed as early as 1840; the rest in the following years.[1]

Early in the century, experiments were conducted on the telegraph, with a view to abandoning the awkward signal-system then in vogue. Experiments made as early as 1811 were followed in 1819 and 1820 by those of Oersted [2] and Ampère.[3] It was not till 1838, however, that the American, Morse, conceived the instrument which he completed in 1843. In 1844, the French government established the first electric telegraph, from Paris to Rouen.

Thus during the reign of Louis-Philippe machinery accomplished a considerable transformation of the economic life of France. The government gave substantial aid. Under this bourgeois king, who eagerly tried to swell his already enormous fortune, material interests dominated all others. Not only were railways established, but canals, roads, and suspension bridges were planned in rapid succession. Commerce flourished as never before. Industrial expositions were organized. An exposition opened to the public in 1834 counted over two thousand exhibitors. It was followed in 1839 by a larger one; and in 1844 by a larger one still.[4]

The Revolution of 1848 checked momentarily these economic

[1] Picard, *Les Chemins de fer français*, vol. i.

[2] Hans-Christian Oersted (1777–1851), discoverer of electro-magnetism.

[3] André-Marie Ampère (1775–1836) continued the experiments of Oersted and discovered the general law of electro-magnetic attraction and repulsion.

[4] See *Revue des Deux Mondes*, June 15, 1849, p. 980.

successes. But the reign of Napoleon III witnessed an even greater development of the material resources of France than had the days of Louis-Philippe. "L'Empire," said the new ruler, "c'est la paix." [1] When we regard the external history of France during these twenty years, the declaration seems a mockery. Indeed, in spite of the successful Crimean War (1854–1856), the Emperor would have done far better to have held rigorously to his pretension, for his failure to do so led ultimately to his ruin. But if peace is at all synonymous with work and material development, the domestic history of France is a continual manifestation of the truth of its ruler's statement.

M. Georges Weill, in his *Histoire du mouvement social en France, 1852–1910*, has succinctly described the attempt made by the Emperor to build up the material prosperity of France. The Emperor, he says,

> s'efforça de donner l'essor au mouvement économique. La concession du chemin de fer de Lyon fut immédiatement accordée, la voie de Paris à Marseille achevée en trois ans; partout les lignes se multiplièrent, si bien qu'il y eut 6500 kilomètres exploités à la fin de 1856, au lieu de 3000 en 1852. On fit aussi rapidement les télégraphes; les travaux destinés à transformer Paris commencèrent; Marseille, Lyon, Bordeaux, le Havre, d'autres villes encore suivirent l'exemple de la capitale.[2]

It must be admitted that, while Napoleon III sought to suppress political liberty, he sought with even greater eagerness to give more liberty of action to commerce and industry. He freed it from many a cumbersome bit of governmental red tape. He was eventually, in 1860, able to bring about a reduction of tariffs between France and England such as to amount practically to free trade.

With such encouragement, industry inevitably flourished. In the early years of the Empire the steel output of the Creusot increased tenfold. The production of cotton doubled. Commerce benefited similarly, particularly from the continual amelioration of the means of transportation. In 1857, the whole railroad sys-

[1] From speech delivered at Bordeaux, October 9, 1852.

[2] Chapter I.

tem had come under the control of the six big companies. In 1859, their dividends were guaranteed by the state. By 1870, they had put into operation seventeen thousand kilometers of roads. The steamship service developed equally well. In 1862, the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique organized regular sailings to and from America.

The success of the telegraph line from Paris to Rouen led to an extension of the service in 1851. In that year a line was established from England to France. It was the line that Paul Meurice and Victor Hugo utilized later to make arrangements concerning the publication of *Les Contemplations*.[1] Thereafter, the telegraph had a rapid growth. By 1870, thirty-eight thousand kilometers of wire had been laid, exclusive of the cable. In 1858, the first transatlantic cablegram was received.

The industrial expositions now assumed a new character. Heretofore, they had been comparatively local in extent. At most, they had assembled only the products of France. The suggestion was made that an international exposition of the methods and products of industry be held, with the result that, in 1851, the first World's Exposition took place in London. Napoleon III, not to be outdone, arranged for an even more extensive one to be held in Paris in 1855. More than a year was spent in preparing for it. As early as August, 1853, we find an article in the *Revue de Paris* discussing arrangements for the enterprise and giving in some detail the plans for the palace that was to be erected. Its actual opening was attended by great pomp and ceremony. A third exposition occurred during the year 1862, in London. France's turn came again with the Exposition Universelle of 1867.

It was inevitable that such extraordinary agitation in the material world should be reflected elsewhere. Hardly had the excitement engendered by the political revolution and the Napoleonic wars died down, when men suddenly perceived a new force appear, sweep commandingly forward, and soon occupy the centre

[1] V. Hugo, *Œuvres complètes*, Poésies, vol. iii, *Les Contemplations* (Paris, Imprimerie Nationale, 1905), p. 524.

of the stage. Mechanical power, *le machinisme*, was the new disturbing element. It gave rise to passionate debate in all branches of society. Among the first to react were the workers themselves. In a pamphlet entitled, *Les justes alarmes de la classe ouvrière au sujet des mécaniques, par un vieux typographe victime de l'arbitraire* (20 août 1830), one might read that machines "plus voraces que les monstres terrassés par Hercule, sont contraires à l'humanité, aux droits de la nature, à l'industrie, et à l'intérêt général des membres de la société."[1] During the years 1830 and 1831 many machines were destroyed by the proletariat to prevent their introduction. In November of the latter year a serious insurrection broke out among the silk workers of Lyons.[2]

This upheaval among the lower classes naturally attracted attention. Furthermore, the astounding achievements of industry could not fail to win recognition. The result was that vehement discussion began to agitate the intellectual classes. One of the earliest books to deal with the workers and their position in the new régime was Lamennais's *Le Livre du Peuple* (1837). In an eloquent passage he said:

> D'autres [hommes] fondent les métaux, les façonnent, leur donnent les formes qui les rendent propres à mille usages variés; d'autres travaillent le bois; d'autres tissent la laine, le lin, la soie, fabriquent les étoffes diverses; d'autres pourvoient de la même manière aux différentes nécessités qui dérivent ou de la nature directement ou de l'état social. Ce sont encore des hommes du peuple. . . .
>
> Or, dans cette société . . . quelle est la condition du peuple? que fait-elle pour lui? Elle le condamne à lutter sans cesse contre les multitudes d'obstacles de tout genre, qu'elle oppose à l'amélioration de son sort, au soulagement de ses maux; elle lui laisse à peine une portion du fruit de ses travaux; elle le traite comme le laboureur traite son cheval et son bœuf, et souvent moins bien; elle lui crée, sous des noms divers, une servitude sans terme et une misère sans espérance.[3]

A long, sober study of the workers' conditions was published in 1840 by Villermé. He expressed a common opinion when he said:

[1] O. Festy, *Le Mouvement ouvrier de 1830 à 1834*, p. 40.
[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 109 ff.
[3] See Part II.

Si l'industrie, organisée comme nous la voyons, est l'un des plus admirables phénomènes de la société, dès qu'il y a crise, c'est un des plus affreux: des multitudes d'ouvriers tombent dans une horrible détresse, qui accable principalement les plus faibles, ceux qui gagnent les moindres salaires.[1]

About the same time, Louis Blanc published his *Organisation du Travail*.[2] This is the period of Saint-Simonism and Fourierism. In 1846, Michelet contributed to the discussion, in *Le Peuple*. In 1848, Cabet issued his *Voyage en Icarie*, which ran through several editions in a very short period of time. He, too, treated the much-mooted question of mechanical power. Of Cabet's work M. Magne writes:

Pour la première fois naît la vision de l'ouvrier surveillant et guidant le geste de la machine. Celle-ci, sous sa direction, exécute les rites pénibles du labour . . . fabrique le pain; lave le linge; découpe et dégrossit le matériel minutieux de l'horlogerie; imprime les littératures heureuses. L'usine vertébrée sort de terre et rugit de la joie de son labeur fécond.[3]

Less preoccupied with the workers' lot and more concerned with the establishment and success of industry were writers such as Michel Chevalier, Philippe Chemin-Dupontès, and Charles Coquelin. The first published in 1838 an article entitled *Du Réseau des chemins de fer tel qu'il pourrait être établi aujourd'hui en France*.[4] He continued to write voluminously on economic subjects. Chemin-Dupontès discussed, shortly after, *La Navigation à vapeur en Angleterre, en France et aux Etats-Unis*.[5] Coquelin concerned himself with the linen industry in France and England: *De l'Industrie linière en France et en Angleterre*.[6] Many other writers — Dupin, Petetin, Barral, Schnitzler — treated industry from a scientific, historical point of view.[7] They helped to arouse popular interest.

[1] L. Villermé, *Tableau de l'état physique et moral des ouvriers* (1840), vol. ii, p. 310.

[2] 1839.

[3] E. Magne, "Le Machinisme dans la littérature contemporaine," *Mercure de France* (1910).

[4] *Revue des Deux Mondes*, vol. ii (1838).

[5] *Ibid.*, vol. iii (1838).

[6] *Ibid.*, July 1, 1839.

[7] C. Dupin, *Progrès de l'industrie française depuis le commencement du XIX^e siècle* (1823). A. Petetin, "Du Rôle politique des chemins de fer," *Revue indépendante*, April 10, 1844. Barral, "Exposition des produits de l'industrie française," *Revue indépendante*, June 10, 1844. Schnitzler, *op. cit.*

The official economists of these early years seem to have been, on the whole, conservative. At the Collège de France, Rossi, at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, Adolphe Blanqui, professed a moderate, safe economic policy.[1] Among the Saint-Simonists, apparently hopelessly divided at this epoch, Michel Chevalier and Jules Lechevalier pronounced themselves against popular sovereignty and declared that "la royauté doit représenter les classes inférieures." [2]

As industry developed, popular interest in it grew. We have interesting proof of this in connection with the *Revue de Paris*. In 1851, Arsène Houssaye, Théophile Gautier, Maxime Du Camp, and Louis de Cormenin took over the title of the *Revue de Paris*, which had been abandoned some years before by Buloz. In the first issue — October, 1851 — Théophile Gautier, speaking for the staff, declared that the *Revue* would be devoted to art and literature. To art and literature! But within a few months we find an occasional article on science. And, finally, in the number of August 1, 1853, horror of horrors, appeared a section of several pages entitled "Revue de l'Industrie," which took rank with the "Revue du Théâtre" and the "Revue littéraire." Thus we find the *Revue de Paris* admitting to its columns discussions such as *La Navigation à hélice* (August 1, 1853), *Bilan industriel de l'année 1854* (January 1, 1855), *Pont suspendu du chemin de fer du Niagara* (May 1, 1855), etc. It is needless to say that this change of policy was in large part due to popular demand. There can hardly be a better illustration of the important position won by industry during the early years of the Second Empire.

Historians, economists, moralists, sociologists, journalists, all were led to declare themselves on the problem of the hour. Men of letters could hardly fail in their turn to recognize its existence and to contribute to the discussion.

One has only to mention Vigny's characterization of John Bell in *Chatterton* (1835), to realize that the question of industry was

[1] See G. Renard, *Etapes de la société française au XIX^e siècle*, chapter on 1837.
[2] *Ibid.*

not slow in invading literature. Even earlier, in 1833, Désiré Nisard wrote: "A cette heure toute poésie est sur la proue des bateaux à vapeur ou sur les rails des chemins de fer."[1] In 1837, Victor Hugo expressed his admiration for the locomotive:

> Je suis réconcilié avec les chemins de fer; c'est décidément très beau. . . . Il faut beaucoup d'efforts pour ne pas se figurer que le cheval de fer est une bête véritable. On l'entend souffler au repos, se lamenter au départ, japper en route . . . d'énormes raquettes d'étincelles jaillissent à tout moment de ses roues ou de ses pieds, comme tu voudras; et son haleine s'en va sur vos têtes en beaux nuages de fumée blanche qui se déchirent aux arbres de la route.[2]

Théophile Gautier, in 1837, on the other hand, thought the railroad a "curiosité scientifique, une espèce de joujou industriel."[3] Years later, Gautier was still contemptuous of the industrial movement, but he could not quite conceal an involuntary admiration for the machines he saw at the Universal Exposition in London in 1851:

> Les bobines tournaient comme des danseuses ivres, disparaissant dans l'éblouissement de leur rapidité. Les pistons levaient et laissaient retomber leurs moignons avec un han plaintif, comme des bûcherons fendant un tronc de chêne . . . tous ces esclaves métalliques et plutoniens inventés par le génie de l'homme travaillaient à qui mieux mieux sur notre passage.[4]

And, in 1848, Renan not only spoke of the discovery of steam and the invention of the railroad, but attributed to them an intellectual value:

> D'ailleurs, l'activité qui, en apparence, ne se propose pour but qu'une amélioration matérielle a presque toujours une valeur intellectuelle. Quelle découverte spéculative a eu autant d'influence que celle de la vapeur? Un chemin de fer fait plus pour le progrès qu'un ouvrage de génie, qui, par des circonstances purement extérieures, peut être privé de son influence.[5]

A dangerous admission even for so penetrating a mind as Renan! Thus did French men of letters, at least in their prose, recognize

[1] *Mélanges*, vol. i, p. 370.

[2] See "Bretagne et Normandie," in *En Voyage: France et Belgique*.

[3] "Le Chemin de fer," *La Charte de 1830*, October 15, 1837. Reprinted in *Fusains et Eaux-fortes*. In the same year Mme De Girardin wrote enthusiastically of the Paris–Saint-Germain line (*Œuvres complètes*, vol. 4, p. 170.).

[4] *L'Orient* (Charpentier edition, 1907), vol. i, p. 303.

[5] *L'Avenir de la Science*, p. 80.

the development and importance of mechanical power. But what of poetry? Were the poets of France quite unconscious of what was taking place in the world about them? The extraordinary transformation of the economic life of their country must have impressed itself upon them, too. But before attempting specifically to solve this particular problem, it will perhaps be well to recall briefly the salient facts of the evolution of French poetry during the forty years with which we are concerned.

The early years of the reign of Louis-Philippe mark the culmination of the romantic school. Romantic literature, imaginative, violent, eccentric, *outrée*, was the product of a comparatively small, isolated group. French poetry, reflecting naturally the ideals of the general movement, was interested in castles of the Middle Ages, exotic scenery, moonlight nights; it was pervaded with tender melancholy, filled with Ossianic reveries, dominated by extraordinary passions, and concerned with unheard-of, fantastic plots. This literature and this poetry were in complete disaccord with the civilization which we have just described, a civilization created by and for a materialistic bourgeois society. A person of penetration required no great prophetic powers to foretell that a decline was at hand. The striking failure of *Les Burgraves* in 1843 was inevitable; it pointed to the beginning of a great change.

A period of sterility, of literary famine followed. For not only did the bourgeois public respond unfavorably, if at all, to literary products of romantic character, but the authors were themselves exhausted by the intensity of their emotional efforts. Sainte-Beuve reports the situation with his customary clairvoyance in an important article, "Quelques vérités sur la situation en littérature," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, July 1, 1843:

> Que s'est-il passé littérairement de saillant, de sensible à tous, depuis quelques années?
>
> Et quelle disette d'abord, ou du moins quelle stérile abondance! Signaler la halte, le ralentissement graduel et continu, c'est proclamer ce que chacun s'est déjà dit. Pendant que les hommes en possession de la vogue et de la faveur publique continuaient plus ou moins heureusement d'en user ou d'en

abuser, . . . qu'ils appesantissaient leur genre, ou qu'ils le bouleversaient brusquement un beau matin plutôt que de le renouveler, quelles œuvres vraiment nouvelles, quelles apparitions inattendues sont venues varier et rafraîchir le tableau?

Deux faits notables, deux phénomènes littéraires, sont venus, l'un pas plus tard qu'hier, l'autre depuis quelques années déjà, fournir à l'attention avide un sujet, un aliment tant désiré. . . . On a eu au théâtre Mlle Rachel . . . on a eu hier une tragédie qui a attiré la foule, et qui, par des qualités diverses et sérieuses a mérité de faire bruit.

Sainte-Beuve interprets these two facts — the success of Rachel and of Ponsard's *Lucrèce* — as manifestations of reaction. Reaction against the romantic school, legitimate, inevitable, but superficial: "Réaction, après tout, superficielle et sans grand fond, secousse et agitation légère d'esprits blasés, ennuyés, qui se retournent par dégoût, et qui essaient aujourd'hui de ce qu'ils ont rebuté hier, pour ressentir quelque chose." Such a text is important as a piece of evidence and as a symptom. Victor de Laprade's article, "De la question littéraire,"[1] also displays a good deal of disquietude about the existing situation; he perceives clearly and views pessimistically the gulf existing between poetry and the bourgeoisie. "Le régime économique et moral sous lequel nous vivons," he says, "maintiendra forcément le goût littéraire dans des voies dépravées." The acumen of these critics is astounding, especially that of Sainte-Beuve when he says in conclusion: "L'époque a l'air de se trancher par son milieu; on peut embrasser la marche de la première moitié avec quelque certitude."[2] But the question then naturally arises as to what road literature is going to take.

[1] *La Revue indépendante*, October 10, 1843.

[2] Other statements corroborating Sainte-Beuve's article are numerous. See letter of V. de Laprade to Jean Tisseur, "La Vie littéraire à Paris en 1843–1844," *Revue bleue*, October 25, 1913, by C. Latreille. See also article by Charles Labitte, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, July 1, 1840.

See Sainte-Beuve, *Chroniques parisiennes*, April 17, 29, 1843. J. Chaudes-Aigues, "Etat présent de la littérature," *L'Artiste*, January 26, 1840. P. Rochery, "Critique littéraire," *Revue indépendante*, June 10, 1844. L. S. A. Everlove, "L'Art et la Poésie," *L'Artiste*, April 6, 1845. E. Maron, "Critique littéraire," *Revue indépendante*, January 25, 1847.

It seemed for a moment as if the solution lay in the direction indicated by Ponsard's *Lucrèce*, and more clearly defined by his later remark, "Je n'admets que la souveraineté du bon sens." [1] It is indisputable that the plays of Augier and Ponsard enjoyed considerable success. The *école du bon sens* appeared in a fair way to establish itself firmly. But it soon became obvious that its success was limited to the theatre. It was unable to impose its authority upon the other genres, and even in its own domain its reign was of short duration. In brief, its success was but a *feu de paille*.

With the possible exception of the Academic *Concours* of 1845, to be studied in the following chapter, no other solution was offered during the reign of Louis-Philippe. In 1846, Charles de Mazade spoke of the silence of the leading figures, Lamartine, Hugo, Vigny, and Musset, and added:

> Il ne faut pas croire pourtant que la production poétique s'arrête: elle abonde au contraire, elle se déroule avec une fluidité des plus consciencieuses; chaque jour a sa moisson. Il n'y a qu'une chose qui ne diminue pas, c'est la candide vanité qu'on tire de ce flux monotone.[2]

The period of "stérile abondance" went calmly on its way.

Literary preoccupations were soon forgotten in the storm and stress of the following years. The Revolution of 1848 has been too often and too thoroughly discussed to need any added comment here. It is the subsequent reaction, following upon the June uprisings and resulting in the election of Louis Napoleon, that we need to observe more closely. For this reaction had a profound effect upon certain writers of the younger generation. The case of Leconte de Lisle, for example, is typical. He had been associated with the socialistic group. As a contributor to the *Phalange* and the *Démocratie pacifique*, he had published articles that left no doubt of his sympathy with the radical movement. After '48 he was sent to Brittany to conduct propaganda in favor

[1] See the preface of *Agnès de Méranie* (1846).

[2] "Des Œuvres littéraires de ce temps," *Revue des Deux Mondes*, June 15, 1846.

of the new régime. There he was quickly disillusioned. The people of the country districts were by no means ready for a socialistic organization. Then, when the events in Paris corroborated the impression gained in Brittany, Leconte de Lisle, embittered and saddened by this political experience, antagonized also by the supremacy of materialism, by what he will later call the *Pandémonium industriel*, turned to the only refuge that apparently remained — a cult of knowledge and of the beautiful. In other words, he dedicated himself to the conception of *l'Art pour l'Art*.[1]

Thus the Parnassian school, as it came to be called after 1866, was in some degree due to the political reaction that followed on the heels of the Revolution of 1848. But in even greater degree it was a revolt against a materialistic society — a society that since 1820 had been more and more influenced by the development of industry and commerce favored by the governmental domination of the bourgeoisie. It is true, of course, that as early as 1835 Théophile Gautier proclaimed the useful to be ugly — "tout ce qui est utile, est laid." [2] And even earlier the bourgeois was an object of anathema to the apostles of Romanticism.[3] But in 1855 the greater wealth and economic power of the bourgeois gave the poets a new angle of attack, and the transformation of the economic background is in part responsible for the change of tone in French poetry between, let us say, 1830 and 1860.

This is not, however, the whole story. Romanticism, period of hesitation, Parnassianism — such is the usual outline. But it is incomplete and possibly misleading. Not all poets ran away from life, first, to celebrate the uniqueness of their own emotional experience, later, to devote themselves to an ideal of beauty that had no other end or aim than itself, and to the scientific reconstruction of a glorious past. On the contrary, many poets be-

[1] See M. A. Leblond, *Leconte de Lisle* (1906), for a discussion of this whole subject, esp. pp. 164–240.

[2] Preface of *Mlle de Maupin*.

[3] See A. Cassagne, *La Théorie de l'art pour l'art*, etc., pp. 110 ff.

lieved, consciously or unconsciously, that poetry should translate the aspirations and achievements of the present time, even though this conception led them to treat such seemingly unpoetic things as factories and steam engines. The following pages will, therefore, be devoted to an examination of the work of those poets who shared this belief.

CHAPTER II

THE PERIOD OF FIRST CONTACT

THE industrial progress outlined in the preceding chapter did not fail to make an impression on the poets of the period even as it had on the historians, economists, and prose-writers. Although the first decade of the reign of Louis-Philippe presents the paradox, already indicated, of highly imaginative and subjective poetry against an extremely materialistic background, a closer examination will show that the paradox is more apparent than real. Even in the heyday of romanticism industry penetrated the poetic realm.

Long before 1830 there is evidence, slight to be sure, of this tendency. In 1819, Victor Hugo, at the age of seventeen, had the audacity to send a poem to the Academic *Concours* of that year. His poem, entitled *Discours sur les avantages de l'enseignement mutuel*,[1] dated May 12, 1819, alluded in one passage to the endeavors to perfect the balloon, and in another to the new invention that was attracting so much attention, the steamship.[2] Hugo's description presents nothing specially new. He remains true to the tradition of eighteenth-century poetry, descriptive and encyclopedic. The verse of the Abbé Delille and the poetry of André Chénier furnished models that Hugo must inevitably have had in mind. One merely needs to recall Delille's *Le Navire*,[3] with its abuse of methodically detailed description and its excessive use of periphrases. Obviously, Hugo and his successors had before them a ready and convenient framework.

Not long after, the young author composed a satirical poem which he entitled *Le Télégraphe*. It is political satire, and the title

[1] The Academy awarded it honorable mention.

[2] For the text of this passage, see Appendix A.

[3] Delille, *L'Imagination*, chap. 5 (1806).

is a mere point of departure. Furthermore, it was doubtless only the signal-system telegraph that Hugo had in mind when he chose the title. For although the year 1819 witnessed the discoveries of Oersted and Ampère [1] which eventually resulted in the electric telegraph, it is hardly likely that young Hugo had these events in mind when he composed his poem.

A few years later, there appeared a poem by Mme Amable Tastu, *La France et l'Industrie*.[2] It is nothing more than a polite composition upon a given subject, stuffed with glittering generalities and hackneyed commonplaces. The author is at great pains to avoid using any technical term — a natural attitude at this date. But the poem does indicate the recognition of industry as a possible poetic subject.

From 1830 on, the evidence accumulates, and assumes greater significance. Industry is utilized as an element of description; it is even discussed in and for itself. As an illustration of the former tendency, J.-J. Ampère, son of the illustrious scientist, took note of the new means of ocean travel in his poem, *La Flotte:* [3]

> . . . par la vapeur une nef animée,
> Avec son noir panache, ondoyante fumée,
> A travers les vaisseaux, va, vient, sans soin du vent,
> Et paraît se mouvoir comme un être vivant.

These lines present a graceful picture of the powerful, easy-moving steamer.

In *La Démocratie*, another poem of the same volume, Ampère uses the steamboat as a symbol of the new civilization in contrast with the old, represented by the castles of the Rhine.

> Le vieux monde est là-haut, debout sur ces collines,
> Colossal, mais croulant; altier, mais en ruines;
> L'autre est plus bas, il est ici, c'est ce bateau,
> Prosaïque, mais fort, mais hardi, mais nouveau!
> . . . . . .

[1] See Chapter I, p. 5.

[2] Dated as of July, 1824, in her *Poésies;* but appeared also in the *Mercure du XIX^e^ siècle* for 1823.

[3] See his volume, *Heures de poésie.*

Ce char prodigieux qui roule sur les eaux
Laisse un léger sillon sur le chemin des flots.
Le sillon fugitif suit l'ornière profonde,
Que la roue animée imprime au sein de l'onde,
Réfléchit quelque temps le rocher, la forêt,
Puis se ferme sans bruit, s'efface et disparaît.

The metaphor is new in French poetry, but its strangeness is rendered less striking by the careful use of conventional poetic terms. *Char prodigieux* and *roue animée* certainly are no novelty in the poetic vocabulary of the time.

The following year, 1831, Alfred de Vigny in his poem, *Paris*, utilized industry for an ingenious and elaborate comparison. Having mounted to the top of a tower, the poet looks over Paris spread out before him. The city appears to him first as a gigantic wheel, and then as a blazing cauldron. The latter conception at once calls to mind a vision of some foundry cauldron, as in the following lines:

Or ou plomb, tout métal est plongé dans la braise,
Et jeté pour refondre en l'ardente fournaise.
Tout brûle, craque, fume et coule; tout cela
Se tord, s'unit, se fend, tombe là, sort de là;
Cela siffle et murmure ou gémit; cela crie,
Cela chante, cela sonne, se parle et prie;
Cela reluit, cela flambe et glisse dans l'air,
Eclate en pluie ardente ou serpente en éclair.
Œuvre, ouvriers, tout brûle; au feu tout se féconde.
. . . . . .
— Je ne sais si c'est mal, tout cela; mais c'est beau!
Mais c'est grand! mais on sent jusqu'au fond de son âme
Qu'un monde tout nouveau se forge à cette flamme.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the importance of the last three lines. One of the leading French poets is here recognizing all the tremendous possibilities of the new world that is taking shape — both in power and, more significant still, in beauty.

Vigny, furthermore, realizes the potential force of this new creation for good or ill. Which will it be?

— Que fais-tu donc, Paris, dans ton ardent foyer?
Que jetteras-tu donc dans ton moule d'acier?

Ton ouvrage est sans forme, et se pétrit encore
Sous la main ouvrière et le marteau sonore;
Il s'étend, se reserre, et s'engloutit souvent
Dans le jeu des ressorts et du travail savant,
Et voilà que déjà l'impatient esclave
Se meut dans la Fournaise, et, sous les flots de lave,
Il nous montre une tête énorme, et des regards
Portant l'ombre et le jour dans leurs rayons hagards.

The final impression that one receives from these passages is indeed vague. Obviously Vigny is tormented by doubt. He does not adhere frankly to the idea of progress, but he seems to consider it possible. At least he spontaneously admires this newly born force and perceives its potentialities.

No such doubts, however, beset the minds of the majority of the poets who in the following years introduce industry in one form or another into their verse. A few authors, to be sure, merely describe after the fashion of Ampère the steamer or the railroad or the factory. But a much larger number pass judgment upon the industrial movement. A frankly hostile attitude was assumed in 1833 by Alfred de Musset. In his famous diatribe against Voltaire, in the fourth part of *Rolla*, the poet refers to the railroads. It is the first allusion that we have discovered in French poetry to the new invention, and also the first poetic condemnation. Chronologically it is interesting. *Rolla* appeared August 15 in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The first locomotive had been installed hardly a year before on the line Saint-Etienne–Lyons. The passage in question is very brief:

Tout est bien balayé sur vos chemins de fer;
Tout est grand, tout est beau, mais on meurt dans votre air.

A thorough-going attack upon the whole industrial movement comes, not long after, from the pen of Auguste Barbier. He had already acquired fame by his political satires, *Iambes*. In that early volume one is tempted to see in the opening lines of *L'Idole* a metaphor inspired by some industrial scene. Again, in his poem *La Machine*, he points out the danger that lurks in the gigantic force of machinery, comparing it to Hercules "outrageant la su-

perbe nature." Now in 1837 Barbier published a volume containing a new series of poems under the title of *Lazare*. It is a savage arraignment of the industrial movement in England. The keynote is struck in the prologue:

> Je m'en vais aborder ce grand vaisseau de houille
> Qui fume au sein de l'Océan,
>
> La nef aux flancs salés qu'on nomme l'Angleterre.

Similarly, London appears to him in anything but a favorable light:

> . . . ce n'est, bien au loin, que des entassements,
> . . . . . .
> De noirs et longs tuyaux, clochers de l'Industrie,
> Ouvrant toujours la gueule, et de leurs ventres chauds
> Exhalant dans les airs la fumée à longs flots.

Such verses prepare one for the bitter lines of *La Lyre d'airain*, a poem which describes the misery caused the working classes by the introduction of machinery. It does more than that, — and herein lies its greatest interest, — it describes the machines themselves. For his background Barbier has taken a cotton mill, which he depicts in the following terms:

> Ici, comme un taureau, la vapeur prisonnière
> Hurle, mugit au fond d'une vaste chaudière,
> Et poussant au dehors deux énormes pistons,
> Fait crier cent rouets à chacun de leurs bonds.
> Plus loin, à travers l'air, des milliers de bobines,
> Tournant avec vitesse et sans qu'on puisse voir,
> Comme mille serpents aux langues assassines
> Dardent leurs sifflements du matin jusqu'au soir.
> C'est un choc éternel d'étages en étages,
> Un mélange confus de leviers, de rouages,
> De chaînes, de crampons se croisant, se heurtant,
> Un concert infernal qui va toujours grondant,
> Et dans le sein duquel un peuple aux noirs visages,
> Un peuple de vivants rabougris et chétifs
> Jette comme chanteur des cris sourds et plaintifs.

In the midst of this inferno, voices of protest arise. A workman, children, and a woman express in turn their horror of the place where they are condemned to work. Here, of course, we have the

introduction of humanitarian sentiments, echoes of the ideas expressed by the Saint-Simonists and their like, ideas that we shall find endlessly reiterated throughout the following years. Listen, for example, to the words of the woman:

> Il faut toujours travailler comme avant,
> Vivre au milieu des machines cruelles,
> Monter, descendre et risquer en passant
> De voir broyer par leurs dures ferrailles,
> L'œuvre de Dieu dans mes jeunes entrailles.

The humanitarian appeal is rejected by the superintendent of the mill: "Malheur au mauvais ouvrier, qui pleure au lieu de travailler." And the work continues:

> Et le bruit de métiers de plus fort recommence,
> Et chaque lourd piston dans la chaudière immense,
> Comme les deux talons d'un fort géant qui danse,
> S'enfonce et se relève avec un sourd fracas.
> Les leviers ébranlés entre-choquent leurs bras,
> Les rouets étourdis, les bobines actives,
> Lancent leurs cris aigus, et les clameurs plaintives
> Les humaines chansons, plus cuisantes, plus vives,
> Se perdent au milieu de ce sombre chaos,
> Comme un cri de détresse au vaste sein des flots.

In conclusion, the poet declares that not the worst, not the most heart-rending sounds imaginable, can compare with this black, infernal symphony, and warns other lands against the folly of yielding to industry for the sake of material gain.

We have quoted at some length from this poem because of the extraordinary descriptions of the machines in action. In spite of his hostility, Barbier has succeeded in skilfully reproducing a factory scene. He has not hesitated to use technical words — *métiers*, *pistons*, *chaudières*, *bobines*, *crampons*, *rouages*. He has thereby been enabled not merely to depict in his verse the machines themselves, but also, by combining these technical expressions with appropriate verbs, he has been able to reproduce the impression of noise and clamor that accompanies such activity. Barbier was, after all, a poet of considerable genius, and he

has done in these passages with almost equal success what certain modern poets have sought to do.

These realistic effects shocked, it is true, Gustave Planche, who severely criticized Barbier on that account:

> . . . il est arrivé à M. Barbier de *méconnaître la limite qui sépare la description technique de la description poétique;* il a tenté de peindre les métiers et les machines, les chaudières et les soupapes, et je dois dire que cette peinture manque absolument de clarté. . . . S'il est permis à la poésie d'introduire dans ses tableaux le mouvement de l'industrie, c'est à la condition de négliger les détails pour ne montrer que les résultats généraux; en violant cette condition, elle se condamne à la sécheresse ou à l'obscurité.[1]

Planche's criticism is that of a man thoroughly penetrated by conventional literary doctrines. It illustrates the inevitable conflict that occurs when a literary tradition comes into contact with new forms and conditions of civilization. It is just the passages criticized by Planche that give to *La Lyre d'airain* whatever vigor, picturesqueness, and originality that the poem possesses. Gustave Planche, by his unfavorable comments, has merely succeeded in emphasizing the novelty of this poetry for the readers of 1837. He has unwittingly paid tribute to the boldness of Barbier's poetic talent.

The same use of technical words and humanitarian *motif* is to be found, although somewhat less accentuated, in *Les Mineurs de Newcastle.* One group of verses is worth quoting:

> C'est la houille qui fait bouillonner les chaudières,
> Rugir les hauts-fourneaux tout chargés de matières,
> Et rouler sur le fer l'impétueux wagon;
> C'est la houille qui fait par tous les coins du monde,
> Sur le sein écumant de la vague profonde
> Bondir en souverains les vaisseaux d'Albion.

There follows an appeal to the leaders of society not to neglect the welfare of the real foundation of society — the workers.

But what is the ultimate stage of Barbier's thought? What conclusion does he reach? It is expressed in *La Nature.* In this poem — which is fortunate enough to win the approval of Gustave

[1] See *Revue des Deux Mondes,* vol. ii, 1837.

Planche — the author, in the presence of this all-invading industrial movement, wonders what is going to become of nature, and expresses the fear that imagination, reverie, and beauty may be annihilated. The poet exclaims:

> . . . Ah! sur l'œuvre divine
> Verra-t-on sans respect se vautrer la machine,
> Et comme hippopotame, insensible animal,
> Fouler toute la terre avec un pied brutal?

To which Nature replies that she is more powerful than man and will continue to prevail:

> Qu'importe que le bras des orgueilleux humains,
> S'attaquant à la terre, à ses formes divines,
> Ecorche son beau sein, du fer de leurs machines?
> . . . . . .
> Quels que soient les efforts de l'homme et de sa race,
> Que du globe soumis inondant la surface,
> Il soit pour la matière une cause de fin,
> . . . . . .
> Toujours, ô mon enfant! toujours les vents sauvages
> De leurs pieds vagabonds balayeront les plages. . . .

A rather unexpected and disconcerting conclusion, which has the effect of bringing into greater prominence Barbier's humanitarian appeal. For, if his attack on industry has no general philosophical import, its significance is clearly limited to an attempt to inspire pity for the working classes and to bring about an amelioration of their lot.

Barbier's achievement in composing realistic poems inspired by industry was not equalled or even attempted by the various poets of the next five or six years. Indeed, several cases, included here for the sake of completeness, are without special significance. In 1838, Edgar Quinet inserted in *Prométhée* a brief passage that may possibly have been suggested by some foundry scene.[1] In 1839, an ardent admirer of Rachel, by the name of Cuisin, paid her the delicate compliment of comparing her genius to a locomotive.[2] In 1842, a writer from Lyons, who signed himself

[1] For text, see Appendix A.

[2] For text, see Appendix A. Reported by H. Fleischmann in *Rachel intime*, p. 67.

Porchat, attacked industry in verses entitled *Le Palimpseste.*[1] The year before, Antony Deschamps composed *Le Travail et la vapeur*, the opening description of which affords a striking antithesis to Barbier's early poem, *La Machine.* Deschamp's epithets, *Etre prométhéen, o céleste Machine*, reflect his enthusiasm.[2] About the same time, Paul Juillerat inserted a fairly long description of a steamship in his poem entitled *Croix-Fontaine.*[3] And in 1841, Lamartine[4] likewise took cognizance of this new invention. We find in *La Marseillaise de la paix* the following scene:

> Ces navires vivants dont la vapeur est l'âme
> Déploîront sur ton cours la crinière du feu;
> L'écume à coups pressés jaillira sous la rame,
> La fumée en courant léchera ton ciel bleu.
> Le chant des passagers, que ton doux roulis berce. . . .

Lamartine's prominence gives this passage rather more significance than the five preceding ones. It is perhaps noteworthy that the same idea of the animation of inanimate objects, that was so very evident in the expression *roue animée* of Ampère, is found here. There is, moreover, an attempt at concrete picturesqueness in the *crinière de feu* as well as in the third and fourth lines.[5]

The current whose existence we are seeking to establish in French poetry of this period finds support in two compositions of 1842 and 1843. In the former year, one of the prizes of the *Jeux Floraux* was given to a poem entitled *Salomon de Caus ou la Découverte de la vapeur.* The author's identity is concealed behind the letter M. Whatever significance the poem has exists in the subject rather than in the treatment. More valuable is the second composition alluded to, *A notre ami Louis Ulbach*, by two

[1] For text, see Appendix A. Printed in *Revue du Lyonnais*, 1842.

[2] For text, see Appendix A.

[3] For text, see Appendix A.

[4] Lamartine urged governmental ownership of railroads.

[5] This, of course, accords with what one may term Lamartine's "second manner," for in *Les Recueillements poétiques* (1839) he had appreciably departed from the rather vague fluidity of his epoch-making *Méditations* and had introduced surprisingly concrete and precise effects. See P.-M. Masson, *Lamartine*, pp. 38, 46, 47.

young poets, Henri Chevreau and Laurent-Pichat.[1] Two stanzas develop a very suggestive thought:

Je ne t'accuse pas! ce ne sont pas tes torts,
Vieux siècle, si tu prends le poète et le tords!
C'est une loi de Dieu qu'ici j'accuse seule,
Qui sait toujours donner une chair à la meule!
Aujourd'hui le poète! hier le soldat! demain
Et toujours quelqu'un à l'engrenage humain!
Par quelque affreux moyen ta roue horrible presse,
Tantôt par la bataille, et tantôt par la presse?
L'âme et le corps, tout saigne en ton étau puissant!
Il te faut la pensée ou la vie, encre ou sang!

. . . . . .

Ne nous isolons pas, et marchons en avant!
Ouvrons notre âme au monde et notre voile au vent!
Vers un saint avenir les foules sont guidées!
Les choses dans leur course entraînent les idées!
Loin de songer, on pense! Aujourd'hui l'homme agit,
Et dans la poésie un sens réel surgit!
A l'actualité que le rêve s'accouple,
Et que tout vrai poète, en son vers fort et souple,
Mêlant les bruits du siècle à ses mâles accords,
Prenne tout simplement la vie à bras le corps.

The idea plainly stated here, of bringing poetry into touch with the century, passed for the moment without arousing comment.

As a matter of fact Victor Hugo had hinted at the same thought when, a few years before, he saluted the new spirit of the age as manifested in its extraordinary material progress. The opening poem of *Les Voix intérieures* reads in part as follows:

Ce siècle est grand et fort. Un noble instinct le mène.
Partout on voit marcher l'idée en mission;
Et le bruit du travail, plein de parole humaine,
Se mêle au bruit divin de la création.

. . . . . .

O poètes! le fer et la vapeur ardente
Effacent de la terre, à l'heure où vous rêvez,
L'antique pesanteur, à tout objet pendante,
Qui sous les lourds essieux broyait les durs pavés.
L'homme se fait servir par l'aveugle matière,
Il pense, il cherche, il crée! . . .

[1] See their volume, *Les Voyageuses* (1844).

Hugo has not followed out his thought to the extent of describing in verse some of the triumphs of man over matter — at least not in this volume. Later on, Hugo will have to be considered again.

In 1842 there occurred on the Paris–Versailles railroad line a catastrophe that was to give pause to many of the partisans of scientific and material progress.[1] Alfred de Vigny was one of those seriously disturbed by the accident. Apparently it solved any doubts that he had concerning industry — doubts which we saw him express a decade earlier in *Paris*. For on May 10, 1842, two days after the accident, we find him writing to Mme de Lagrange: "Quel sacrifice horrible à l'industrie! . . . Irez-vous souvent vous atteler à ces machines aveugles et inexorables? C'est bon pour nous autres hommes, nous autres chair à canon. Mais vous, c'est trop de danger et de supplices! Quel martyre!"[2] And, according to the *Journal inédit*, he composed on June 11 his well-known stanzas attacking the locomotive.[3] They appear at the end of the first part of the *Maison du berger*, and support the theme of the escape from the city and the return to the country. One passage begins rather abruptly:

> Que Dieu guide à son but la vapeur foudroyante
> Sur le fer des chemins qui traversent les monts,

---

[1] Thureau-Dangin, *Histoire de la Monarchie de Juillet*, vol. v, pp. 72, 73: "C'était un dimanche: les grandes eaux avaient attiré les promeneurs en foule. Au retour, un train direct composé de quinze wagons et de deux locomotives avaient à peine dépassé la station de Bellevue, que la locomotive de tête s'arrêta, par suite d'une rupture d'essieu. L'autre machine et le train se précipitèrent alors sur cet obstacle. Ce ne fut plus bientôt qu'un monceau informe où l'incendie éclata. Les portières, fermées à clef suivant l'usage du temps, empêchaient les voyageurs de s'échapper. Plus de cinquante personnes . . . périrent en quelques minutes sur cet épouvantable bûcher. La consternation et la colère furent immenses dans Paris. On s'en prenait à la compagnie concessionnaire et même aux chemins de fer en général. Peu s'en fallut que le populaire ne mît le feu à la gare Montparnasse." See also the *Moniteur universel*, May 9, 1842, for a more extensive account of the accident; and see the issue of May 11, 1842, for the "Rapport à l'Académie des Sciences." The *Journal des chemins de fer*, May 15, 1842, gives a more detailed account of the causes of the accident.

[2] Quoted by M. Baldensperger in his edition of Vigny's poems, p. 374.

[3] See notes of M. Baldensperger in the same edition.

Qu'un Ange soit debout sur sa forge bruyante,
Quand elle va sous terre ou fait trembler les ponts
Et de ses dents de feu dévorant ses chaudières,
Transperce les cités et saute les rivières,
Plus vite que le cerf dans l'ardeur de ses bonds!

For, says Vigny, if this divine protection is not accorded, a pebble, placed by a child on the track, will suffice to derail the machine and cause an explosion. The implication is that the locomotive (or perhaps any machine) may get out of the control of man and dominate him. It is the same idea expressed by Barbier in *La Machine.* Thus Vigny continues:

Sur le taureau de fer qui fume, souffle et beugle,
L'homme a monté trop tôt. Nul ne connaît encor
Quels orages en lui porte ce rude aveugle,
Et le gai voyageur lui livre son trésor;
Son vieux père et ses fils, il les jette en otage
Dans le ventre brûlant du taureau de Carthage
Qui les rejette en cendre aux pieds du Dieu de l'or.

Mais il faut triompher du temps et de l'espace,
Arriver ou mourir. Les marchands sont jaloux.
L'or pleut sous les charbons de la vapeur qui passe,
Le moment et le but sont l'univers pour nous.
Tous se sont dit: "Allons!" mais aucun n'est le maître
Du dragon mugissant qu'un savant a fait naître;
Nous nous sommes joués à plus fort que nous tous.

It is interesting to note in this passage the identification of the locomotive with a beast more powerful than man, and the use of a vocabulary consistent with that idea.

Now the only justification of the railroad for transportation, Vigny believes, is emergency — illness, death, war, and so forth. Otherwise, it were better avoided.

—Leur voyage est sans grâces,
Puisqu'il est aussi prompt, sur ses lignes de fer,
Que la flèche lancée à travers les espaces
Qui va de l'arc au but en faisant siffler l'air.
Ainsi jetée au loin, l'humaine créature
Ne respire et ne voit, dans toute la nature,
Qu'un brouillard étouffant que traverse un éclair.

And Vigny closes with a word of regret for the good old days when one could travel at one's ease and indulge one's taste for reverie.

The same catastrophe drew a terrific satire from the pen of Victor-Louis-Amédée Pommier. Written in 1842, his poem, entitled simply *Le 8 mai 1842*, appeared in his volume of satires, *Colères*, published in 1844.[1] Pommier opens with the same idea developed in *La Maison du berger*, that man runs the risk of being dominated by his discoveries and of becoming their slave. He then passes to a realistic description of the accident:

> . . . les wagons, suivant la force qui les pousse,
> Brisés du contre-coup de l'horrible secousse,
> S'escaladent l'un l'autre et restent empilés,
> Et l'on n'aperçoit plus qu'un pêle-mêle informe,
> Masse à demi-vivante, entassement énorme
> D'hommes broyés et mutilés.
> . . . . . .
> Défoncée, éventrée, une des deux fournaises,
> Ouvrant son flanc d'airain, a répandu ses braises
> Sous ce monceau de chair et de bois et de cuir,
> Gigantesque bûcher, formidable holocauste,
> Où tant de malheureux, prisonniers à leur poste,
> Périront sans moyen de fuir.

But Pommier's conclusion interests us most of all. It is an attack upon the idea of progress:

> Devant de tels témoins, ô secte progressive,
> Vantez-nous le pouvoir de la locomotive,

---

[1] The opening piece of this volume is indicative of the temper of the book and its author. It is entitled *Juvénal:*

> . . . La satire me va: ma muse n'est point prude;
> Elle a le ton brutal et son langage est rude;
> Elle ose avec franchise, et sans fausse pudeur,
> Au vice qu'elle peint conserver sa laideur. . . .
> . . . . . .
> J'étale devant moi mon siècle tout entier,
> Ouvre ma trousse, y prends le scalpel et la scie,
> Et de ce hideux corps vais faire l'autopsie. . . .
> . . . . . .

As we shall see, Pommier keeps his word.

Vantez-nous la vapeur et les chemins de fer,
Joli petit moyen de briser les carcasses,
Ingénieux secret pour nous tuer par masses
Et nous rôtir au feu d'enfer.

Not only the locomotive, however, has to meet Pommier's attack. He hammers with equal force upon the factory system that makes of the workers mere automatons. It is the same point of view that we found in Barbier, but less artistically developed:

Le cœur se fend à voir ces sombres casemates
Où des êtres humains, comme des automates,
Usant vie et santé, font machinalement
Du matin jusqu'au soir le même mouvement. . . .
Ils déforment leur corps, et la troupe livide,
Des vingt heures durant, carde, tisse, dévide,
Le tout pour enrichir quelque oisif fabricant
Qui dans le fond du cœur n'est souvent qu'un brigand.[1]

This humanitarian preoccupation reappears even more prominently in *Immoralité*, where the factory is looked upon as a vice-breeding centre. It encourages alcoholism and sexual immorality. And in the poem *Physique de l'espèce*, child labor draws from the author some caustic remarks:

L'industrie, empoignant la pauvre créature,
La parque à tout jamais dans quelque filature,
Bagne nauséabond, cloaque empoisonné.
Où dès ses jeunes ans l'enfant emprisonné
Vieillit sur un travail que sans cesse il répète,
Et dans ce sot métier s'abrutit et s'hébète. . . .
Les arts industriels ont ce côté pour eux
Qu'ils encombrent l'état d'un peuple ignoble, affreux.

These individual satires are summed up in his poem ironically entitled *Le Progrès*. He attacks the *hâte infernale* which seems to be one of the chief desires of his generation, and naturally has something to say about the railroad, and then the steamship:

. . . sur les eaux l'agile pyroscaphe,
Avec sa mécanique et son tuyau fumeux,
Comme un léviathan bat les flots écumeux,

[1] From poem entitled *Aurolatrie*.

Et, narguant la rafale et la houle qu'il dompte,
Meut à coups redoublés ses nageoires de fonte.

But the author, much as Vigny, regrets the *chaise à porteurs* and the humble *vinaigrette*.

Even progress in industrial processes is but a vain chimera:

Nous voyons chaque jour par quelque invention
Changer les procédés de fabrication,
Et pavages de bois, dalles bitumineuses,
Réverbères de gaz aux flammes lumineuses,
Font pâmer les dadais sur la marche des arts;

industry makes a great display and arrives nowhere. We resemble a squirrel in a cage whirling incessantly without advancing a step. In any case, the idea of progress is not applicable to beauty. Beauty is absolute. Art is not more successful to-day than in the time of Phidias. Homer has not been surpassed by modern poets. Vergil's verse is still without rivals. Thus speaks Pommier, almost in the same terms as Théophile Gautier in the preface to *Mlle de Maupin*.

These satires of Pommier acquire whatever force they have by the accumulation of insulting epithets rather than by artistic and effective description. Pommier, to be sure, does not hesitate to use concrete, even technical, words in case of need; witness *carder*, *dévider*, *wagons*, *locomotive*, *filature*, *fonte*, *bitumineuses*. But they are not the most prominent feature of his descriptions; while, on the other hand, he uses a classical periphrasis, *flanc d'airain*, when the technical term might have been more effective. So that Pommier cannot be classified with Barbier in his satires of industry. The latter unwittingly contributed not a little to the development of the poetry of industry. Pommier contributed but very little, if anything at all.

The pessimism of Vigny and Pommier, reinforced, if not engendered, by the accident of May 8, may be contrasted with the optimism of Paul Germigny in his *Vers sur l'Accident arrivé le 8 mai, 1842, sur le chemin de fer de Paris à Versailles*.[1] After a

[1] See *Une Lyre à l'atelier* (1843).

poignant description of the disaster and its victims, the poet raises the important question, whether man can really dominate his own invention. Here is his answer:

> Homme, n'interromps point l'œuvre de l'industrie.
> Tes efforts à la fin dompteront la vapeur,
> Et les anges un jour envieront ta patrie.

Such is the divergence of opinion among the poets.

With Paul Germigny we are introduced to a group of poets quite different from any that have hitherto appeared in these pages. Germigny, whose real name was Charles-Auguste Grivot, was a cooper of Châteauneuf-sur-Loire. He passed his idle moments writing verse and succeeded in having many of his compositions published. He is typical of the group: Savinien Lapointe, a shoemaker, Claude Genoux, a printer, Louis Festeau, a clockmaker, Michel Roly, a woodworker, Magu, a weaver, Poncy, a bricklayer, and others, all composed poems, most of which appeared in print during the years 1841 to 1848. They were perhaps inspired by the success of Béranger, Jasmin, and Moreau. In any case, they attracted considerable attention and received aid and encouragement from several sources. In 1841, Olinde Rodrigues published the *Poésies sociales des ouvriers*, which contained forty poems by some ten or twelve different poets. The book fell under the eyes of Lerminier, who wrote a scathing review of it in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (December 15, 1841) under the title, "De la Littérature des ouvriers." He stated flatly that the *Poésies sociales* were quite lacking in poetic expression. He particularly condemned the verses of Savinien Lapointe. And he concluded his article by saying: "Les vrais intérêts des lettres ont donc tout à redouter de cette invasion de nouveaux producteurs sans originalité, sans mission, sans génie."

It is probable that, even without this attack from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, George Sand would have taken the proletarian poets to her ever-ready bosom. But certainly the opportunity to tilt with her former reactionary associates, while defending the proletarians, was not to be resisted, and she rushed into the fray

with her customary passionate enthusiasm. It must be remembered that, at this time, she was under the influence of Leroux and was collaborating with him in the editing of the *Revue indépendante*. It was there that she published her *Dialogues familiers sur la poésie des prolétaires*. In these lines she criticized the accepted French poetry of the day for being individualistic rather than social, for neglecting the problems of society while it lingered on the personal problems of the poet. She justified the work of the *poètes-ouvriers* in the following terms:

> Il n'y a que les ouvriers pour s'occuper des maux de la société dont ils sont, en tant qu'ouvriers et en tant qu'hommes, les plus nombreuses et les plus infortunées victimes. En tant que poètes, ils ont le droit de s'en inspirer, et d'appeler leurs poésies *poésies d'ouvrier*, ce qui signifie poésies d'hommes qui souffrent et qui réclament; *poésies sociales*, ce qui signifie poésies d'hommes qui veulent une société et à qui on refuse une existence sociale. *Sociale* est l'adjectif; *ouvrier* est la signature.

Nor did she rest content with this general endorsement. An examination of her correspondence shows that she wrote numerous letters of advice and encouragement to some of these men, and she even contributed prefaces to the *recueils* of Magu and of Poncy. The complete story of her relations with them has been recounted by Wladimir Karénine.[1]

It is essential to distinguish between George Sand, the socialist, and George Sand, the artist. Her political economy could lead her to look upon material progress with an indulgent eye, provided that the working classes did not suffer therefrom. But her esthetic sensibilities were less easily reconciled to industry. In 1839, she inaugurated — very obscurely, to be sure — a discussion of its artistic value. Two of the characters of *Les Sept Cordes de la lyre*, a philosophical drama in five acts, raise the question. Hélène, who represents the poetic spirit, accompanied by Albertus, the personification of reason, mounts to the spire of a cathedral. From this vantage point she beholds the material world. The Esprit de la lyre points out for her admiration the beautiful temples, theatres, museums, ship-laden harbors, rail-

[1] *George Sand: Sa vie et ses œuvres* (1912), vol. iii, pp. 292 ff.

roads, that have been created by man's genius. Then he says to her:

Et maintenant, écoute! Ces myriades d'harmonies terribles ou sublimes qui se confondent en un seul rugissement plus puissant mille fois que celui de la tempête, c'est la voix de l'industrie, le bruit des machines, le sifflement de la vapeur, le choc des marteaux, le roulement des tambours, les fanfares des phalanges guerrières, la déclamation des orateurs, les mélodies des mille instruments divers, les cris de la joie, de la guerre et du travail, l'hymne du triomphe et de la force. Ecoute, et réjouis-toi; car ce monde est riche, et cette race ingénieuse est puissante!

But Hélène remains unmoved by his eloquence. Her eyes behold horrible things:

que d'infortunés brisés sous des fardeaux pesants ou courbés sur un travail ingrat! Je vois des enfants qui naissent dans la fange, . . . des hommes en manteaux de pourpre et d'hermine tout souillés de fange, des peuples entiers couchés dans la fange! La terre n'est qu'une masse de fange labourée par des fleuves de sang.

She denies the poetry of industrial civilization; for her, it is devoid of beauty.[1]

Most of the proletarian poets who received George Sand's protection wrote on thoroughly conventional subjects: the birds and the beasts, the rivers and the sea, the young maiden and her lover, and the "flowers that bloom in the spring." But scattered here and there in their work are a few poems inspired by industry. For example, in *Le Travail*,[2] Savinien Lapointe describes a workman in his natural habitat, the factory:

Déjà, de tous côtés, spectacles magnifiques!
Sur leurs gonds ont tourné les portes des fabriques,
Et l'allègre tisseur, modestement altier,
Hélas! pour un long jour saute dans le métier;
Puis, le corps en avant, assis sur la sellette
D'une main leste, il file et file la navette,
Tandis que ses deux pieds l'un l'autre se levant,
Dociles, font jouer maint long bâton mouvant.

---

[1] Karénine gives a full résumé of *Les Sept Cordes de la lyre* in his second volume. M. Estève has an excellent and brief résumé which we have followed rather closely. See "L'Œuvre poétique de Leconte de Lisle" in *Revue des cours et conférences*, June 15, 1922, pp. 456–458.

[2] See his volume, *Une Voix d'en bas* (1844).

Further on in the poem the railroad receives an enthusiastic eulogy:

O prodige! ô grandeur! miracle du travail!

Note that Lapointe considers the railroad as the product of labor rather than as an achievement of science. He continues:

Voici briller aux yeux le gigantesque rail;
Le voici qui frémit, serpentant sur la route,
Lancé comme un boa vers le buffle qui broute.

Then he describes the locomotive as follows:

Monstre volé par l'homme à monsieur Lucifer,
Pour le service actif de nos chemins de fer;
Le voilà qui s'arrête, et sa gueule animée,
Comme un foyer ardent paraît être enflammée;
Son flanc tumultueux, impatient, frémit;
Sa poitrine d'airain souffle et souffle à grand bruit;
Rien ne peut maîtriser la fougue de son zèle;
Une ardente sueur de son ventre ruisselle;
Déjà son âpre haleine éclate, et dans son jeu,
Le monstre, autour de lui, répand des fleurs en feu.

Like other poets already discussed, Lapointe tempers the strangeness of the subject by the use of thoroughly conventional metaphors and vocabulary; witness *boa, serpentant, monstre, gueule, poitrine, sueur, ventre, haleine.*

Lapointe does not fail to attach his poem to the idea of progress:

Savez-vous ce que dit au monde,
Cette fumée en s'envolant,
La locomotive, en roulant,
Sur la terre toujours féconde?

Tout cela dit: Fraternité!
Peuples, confondez vos langages,
Monde, rapproche tes rivages;
La vapeur, c'est l'humanité!

The locomotive as the symbol of progress — this idea put forth by the shoemaker-poet will be adopted by other poets of greater talent and of unquestionable renown.

Before leaving Lapointe, mention may be made of his *Réponse à Monsieur Lerminier*. In this poem he rather eloquently defies his critic, not merely in his own name, but also in behalf of his comrades, the other proletarian poets.

From the latter, industry receives varied treatment. Unfavorable comment comes, on the one hand, from Claude Genoux:

> L'hélice en mer, et le feu qui l'active,
> Ont-ils fait plus que le brick de Colomb?
> Et sans chevaux, votre locomotive
> Nous donne-t-elle un engrais plus fécond?
> Non, grand Papin; non, toute ta science
> De Parmentier ne vaut pas un cheveu!
> De la vapeur subissons la puissance;
> Mais l'avenir, l'avenir n'est qu'à Dieu;[1]

while, on the other, Louis Festeau celebrates material progress:

> Gloire aux arts! aux progrès,
> Qui font passer la terre
> Des fureurs de la guerre
> Aux travaux de la paix
> . . . . . .
> Sur la Seine et sous la Tamise,
> Que le fer s'aligne en cordeaux;
> Qu'à nos lois la vapeur soumise
> Fasse voler de lourds fardeaux;
> . . . . . .
> A travers les temps, les royaumes,
> Volons à des destins meilleurs,
> Et sur nos wagons voyageurs
> Emportons le siècle et les hommes![2]

Again, humanitarian sentiments lend a rather sombre note to *Les Plaintes du Pauvre*,[3] by Théodore Lebreton, but the opening stanzas of the poem depict an industrial scene rather vividly:

> Dans la riche vallée où règne l'industrie
> A peine si le jour lance un premier rayon,
> Que tout va s'éveiller et répandre la vie
> Car c'est un vaste champ où le travail convie
> Le pauvre à creuser son sillon.

---

[1] From "Paradoxe," in *Chants de l'atelier* (1850).

[2] From "Les Chemins de fer." See *Poésies sociales* of Rodrigues. See *Heures de repos d'un ouvrier* (3d ed., 1840).

Dans chaque fournaise allumée,
Le feu pétille, et dans les airs
S'élève, en nuage formée,
Une épaisse et noire fumée
Dont les ateliers sont couverts.

Les eaux, qu'on retenait captives,
Reprenant leurs courses actives,
Roulant dans leurs étroits canaux;
Mus par cet élément qui baigne nos fabriques,
Ces puissants moteurs hydrauliques,
Comme un bruit d'ouragan, commencent leurs travaux.

Debout! peuple artisan, debout! la voix aiguë
De l'airain vibre dans la nue,
Et déjà suspend ton sommeil!
Soulève ta lourde paupière,
Et recommence encor ta pénible carrière
Avec la course du soleil![1]

These stanzas of Lebreton are much stronger than those of the remaining poets of the group. Guillermain, Mainvielle, Francon[2] are content with celebrating human and material progress, and use industry as a point of departure.

In so far as these authors pass judgment on industry, they do so from a philosophical or sociological point of view. Never do they attempt, after the manner of *Les Sept Cordes de la lyre*, a discussion of its artistic value. Thus they satisfy George Sand's claim that they are the proper persons to speak of the problems of society and, at the same time, do not enter upon a dangerous and delicate debate.

Nor did the French Academy, in all probability, seek to raise any such question when in 1844 it proposed, as the subject of the annual poetic *Concours*, the discovery of steam. It is more likely that it was merely trying to bring French literature into touch with the new conditions of French civilization. The Academy, as well as Sainte-Beuve, noticed with concern the "sterile abundance" of the writers of *Odes et Ballades*.

[1] For further texts from Lebreton, see Appendix A.
[2] See collection entitled *La Voix de l'humanité* (1846).

One can scarcely affirm that the Academy's proposed subject aroused enormous enthusiasm. In fact, the *Concours* was adjourned till the following year. The reasons for this initial failure do not seem clear. It cannot be assumed that the poets took no interest in the new inventions and discoveries of the century. The preceding pages belie any such statement. Is it possible that poets, feeling with George Sand that modern industry is ugly, not beautiful, considered the subject devoid of poetic inspiration, impossible of poetic treatment? No text has been found to justify the hypothesis. Yet the fact remains that, for lack of competitors, the Academy was obliged to postpone the contest to a later date. It was not till 1847 that the prizes were awarded.

Astonishing as it may seem, the winner of the prize was none other than Victor-Louis-Amédée Pommier. The man who had satirized with almost fanatical fury the "secte progressive," the industrial movement, and especially the railroad, now makes a complete about-face and celebrates the discovery of Denis Papin [1] and the subsequent applications of Watt, Fulton, and others. He even has a good word for the locomotive. Still more, he tries desperately to demonstrate not only that progress is necessary but that it is infinite. His poem is entitled *La Découverte de la vapeur, Lettre de Philinte à son ami Alceste.*[2] Below the title appears a quotation from *Le Misanthrope:* "Il faut fléchir au temps sans obstination." Let us see in what terms he expresses himself.

After having briefly saluted Papin, Watt, and Fulton, Pommier exclaims:

> Toujours est-il que l'homme à présent le possède,
> L'agent miraculeux auquel tout autre cède.
> Je me croirais peu propre à décrire en détail
> Des tubes, des pistons le technique attirail.
> Je laisse le savant expliquer la machine,
> . . . . . .

[1] Denis Papin (1647–1711), an early inventor of a steam engine.

[2] See *Les Poètes lauréats de l'Académie française*, by E. Biré and E. Grimaud. Pommier's poem appears at p. 207.

Ce qui me frappe, moi, dans mon humble ignorance,
C'est de voir qu'ici-bas tout change d'apparence;
C'est ce pouvoir nouveau, ressort universel,
Ame et principe actif du monde industriel,
Qui, soumis en esclave à l'esprit qui combine,
Tord un fil délié, l'enroule à sa bobine,
Ou meut les lourds marteaux, les massifs balanciers.
Combien seraient surpris nos simples devanciers,
S'ils pouvaient parcourir ces villes britanniques, . . .
Tout s'y fait, de l'aiguille au canon, et partout
Le rouge brasier flambe et la chaudière bout.
La matière, à l'instant, s'y plie à mille usages.

Pommier's scruples in the matter of technical description are of considerable interest. Auguste Barbier had not been disturbed by any similar attack of conscience; he had not hesitated to place before our eyes the *technique attirail* of a cotton mill. Pommier's reluctance to enter into such a description is due, be it observed, to a modest sense of ignorance. Artistic motives do not appear to have operated in any way. But the fact that the poet is impressed by the power of the machine rather than by its shape and structure is not without significance. Whatever the reason, it remains true that at this period few poets were capable of seeing beauty in an assemblage of pistons, tubes and driving-rods.

To the marvelous results of the discovery of steam enumerated by Pommier in the above passage there must be added the locomotive:

C'est le feu qu'on attelle, et, dévorant l'espace,
Comme une vision, la caravane passe.
Quoi de plus étonnant que ces monstres d'airain
Doux comme des coursiers accoutumés au frein,
Ces remorqueurs si prompts, ces machines ardentes
Aux entrailles de fonte, aux haleines grondantes,
Créatures de l'homme, impétueux dragons,
Sur deux rubans de fer entraînant les wagons.
Rien de tel ne s'offrit à l'Ulysse d'Homère.
Vous le cédez, griffon, minotaure, chimère,
A la locomotive, automate effrayant,
Dressant sa croupe noire et son col de géant!

Once again we are in presence of the identification of the locomotive with living things. And here Pommier's attitude is that

of Lapointe rather than of Vigny. This *monstre d'airain*, this *impétueux dragon*, is strictly under man's control.

After the locomotive, the steamship:

> Avec ses noirs charbons, sa fournaise allumée
> Son mât de tôle où flotte un drapeau de fumée,
> Comme un léviathan, le rapide steamer
> Agite au sein des eaux ses nageoires de fer.
> Battue à coups pressés par un cercle de rames,
> La mer gronde et bondit en écumeuses lames,
> Et sur les flots troublés, le colosse qui fuit
> Emporte à ses deux flancs deux gouffres pleins de bruit:
> C'est Charybde et Scylla, tumultueuse escorte;
> Mais leur bouillonnement n'engloutit plus: il porte.

Having thus warmly described the new inventions with a curious mixture of technical and mythological terms, there remained for Pommier only to take the final step and celebrate progress:

> Que voulez-vous enfin, champions du passé . . .
> Comptez-vous par hasard, forcer le genre humain
> A faire halte, ou même à rebrousser chemin?
> Ah! ne l'espérez pas! . . .

And the poet closes with a vision of universal peace and brotherhood.

Such is the poem which won the prize offered by the Academy. Doubtless it was the author's ingenuity in rhyme and his forceful expression that were responsible for his success. Surely no strikingly original treatment explains his triumph. Villemain, the secretary of the Academy, judged the poem in the following terms:

> Beaucoup d'esprit et d'art, autant de justesse et de vivacité dans la pensée que dans la description, nulle déclamation et de la verve seulement, voilà les principaux mérites de l'ouvrage.[1]

Much the same judgment imposes itself when we consider the poem to which the Academy awarded an *accessit*[2] — *L'Age nouveau*, by the young poet, Victor de Laprade. He had already made

[1] Quoted by E. Dupuy: *Alfred de Vigny*, vol. ii, chap. 3.

[2] I do not propose to enter into the discussion of the quarrel over the awarding of the prize. See E. Biré, *Victor de Laprade*, and Dupuy, *op. cit.*, vol. ii.

himself known to the public by two works of considerable merit, *Psyché* and *Odes et poèmes*. In 1846 he let himself be persuaded into entering the Academic *Concours*.

L'Age nouveau is a lyric poem of some five hundred lines. The first part of the poem is a glorification of the human mind and an explanation of man's supremacy: "Pensée, esprit, raison, c'est la force qui crée." It was the human mind that suspected the potential force of fire and discovered steam:

C'est le feu qui métamorphose;
Il fait obéir toute chose,
Il donne une âme au corps grossier;
Du vase, à son toucher magique,
L'eau fuit d'un essor énergique
Et meut une forêt d'acier.

But it is with the succeeding stanzas that we find Laprade describing the applications of science in fairly concrete terms.

Voyez! un homme encore, un ouvrier fragile
A fait vivre le fer comme autrefois l'argile.

The result of this conquest is the *machine animée;* the first of these to be described by the poet is the locomotive:

Quand l'hydre aux mille anneaux dans les plaines rampante
Roule d'énormes chars un convoi qui serpente,
Lorsque au loin dans le ciel sa crête rouge a lui,
A sa masse, à son bruit de lave souterraine,
On dirait un volcan qui traîne
La chaîne des monts après lui.

Et le monstre, docile aux caprices de l'homme,
Se plie aux vils travaux de la bête de somme;
Naguère il poursuivait le mobile horizon,
Il va bientôt, aveugle et le mors dans la gueule,
Tourner une incessante meule
Dans l'atelier, morne prison.

Once again we may observe that same identification of the railroad with a serpent or beast, and again the beast is completely under man's control.

After the locomotive, it is a foundry scene that Laprade evokes:

. . . près du cratère où la fonte s'allume,
De son bras de cyclope il[1] fait sur une enclume
Bondir, à temps égal, les noirs et lourds marteaux;
Ou, puisant au milieu de la lave qui coule,
Il sait dans les contours du moule
Pétrir du doigt les durs métaux.

In the next stanza the poet mentions the wheel of the steamboat and the loom and shuttle of the silk mill.

Il a tourné la roue et mû l'agile rame;
Sur le métier soyeux où l'écharpe se trame
Il conduit la navette; et des fibres du lin
La vierge aux doigts légers, qu'à sa lèvre elle mouille,
Sur le fuseau de sa quenouille
Forme un fil moins souple et moins fin.

The most important feature of Laprade's poem is not so much that he has mentioned such and such a machine in such and such a line, but rather, as Biré has observed,[2] that he has made the machine so entirely the product of man's brain. Man, not industry, is the central theme of the poem. It is because man retains and extends his supremacy that Laprade is able to associate himself with the idea of progress. This view leads him to define progress in terms that antedate by far the industrial movement:

Oui, le seul progrès véritable
Est dans la loi plus équitable,
Est dans l'idéal mieux compris;
Dans la paix chère à la sagesse,
Qui distribue avec largesse
La lumière à tous les esprits.

Little doubt can exist that the conception of *L'Age nouveau* is much loftier than that of Pommier's poem. Laprade's composition, however, is a bit too long and at moments somewhat obscure. It is distinctly lacking in intensity of personal expression. Sainte-Beuve, with his usual acuteness, felt this last defect, and wrote to Laprade on May 3, 1846:

Votre forme est belle, très belle; vous manœuvrez à merveille même avec des masses, vous jouez avec le vent; c'est dans le tour même de l'inspiration

[1] *Il = monstre = machine animée.*

[2] *Victor de Laprade*, p. 144.

que je voudrais quelque chose de plus personnel, lors même qu'il s'agit de ces idées et de ces régions élevées.[1]

Other poems, celebrating the discovery of steam, are *Napoléon au camp de Boulogne* by M. J. Lesguillon, *La Vapeur* by Hippolyte Poullain, *La Découverte de la vapeur* by J. S. Boubée, *La Vapeur* by J. Le Fèvre-Deumier, and *La Vapeur* by A. Barthélemy of *Némésis* fame. The first of these was surely written for the Academy's *Concours*.[2] The others may have been composed independently of it.[3] Barthélemy, in any case, needed no external influence. He was by nature a prophet of progress. In the opening lines of his poem he claims that the golden age, the age of bronze, the silver age, have all given way before *notre siècle de fer*. Becoming more concrete, he speaks in glowing terms of Fulton, whom he dubs the son of Prometheus. Fulton has descended from heaven to endow the world with the *progrès voyageur*. Consequently, it is not surprsiing to find most of the poem devoted to a glorification of the railroad and the steamboat. The latter is described by this modernist in terms that are amusing for their antiquity. The steamship is a "monstre vomissant la flamme et la fumée"; again, it is a "vésuve docile." The sailors are cyclops. The railroad is similarly described. The locomotives are "coursiers hennissant sous le frein," or "ces dragons de feu qui suppriment l'espace."[4] In short, Barthélemy's poem contains nothing not found in his predecessors except, perhaps, his peroration, where, instead of a vision of universal peace and brotherhood, we have the suggestion of social equality, due in the last analysis to the discovery of steam.

Two years later, Barthélemy, in a poem addressed to Victor Hugo, urged that he and other poets abandon worn-out themes and sing of Progress:

> Prends ton vol, lance-toi dans l'espace qu'ouvrit
> Le rayonnant Progrès, ce soleil de l'esprit;
> La poésie abonde en ce vaste domaine.

[1] Biré, *Victor de Laprade*, p. 143.
[2] For text, see Appendix A.
[3] For texts, see Appendix A.
[4] For fuller text, see Appendix A.

It was a logical appeal to the poet who in 1837 had composed the stanzas already quoted.

In the midst of all this panegyric of machinery, a word of warning was cast by Jules Michelet. His book, *Le Peuple*, testifies to an immense sympathy for the working classes. Before the spectacle of industrial machinery, Michelet pauses and reflects. He fears that the worker has lost dignity through contact with the machine:

> Avoir, dans les machines, créé des créateurs, de puissants ouvriers qui poursuivent invariablement l'œuvre qui leur fut imposée une fois, certes, c'est une grande tentation d'orgueil. Mais à côté, quelle humiliation, de voir en face de la machine, l'homme tombé si bas! . . La tête tourne, et le cœur se serre, quand, pour la première fois, on parcourt ces maisons fées, où le fer et le cuivre éblouissants, polis, semblent aller d'eux-mêmes, ont l'air de penser, de vouloir, tandis que l'homme faible et pâle est l'humble serviteur de ces géants d'acier. "Regardez, me disait un manufacturier, cette ingénieuse et puissante machine qui prend d'affreux chiffons et, les faisant passer, sans se tromper jamais, par les transformations les plus compliquées, les rend en tissus aussi beaux que les plus belles soies de Vérone!" J'admirais tristement; il m'était impossible de ne pas voir en même temps ces pitoyables visages d'hommes, ces jeunes filles fanées, ces enfants tortus ou bouffis.[1] [Again, he calls the factory a] véritable enfer de l'ennui. *Toujours, toujours, toujours*, c'est le mot invariable que tonne à votre oreille le roulement automatique dont tremblent les planchers.[2]

In short, Michelet is repulsed by *le Machinisme* ("pour désigner ce système d'un mot").[3] He fears that a spiritual loss has been the consequence:

> Les machines ont donné à l'homme parmi tant d'avantages, une malheureuse faculté, celle d'unir les forces sans avoir besoin d'unir les cœurs, de coopérer sans aimer, d'agir et vivre ensemble, sans se connaître; la puissance morale d'association a perdu tout ce que gagnait la concentration mécanique.[4]

The "affranchissement" so much desired by Michelet is to be won not by industrialism, but by love.[5]

Michelet's concern for the workers, in particular his condemna-

[1] *Le Peuple* (3d ed., 1846), p. 82.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 83.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 78.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 172.
[5] The next part of his book is entitled "L'Affranchissement par l'amour."

tion of child labor, was repeated in verse by Victor Hugo. In spite of his enthusiasm for the new era,[1] he could not fail to view with concern the entrance of children into industry. In 1846 he expressed his repugnance in *Melancholia*, which was to appear in print some years later in *Les Contemplations*. In printed form the poem was dated 1838, but the manuscript evidence [2] shows that most of the poem was written in 1846.

Où vont tous ces enfants dont pas un seul ne rit?
Ces doux êtres pensifs que la fièvre maigrit?
Ces filles de huit ans qu'on voit cheminer seules?
Ils s'en vont travailler quinze heures sous des meules:
Ils vont, de l'aube au soir, faire éternellement
Dans la même prison le même mouvement.
Accroupis sous les dents d'une machine sombre,
Monstre hideux qui mâche on ne sait quoi dans l'ombre,
Innocents dans un bagne, anges dans un enfer,
Ils travaillent . . .
. . . travail dont le souffle étouffant
Défait ce qu'a fait Dieu; qui tue, œuvre insensée,
La beauté sur les fronts, dans les cœurs la pensée,
Et qui ferait — c'est là son fruit le plus certain —
D'Apollon un bossu, de Voltaire un crétin!
. . . . . .
Progrès dont on demande: "Où va-t-il? que veut-il?"
Qui brise la jeunesse en fleur! qui donne, en somme,
Une âme à la machine et la retire à l'homme!

That such a confirmed believer in progress as Victor Hugo should doubt his own god suggests that he must have been deeply impressed by some poignant, heart-rending spectacle of factory children wearing themselves out at their labor. Nothing less could have made him waver in his belief in the constant upward and onward progress of humanity. But his doubts were temporary and consequently not highly significant.

Perhaps the most impressive aspect of the poem is the opposition between the industrial *milieu* and nature. After the enumeration and description of the diverse things that render him melancholy, the poet exclaims:

O forêts! bois profonds! solitudes! asiles!

[1] Cf. p. 26. [2] See H. Dupin, *Etude sur la chronologie des "Contemplations."*

In the same year, Hugo composed *A Villequier*. Here we find a mechanical conception at the basis of a rather imposing metaphor. The poet is trying to submit to God's will, and says:

> Je sais que le fruit tombe au vent qui le secoue,
> Que l'oiseau perd sa plume et la fleur son parfum:
> Que la création est une grande roue
> Qui ne peut se mouvoir sans écraser quelqu'un.

Obviously, Hugo did not need modern machinery to enable him to use the word *roue*. But it seems probable that in this passage he is comparing the universe to a huge and intricate mechanism.

So far, if we except his youthful *coup d'essai*, Hugo has not especially concerned himself with the individual industrial inventions. Later on we shall find him introducing the locomotive into his poetry.

In the meantime, Théodore de Banville made use of the locomotive in his *Malédiction de Cypris*[1] to illustrate current materialism:

> Ainsi qu'un beau génie en un monde féerique,
> Tu brises d'un seul doigt les liens corporels
> Quand tu lances un jour, au bruit d'un chant lyrique,
> Sur ces chemins, plus longs qu'un fleuve d'Amérique,
> Que sillonne d'azur le fer brillant des rails,
> Tes grands coursiers de flamme aux pieds surnaturels!
> . . . . . .
> Et la cité superbe, insatiable, immonde,
> Aux balcons des palais, aux lucarnes des toits
> . . . . . .
> Avec ses millions de bouches et de voix
> Crie et chante son hymne à l'Or, maître du monde.

Venus, outraged at the spectacle offered by her chosen city, hurls her malediction upon it. Let Paris decay, let it wallow in the mire of its materialism:

> Montre le dur métal dont tu fais des récoltes!
> Mets-le sur tes frontons et sur tes archivoltes!

---

[1] Composed in May, 1847. See M. Fuchs, *Théodore de Banville*, p. 112. See also E. M. Grant, "Théodore de Banville as a Poet of Revolt," *Philological Quarterly*, vol. iv, no. 4.

Fais-en l'âme et le sang des machines de fer
Qui par leurs dents de fonte et leur souffle d'enfer
Dompteront la nature et vaincront ses révoltes,
Et dont les noirs sanglots étoufferont l'éclair.

Par ces gueules de flamme à ta voix apparues,
Tu régneras . . .

But the day of awakening will come, and then it will be realized that the reign of commerce and industry has meant the death of idealism and beauty. "Les poètes sont morts!"

The misgivings of Michelet, Hugo, and Banville were not shared by many other writers of this date. Nicolas Martin published in a February number of *L'Artiste* a gay little poem, entitled *En chemin de fer*, which betrays no concern for the social order.[1] This same year, 1846, Alfred des Essarts published his *Salomon de Caux*, in which he celebrated the discovery of steam.[2] Auguste Barthélemy once again spoke favorably of the new mechanical inventions in *La Démocratie*.[3] Alphonse Chaulon, after enumerating the industrial accomplishments of a certain locality, applied the adjective *bienfaisant* to this creative force. In 1849 a poem, *Le Progrès*, submitted to the *Concours* of the *Jeux Floraux*, lauded Fulton's invention among others. Another poem submitted to this *Concours* was *La Vapeur*, by Adrien Aliez;[4] it contains an eloquent tribute to the locomotive and the steamship. More important, however, than any of the foregoing is the reaction of Laurent-Pichat, for his talent was greater and his vision more comprehensive. His view of the era is presented to us in *Ce Siècle est en travail:* [5]

Ce siècle est en travail; la pensée y remue,
La vie en fusion dans la fournaise émue,
—Métal dans un creuset vaste et cyclopéen,
Gémit, — prête à combler son moule européen.
Près du foyer géant chaque passant se penche
Et fait de sa pensée une urne qu'il épanche,

[1] For text, see Appendix A.
[2] For text, see Appendix A.
[3] For text, see Appendix A.
[4] For text, see Appendix A.
[5] From *Libres Paroles* (1847).

Chacun y vient verser sa haine ou son dégoût;
Pour l'un c'est la fournaise et pour l'autre l'égout!
On y jette sa foi, ses jours, — la vie et l'âme;
On s'y tord comme fait le bois vert à la flamme!
Dans l'ébullition de ce creuset profond,
Le cœur se liquéfie et, comme un lingot, fond;
. . . . . .
Tout ce qu'on a de pur tombe à ce gouffre amer,
Comme les eaux du ciel dans les flots de la mer.
Ce liquide en travail fait entendre un murmure
Comme dans le cuvier une vendange mûre.
Ce bruit de la pensée humaine en fusion
Est rempli d'épouvante et de confusion;
Un cri désespéré sort du sein des ténèbres;
Les parois qu'elle bat rendent des sons funèbres.
L'intelligence bout dans sa cuve! — On a peur
Que le cerveau n'éclate au choc de la vapeur.

The poet's judgment, by no means clearly indicated in the preceding lines, is found in the following:

Tous les dieux sont cruels; pour les êtres qu'ils font
L'abîme n'est jamais trop noir ni trop profond!
Au moins l'homme est meilleur! au risque d'être athée,
J'aime Pygmalion et j'aime Prométhée.

To cherish science as well as art does not necessarily imply approbation of the industrial movement, and, although Laurent-Pichat had expressly said elsewhere in the above poem, "Nous sublimons la matière," he speaks not very highly of it in another poem of the same volume:

Aujourd'hui vous voulez lui garder son épée:
Au moindre mot vous avez peur.
Vous prétendez tenir sa pensée occupée
Par vos rails et votre vapeur;
Partout votre industrie active est allumée!
Puisqu'il faut, glorieuse ou non,
Que l'idée à la fin s'évapore en fumée,
J'aime mieux celle du canon!

This is seemingly definite hostility to industry, yet the poet's responsiveness to his environment and to the changes occurring in it, his keen feeling for contemporary life, lead one to suspect

that this hostility is not deep-rooted and, consequently, not permanent.

A few poets of this date spoke with clear disapprobation of various aspects of industrial achievement. Auguste Vacquerie lamented in *En Wagon* the introduction of the railroad.[1] V. Barbier in *La Vieille Année* declared material progress an unfortunate thing for the nation.[2] While not actually condemning such progress, Casimir Pertus recommended extreme caution in his *XIX Siècle*.[3] The Comte de Peyronnet feared that "ce progrès si beau ne soit un peu trompeur."[4] And an unknown poet of the *Jeux Floraux* expressed the hope that poetry might succeed in distracting his compatriots from their preoccupation with steam.[5]

During these years there flourished a number of poets in the rapidly industrialized city of Lyons. With the exception of Victor de Laprade and Joséphin Soulary, they were mostly quite second-rate, but they had a high local reputation. One member of the group was a fabulist, Fleury Donzel. He composed, in the year 1848, a fable in which the two protagonists are a locomotive and a shepherd—*La Machine à vapeur et le berger*.[6] Another member of the group was Jean Tisseur. He was a man of wide interests and activities. Mariéton says of him:

> Critique, économiste, philosophe, poète, il était tout cela. . . . C'était un idéal pratique que cet esprit si profondément sensé avait pris pour drapeau de sa vie littéraire. Jean Tisseur, en effet, était avant tout un critique et un poète, deux états plus rapprochés qu'on ne pourrait le croire; mais le sang d'une race de travailleurs obscurs criait dans ses veines, comme il l'a dit, et il cherchait la poésie, l'âme du milieu où ils avaient vécu. C'est ainsi que les affinités de la poésie et de l'industrie avaient ébloui ses regards.[7]

---

[1] From *Demi-Teintes* (1845). For text, see Appendix A.

[2] From *Les Proscrits* (1848). See Appendix A.

[3] From *Dies Irae* (1846). See Appendix A.

[4] From *Satires* (1846). See Appendix A.

[5] For text, see Appendix A.

[6] *Revue du Lyonnais*, 1848, vol. xxvii, p. 263. For text, see Appendix A.

[7] P. Mariéton, *J. Soulary et la Pléiade lyonnaise*, pp. 88–90. For additional information on Jean Tisseur, a most interesting figure, see G. Doncieux, "Un Poète inconnu," *Le Correspondant*, September 25, 1887, and, above all, the biographical notice written by Clair Tisseur for the *Poésies de Jean Tisseur* (Lyons, 1885).

It is not, therefore, especially surprising to behold him in 1847 writing a poem entitled *La Locomotive*.[1] The opening description is worth noting:

Elle est là! regardez, toujours, toujours grondante,
En son formidable repos;
Des âpres grincements de son haleine ardente,
Elle épouvante les échos.
L'eau, comme une sueur, découle sur la fonte;
L'air brûle à vingt pas tout autour;
De son fût ondoyant qui s'épaissit et monte
La fumée obscurcit le jour.
Courage! sans relâche apportez de la houille
Pour alimenter le brasier;
Versez l'huile aux essieux, effacez toute rouille,
Polissez le cuivre et l'acier
Que la locomotive, à partir toute prête,
Reluise en sa robe d'airain!
Femmes, enfants, vieillards, venez lui faire fête,
Et vous, vierges au front serein,
Oh! ne dédaignez pas de tresser, de suspendre
Des couronnes de rameau vert
Aux flancs du charriot qui vomit de la cendre;
Sous les feuilles cachez le fer.

Here, as before, the locomotive is considered as a living thing. A glance will suffice to realize that Tisseur's vocabulary is consistent with that conception.

In a later passage, the poet pays tribute to the part played by steam in this new achievement of man. Then, he describes the train glowingly as it makes a mysterious entrance into, and triumphant exit from, a mountain tunnel. Finally, he addresses other poets:

Et, pendant ce temps-là, vous vous taisez, poètes!
Vous, les prophètes, les devins,
Vous n'avez rien compris à de telles conquêtes!
Assis au penchant des ravins,

[1] Published in *Revue du Lyonnais*, 1848, vol. xxviii, p. 5. Clair Tisseur, brother of the poet, writes of the composition of this poem as follows: "Je lui ai souvent entendu dire qu'elle fut inspirée par un désir de protestation contre une idée d'une pièce de Laprade, je ne me souviens plus de laquelle. . . . Mais je ne vois rien parmi les vers de Laprade à cette époque qui réponde au type indiqué." *Poésies de Jean Tisseur, recueillies par ses frères* (Lyons, 1885).

Vous contemplez, frappés d'une stupeur profonde,
Le char qui partout se fait jour,
Et vous n'avez de voix que pour crier au monde:
"L'âge de fer est de retour!"
Ah! trêve de sanglots, trêve de rêveries!
. . . . . .
O poètes, levez les yeux!

This attempt by Tisseur to express in verse the "affinités de la poésie et de l'industrie" drew a sharp reply from Joséphin Soulary. His sonnet, *Au poète Jean Tisseur*, is one of the *Ephémères*.

Verse-t-elle toujours l'extase avec ses eaux,
La Néris invernaise? As-tu vu la Naiade?
Et, pour guérir ton âme, ô poète malade,
A-t-elle fait chanter ses flûtes de roseaux?

Le pic démolisseur a brisé vos berceaux,
Gardiens caducs des près, des bois, de la cascade;
Le tunnel ténébreux éventre l'Oréade,
Et de la vieille Rhée on voit à nu les os.

Y songes-tu, poète, alors qu'au pied d'un arbre,
. . . . . .
Tu laisses dans le vide errer ton œil de feu?

Rêves-tu de Néris? Ha! Maudit! je parie,
Tu rêves d'accoupler le triple front de Dieu
A l'infernal wagon de Satan–l'industrie.

The opposition between nature — beautiful landscapes, gently running streams, old, stately trees — and industry, dirty and noisy, strikes one's attention. It is much the same procedure as in Hugo's *Melancholia*. Such an obvious antithesis is of course bound to occur frequently.

Soulary's reproach had no influence upon Tisseur. Possibly at this time [1] he wrote *Le Signe d'alliance*, in which the steamship receives some of the praise awarded to the locomotive. A few years later another poem [2] came from his pen that drew its inspiration from a chapter of industrial history. While he composed only these poems in glorification of industry, he always

[1] The poem is without date in the edition mentioned in the preceding note.
[2] See next chapter.

continued his interest in its development and lent his support to the idea that industry might be a poetic subject. Even his critic, Soulary, did not escape from the tendency which he deplored in his friend.[1] We shall have occasion in another chapter to indicate traces of the industrial movement in his sonnets.

From Lyons, too, originated Pierre Dupont. Known to-day chiefly for his song *Les Bœufs*, he was equally well known at the end of the reign of Louis-Philippe and during the Revolution of '48 for his *chansons* expressing sympathy for the working classes. His songs were collected and printed in book form in 1851 and subsequent years. But they circulated individually long before that, and some of them may well be considered here. Already in 1846 he had composed his *Chant des ouvriers*,[2] which became famous for its republican and international doctrines.

More important for us is his *Le Chauffeur de locomotive*. The poem opens with:

> Donne l'avoine à ton cheval!
> Sellé, bridé, siffle! et qu'on marche!
> Au galop, sur le pont, sous l'arche,
> Tranche montagne, plaine et val;
> Aucun cheval n'est ton rival.[3]

[1] Soulary had published in 1841 the *Ballade des chemins de fer* and *La Mendiante au Congrès scientifique*. They were not reprinted in any later collection of his work, and we have been unable to find the text of either.

[2] Baudelaire, oddly enough, thought very highly of this song. He says in his *Notice sur Pierre Dupont:* "Quand j'entendis cet admirable cri de douleur et de mélancolie, je fus ébloui et attendri. Il y avait tant d'années que nous attendions un peu de poésie forte et vraie! Il est impossible, à quelque parti qu'on appartienne, de quelques préjugés qu'on ait été nourri, de ne pas être touché du spectacle de cette multitude maladive respirant la poussière des ateliers, avalant du coton, s'imprégnant de céruse, de mercure et de tous les poisons nécessaires à la création des chefs-d'œuvre, dormant dans la vermine, au fond des quartiers où les vertus les plus humbles et les plus grandes nichent à côté des vices les plus endurcis et des vomissements du bagne; de cette multitude soupirante et languissante à qui la terre doit ses merveilles; qui sent un sang vermeil et impétueux couler dans ses veines; qui jette un long regard chargé de tristesse sur le soleil et l'ombre des grands parcs, et qui, pour suffisante consolation et réconfort, répète à tue-tête son refrain sauveur: *Aimons-nous!* . . ."

[3] These five verses form the refrain of the song.

La braise flambe en tes prunelles
Et tu reluis comme un miroir
As-tu des pieds, as-tu des ailes,
Ma locomotive au flanc noir?
Voyez ondoyer sa crinière,
Entendez son hennissement;
Son galop est un roulement
D'artillerie et de tonnerre.

Frequently has the locomotive been spoken of in terms of living things, but this is practically the first time [1] that a French poet has compared it to the horse which it was so effectively displacing. It is rather odd, for in England the term "iron horse" had been currently used from the beginning. Dupont may have been influenced, however, by a contemporary writer, who said: "Un cheval-fantôme trotte à côté de la locomotive." [2]

In succeeding stanzas Dupont speaks, through the mouth of the fireman, of the power and speed of the steam engine:

Je tiens mon grappin de chauffage,
Comme sa barre un vieux forban,
En regardant le paysage
Se dérouler comme un ruban.
Ah! c'est une bien grande ivresse
De fendre l'air, comme un oiseau.
Avec du charbon et de l'eau
Mes bras noirs font cette vitesse.

Finally, Dupont attaches his song to the idea of progress: "Allons, ô ma locomotive, tes rails nous mènent au progrès."

In his song *La Soie*, Dupont makes use of a home industry. After romantically recounting the origin of the silk industry, Dupont devotes a stanza to its actual condition in Lyons:

Que de métiers! que de bobines!
Que de travaux et d'œuvres d'art!

[1] See page 43.

[2] The expression arose perhaps from the fact that the cars (*wagons*) resembled in form and arrangement the old stage-coaches. Reported by Renard, *Etapes de la société française au XIX^e siècle*, chapter on 1837.

Quel essor donnent aux machines
Vaucanson et l'humble Jacquart! [1]
Quand l'insecte a fini sa tâche,
Des milliers de doigts sont en jeu,
Les fils sont croisés sans relâche,
L'homme achève l'œuvre de Dieu.

This enthusiasm is tempered by a stanza of humanitarian concern:

Dans ce labyrinthe des fées
L'esprit émerveillé se perd.
Mais combien d'âmes étouffées
Dans ce travail, comme le ver!
J'entendais une jeune fille
Dire en pleurant sur son fuseau:
"Je suis comme l'humble chenille,
Et je file aussi mon tombeau."

In his *Chant d'amitié*, dated 1847, Dupont has recourse to the paddle-wheels of a steamer for a rather curious simile.

Comme les deux ailes de fer
Du vaisseau que la vapeur mène
Tranchent les vagues de la mer,
Traversons la tourmente humaine!
Notre navire glorieux,
Dût le vent déchirer ses voiles,
Un jour montera dans les cieux
Pour s'y changer en deux étoiles!

Certainly an odd comparison!

Finally, strangely enough, Dupont uses the same antithetical procedure that we observed in Hugo and Soulary. Industry is utilized as a disagreeable contrast to set off the charms of nature. In *Repos du soir* the following passage occurs:

Tous les foyers s'éteignent lentement,
Dans le lointain, une usine qui fume
Pousse de terre un sourd mugissement,
Les lourds marteaux expirent sur l'enclume:
Ah! détournons nos âmes du vain bruit
Et nos regards du faux éclat des villes;
Endormons-nous sous l'aile de la nuit,
Qui mène en rond ses étoiles tranquilles!

[1] Two inventors. The latter was especially well known; a native of Lyons, his invention spread throughout France; see Chapter I, page 4.

It must be admitted that these are the most harmonious verses that we have quoted from the songs of Pierre Dupont.

While the poets of Lyons and of France in general were thus reacting toward the industrial movement, the poets of Belgium were by no means silent. Her independence acquired in 1830, Belgium immediately set to work to develop her national existence. But three years later the Parliament authorized the establishment of a railroad system. Private resources simultaneously proceeded to aid Belgian industry. M. J. Lewinski has told the story of this economic growth in *L'Evolution industrielle de la Belgique* (1911). In 1835, an "Association nationale pour l'encouragement et le développement de la littérature" was created at Liège. It began at once the publication of the *Revue belge*. Brussels, even more than Liège, became a literary centre, and could boast ere long of an important literary group.

After all that we have observed in France, it is still less surprising that Belgian poets should not have been oblivious to the extraordinary economic events of their time, to the establishment of the railroad, the development of steamship travel, the mushroom-like growth of the iron, steel, and textile industries. The earliest Belgian poets who introduced industry into their verse were Adolphe Mathieu, Louisa Stappaerts, André Van Hasselt, and Théodore Weustenraad.

Mathieu gives a rapid and not very enthusiastic picture of Belgium's industrial cities:

> Maintenant qu'aux chagrins mon âme s'est flétrie,
> Gagnons péniblement l'Eden de l'industrie;
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Jemmapes, Quaregnon, Wasmes et Frameries
> Que l'on verrait se tordre en ardentes scories,
> Si jamais le bitume en leurs flancs renfermé
> A fleur de sol un jour jaillissait enflammé.
> Labyrinthe vivant et qui, plus on le sonde,
> Sous le monde connu nous crée un nouveau monde;
> Etna mystérieux, aux germes fécondants,
> Si fertile au dehors et si riche au dedans,

Plaine dont la récolte à flots d'or répandue
De la province entière embrasse l'étendue,
Et que vont sillonnant, plus rapides que l'air,
Tes chars légers, portés sur des lames de fer,
Que l'art de Stephenson inventa pour la gloire
D'un siècle qui longtemps a refusé d'y croire.
. . . . . .
Puis . . . rentrons dans la cité,
Le cœur, comme l'esprit, encor tout agité
De ces prodiges d'art qu'en des jours moins prospères
De mensonges brillants eussent traité nos pères.[1]

These verses do testify, however, to a certain admiration on the part of the poet for mechanical progress.

Unmitigated admiration was aroused in the bosom of Louisa Stappaerts by the locomotive, commonly called in Belgium at this date (1843) *le remorqueur*.

LE CHEMIN DE FER ET LE REMORQUEUR[2]

Voyez-vous ce serpent endormi sur la terre,
Et dont les nœuds puissants embrassent la poussière?
C'est de l'esprit de l'homme un des plus beaux desseins;
C'est le chemin de fer, création magique
Qui fait en ce moment de la riche Belgique
L'idole des pays voisins.

Regardez maintenant ce remorqueur sévère,
Ce colosse imposant, dont la course légère
Semble à nos yeux surpris à peine se mouvoir:
Cette flèche de fer qu'un siècle de miracles
Forgea, pour nous offrir de sublimes spectacles,
Et pour donner à l'homme un plus vaste pouvoir.

Que c'est noble! et pourtant cette magique chaîne
Est la création de la pensée humaine!
Des siècles ont couvé ce projet monstrueux;
Bien des fronts sont allés s'imprimer dans la terre
Avant que ce géant ait reçu la lumière,
Et pris sa place sous les cieux.

The distinction of this poem, in comparison with others previously examined, is its restraint. No long series of banal metaphors en-

[1] From "Mons et ses environs," *Revue belge*, vol. xxv, 1843.
[2] *Ibid.*, vol. xxiii, January-April, 1843.

cumbers it. Yet the dominating note is the same: the locomotive is the symbol of human ingenuity and of human progress. The spirit of much of the nineteenth century is contained in these lines.

The most talented poet of this group was André Van Hasselt. One of his very earliest productions, *Souvenirs de Liège*,[1] led shrewd observers to prophesy his later prominence. This composition contained, among many charming sonnets of conventional theme, one less conventional entitled *Dans une forge:*

O forge qui fais peur au passant, à minuit,
Quand regardant de loin ta forme flamboyante,
Il écoute mugir, sous ton toit qui bruit,
Des soufflets monstrueux la poitrine aboyante;

Dans ton antre de feu, plein d'éclairs et de bruit,
Tu mâches la montagne, ô fournaise géante,
Et la montagne fond dans ta flamme qui luit,
Et sort en blocs de fer de ta gueule béante.

Le siècle où nous vivons est une forge aussi,
Que le penseur de loin contemple avec souci;
Et nous tous, ouvriers impatients et blêmes,

Les yeux sur la fournaise et penchés à l'entour,
Nons y voyons se tordre et fondre nos problèmes.
Mais sait-on quel métal en doit sortir un jour?

This is a very interesting case of the utilization of industry as a poetic simile, not for the purpose of rendering a descriptive passage less commonplace, but rather to illustrate suggestively an idea.

While Van Hasselt, Stappaerts, and Mathieu gave industry but incidental recognition in their work, Théodore Weustenraad [2] became its chief oracle. The industrial movement inspired in him a high exaltation, to which he gave expression with nothing less than religious fervor. One of his earliest poems, *Harmonie*, inaugurated his pæan of praise:

[1] 1842.

[2] Born 1805, died 1849. Flemish was his mother tongue; French he acquired. His one volume of verse is *Poésies lyriques* (1848).

Gloire à la puissante Industrie,
Reine de la terre et des eaux!
L'homme enfin comprend son génie,
Il ose admirer ses travaux.

Two later poems continued and developed this emotion. The first one, *Le Remorqueur*, brought him immediate renown.[1] And, indeed, the opening stanzas of this poem are not without a certain majestic sweep and a certain impressiveness:

Symbole intelligent de force créatrice,
Du canon détrôné sublime successeur,
Héraut d'un avenir de paix et de justice,
Salut, ô noble Remorqueur!
Salut, géant d'airain aux brûlantes entrailles,
Dont un souffle suffit pour relever du sol
Tout empire écroulé sous ses mornes murailles,
Que tu rencontres dans ton vol!

Quand, libre et triomphant, tu traverses le monde,
Emporté loin de nous par l'ardente vapeur,
Pareil, sans être aveugle, à l'ouragan qui gronde,
Avec tes bruits tonnants et ta sombre splendeur,
Le peuple se découvre, et semble à ton passage,
Le cœur tout palpitant d'un orgueilleux effroi,
Du geste et du regard saluer son image,
Qu'il reconnaît en toi;

[1] An interesting account of the first reading of this poem is given by Charles Potvin: "En 1840, M. Ch. Rogier, ministre des travaux publics, réunissait dans son petit hôtel, en face de la porte de Schaerbeck, un grand nombre d'hommes politiques et d'écrivains; le hasard de mes relations m'avait fait inscrire, bien jeune, sur la liste des invités, et je vins de Mons à Bruxelles pour assister à la fête, une fête littéraire officielle, la seule dont j'aie connaissance depuis quarante ans. C'était, il est vrai, un mardi gras et la circonstance était atténuante pour notre hôte. A un moment donné, le ministre réclama le silence; alors un homme encore jeune, au long nez, à la figure ascétique, s'adossa au marbre de la cheminée et commença:

Symbole intelligent de force créatrice, etc.

Dès les premiers vers, l'auditoire était conquis. Le poète l'avait pris de haut, il continua sur ce ton, dans un rythme calme et retentissant; évidemment inspiré de la *Cloche* de Schiller, il alternait les scènes de l'industrie nouvelle avec des réflexions philosophiques. . . . L'impression fut profonde. L'auditoire était transporté, et dans un coin du salon, la main dans celle d'Ern. Buschmann, nous confondions notre émotion vive. La poésie avait consacré nos chemins de fer et semblait consacrer notre nation." Potvin, *Histoire des lettres en Belgique* (1882), pp. 369 ff.

En toi, qui, comme lui, travailles sans relâche,
Tant qu'un bras vigilant dirige ton essieu,
A la majestueuse et pacifique tâche
De féconder pour tous la grande œuvre de Dieu,
Et qui, pour accomplir, toujours exempt de craintes,
L'auguste mission de ton règne nouveau,
N'as besoin, comme lui, que de trois choses saintes,
Le feu, la terre, l'eau;

This solemn and imposing introduction is followed by a description of the "remorqueur" less imposing and less solemn in its effect — though probably not in the intention of the poet.

Regardez! le voilà! Quelle noble stature!
Que de génie empreint sur sa puissante armure!
Vingt siècles de progrès vivent sous ce métal.
Eléphant par la force et cheval par la grâce,
Tigre par la vitesse et lion par l'audace,
Il ne reconnaît, lui, ni maître ni rival.

Ni maître! . . . Il en est un! — L'homme, voilà son maître!
L'homme qui le conçut et qui lui donna l'être,
L'homme qui fait d'un geste obéir le Titan,
Et qui va tout à l'heure à ce colosse inerte,
A ce spectre debout dans l'arène déserte,
Imprimer par la flamme un formidable élan.
. . . . . .

Un éclair a jailli de son ventre torride,
Ses naseaux ont sifflé, ses poumons ont gémi;
Sa croupe verte et noire a, sous un choc rapide,
Subitement frémi,
Une fiévreuse ardeur en ses veines circule,
Il lance à droite, à gauche, un torrent de vapeur,
Il trépigne, il s'agite, il avance, il recule
Honteux de sa torpeur.

Il la secoue enfin; il est libre; il arrive;
Il s'attelle au convoi d'un pas majestueux,
Rugit d'orgueil, se tait, et, l'oreille attentive,
Attend le signal des adieux . . .
. . . . . .

Alors, ses crocs tendus, la masse monstrueuse
S'ébranle lentement, à bonds heurtés et lourds;
Bientôt, de choc en choc, sa marche paresseuse
Roule, en s'accélerant toujours;

Un orage de bruit inonde l'atmosphère,
Le gaz à flots stridents s'échappe plus pressé.
Et le géant vainqueur s'élance ventre à terre
Sur le chemin qu'il s'est tracé.

The identification of the locomotive with a living animal is here carried to extremes. It provokes a smile. But the poet's enthusiasm is contagious.

In the remaining stanzas of the poem, Weustenraad gives an eloquent statement of the mission of the locomotive as an instrument of progress, of peace and fraternity, of civilization.

Ainsi, de zone en zone, ainsi, de plage en plage,
Le jeune Remorqueur, fils ailé du Progrès,
Poursuivra, calme et fier, son saint pèlerinage,
En répandant partout l'abondance et la paix,
Et, guidé par la Presse, il saura faire éclore
Au jour resplendissant de la réalité,
Tous les songes divins, si ténébreux encore,
De la future humanité.

In a word, the rôle to be played by the locomotive in the development of civilization is nothing short of divine.

Even more significant than *Le Remorqueur* is *Le Haut-Fourneau*, composed three years later in 1844. Many poets were inspired by the locomotive; fewer saw the poetic worth of a blast furnace. Weustenraad's admiration of the industrial movement was all-embracing, and his enthusiastic description of the railroad is equalled in the following lines:

Au centre d'une vaste plaine
Féconde en trésors souterrains,
S'élève un rayonnant domaine
Que baigne un fleuve aux noirs bassins:
Trompé par ce miroir magique,
L'esprit croit voir sortir des eaux
Toute une cité volcanique,
Avec ses brûlants arsenaux;
Mais aux feux plus vifs de la grève
Reflétés par l'immensité,
S'éclipse la splendeur d'un rêve
Moins beau que la réalité.
. . . . . .

Plongez maintenant sous le dôme
Du lumineux brouillard, qui, sur ce noir royaume,
Déroule, en ondoyant, son manteau constellé,
Le secoue à grand bruit, et fait, par intervalles,
Jaillir, de tous ses plis, des clartés boréales
Dont pâlit le ciel étoilé.

Au pied toujours fumant de ces colonnes sombres,
Gigantesques flambeaux d'un infernal palais
Regardez se presser et s'agiter ces ombres
Dont l'éclat des fourneaux plisse et rougit les traits;
Regardez, sous leurs crocs, teints d'une ardente écume,
Le frémissant métal, par le feu devoré,
Se tordre, s'allonger, et, sans qu'il se consume,
Fondre en nappes de lait doré.

There is a touch of realism in this passage that was lacking in *Le Remorqueur*, a realism almost modern in its exactness. But this tendency is submerged in the oratorical flow that dominates this poem even as it had the preceding one. "L'Industrie est noble et sainte, son règne est le règne de Dieu," says Weustenraad with religious conviction, and this assurance leads him to express in really admirable stanzas his hope of the amelioration of society through industry:

O phare voyageur de l'antique Idumée,
Flamme, pendant la nuit, pendant le jour, fumée,
Colonne de vapeur qui portes jusqu'au ciel,
Sous les noms éclatants dont notre orgueil te nomme,
Des trésors de la terre et du pouvoir de l'homme
Le témoignage fraternel!

A travers les déserts, comme aux temps de Moïse,
Guide les nations vers la terre promise,
Aplanis, sous leurs pas, et les mers et les monts,
Et fais régner nos fils, en Rois, sur la matière,
Pour qu'ils puissent, un jour, lever vers la lumière
Des bras libres comme leurs fronts!

Once again, the poet gives us a remarkable description of the industrial scene:

Quel bruit! quel mouvement! quel éclat! quelle foule!
Au choc des lourds marteaux, au cri des laminoirs,
Voyez-vous affluer, tourbillonante houle,
Tous ces ouvriers noirs,

Spectres dont, par moments, un grand vol d'étincelles
Sillonne en traits de feu les larges seins velus,
Les épaules de bronze aux humides aisselles,
Et les torses trapus?
. . . . . .
Bien! bien! sur la fonte écarlate
Qui bouillonne dans son lit d'or,
L'eau tombe, retentit, éclate,
Tombe, bondit, éclate encor,
Tombe, en soulevant un nuage
Qui monte en tourbillons fumants,
Aux clartés d'un splendide orage
Tout étoilé de diamants!

Assez! la flamme expire, et la fonte noircie,
Etalant à nos pieds sa surface durcie,
N'est plus qu'un bloc confus,
Qu'importe que la tour, la tour intarissable,
Lui renvoie, à pleins bords, par ses canaux de sable,
Des flots toujours brûlants, des flots toujours accrus!
Arrêtée en son cours par une main puissante,
La lave incandescente
S'engloutit sous la terre et ne reparaît plus.

Had Weustenraad been endowed with greater talent, and had he exploited this vein further, he might have succeeded in composing the sort of poems that Emile Verhaeren was so successfully to create fifty years later. But the vague eloquence of romantic poetry was ringing in his ears. It is not surprising that he followed contemporary standards, but the result is that he appears to us as an interesting precursor of Emile Verhaeren rather than as a poet who created a definite genre which Verhaeren merely imitated.[1]

After having passed in review all the poems and extracts from poems which reflect the activity of the industrial world, it may be possible to detect in this first period some general tendencies and some unity of ideas.

[1] Two articles on Weustenraad may be indicated here: "Les Poètes belges, Weustenraad," by Achille Jubinal, *L'Artiste*, August 15, 1865; "Théodore Weustenraad," by Fernand Séverin, *La Belgique artistique et littéraire*, July, 1910. The latter gives a very just estimate of his work.

First of all, we may note that the number of machines, of mechanical inventions, is very limited. The locomotive and the steamship are indisputably those that most struck the imaginations of the poets. They reappear constantly in their stanzas and dominate their metaphors. After these, the poets utilized factory machinery — particularly the machinery of foundries and of cotton and silk mills. But it is to be observed that the impression created by their descriptions is general and vague in its nature. Even Barbier and Weustenraad, the most precise, do not attempt to describe completely and exactly the individual machine. It is a general effect that is sought and rendered.[1]

The various ideas developed in, or underlying, the innumerable verses of these years may be grouped under three headings: man's power, the idea of progress, and humanitarianism. The first is obvious; it can be summed up in Hugo's line: "L'homme se fait servir par l'aveugle matière." [2] The idea of progress derives, chiefly, from the realization of the political and economic possibilities inherent in the new inventions. Thus, in the poems considered in the preceding pages, there are frequent visions of universal peace and brotherhood through the breaking down of frontiers due to the new means of communication. Of course, the point of departure for the poet was not always the same. On the one hand, poets wishing to illustrate the idea of progress found in the development of industry material appropriate for their purpose; on the other, the progress being made in the world of matter led poets into a new consideration of an idea as old as the world itself. Finally, we need only recall the names of Barbier, Hugo, Dupont, among others, to indicate the importance of humanitarian ideals in the poetry of this period.

To these motives for the utilization of industry and machinery must be added two others: antithetical contrast and description.

[1] The technical problem — vocabulary and metaphors — to which we have alluded in the course of the narrative will be discussed in detail in a later chapter when we can assemble the data for the whole period, 1830–1870.

[2] See p. 26.

The first is limited; it consists, as we have seen, in making industry a disagreeable foil to beautiful nature. Hugo, Soulary, Dupont treated industry in this way. Often, however, the poets have desired nothing more than to describe briefly in verse objects which they evidently considered worthy of poetic treatment. Such a desire is responsible for the graceful verses of Ampère, and for the lines of Lamartine. But, in general, it is from a different point of view that the poets of the reign of Louis-Philippe have incorporated industry and machinery into their work.

Those who vigorously opposed industry based their attitude primarily on humanitarian grounds, exhibiting sympathy for the workers and condemning the conditions under which they were compelled to labor. Banville, on the other hand, beheld in industry a manifestation of materialism and included it in his sweeping denunciation of the latter. George Sand, though sensing the power of industry, apparently feared that its chief accomplishment would be the production of misery and ugliness.

One consideration remains. It is noteworthy that no poet of these years who introduced industry into his verses felt called upon to justify his act. They seem to have been quite oblivious to the existence of the question as to whether industry and machines were proper subjects for poetic treatment.[1] Perhaps they took it for granted. Even when Gustave Planche remonstrated with Barbier for his excessive realism, his remarks elicited no definite discussion either of the particular or of the general question. Laurent-Pichat and A. Barthélemy did, to be sure, urge poets to be concerned with the activities of their century. Alone, Jean Tisseur, touching upon the particular question, vaguely urged his fellow poets to a realization of the new wonders, and insinuated that they contained poetic material. But his lines were so very discreet that they failed to provoke any reply.

[1] There is, to be sure, an article by Arsène Houssaye, "De la Poésie, de la vapeur et du paysage," *L'Artiste*. 1842, pp. 98 ff. Industry, according to Houssaye, is a danger to poetry. That is the substance of his article; the more definite problem is not considered.

Did the poets unconsciously consider the problem? Did they realize with Sainte-Beuve that French poetry was suffering a decline, and was their verse their answer? Did they definitely ask themselves and decide that industry was a proper poetic subject? For this first period, we shall never be able to say with certainty, but for the next period, 1850–1859, a definite answer will be given.

CHAPTER III

THE THEORY

I. The Preparation

The character of the "movement" traced in the preceding pages was soon to undergo a radical change. Hitherto, the influence of industry on French poetry had been, on the whole, haphazard. Some of the poets brought into contact with mechanical and scientific inventions reacted favorably; others, unfavorably. Not till 1845 was there any organized literary recognition of the industrial movement. But the *Concours* of that year, while historically interesting, was not productive of highly significant results. The poems submitted formed a definite elaboration of a definite subject. The *Concours* was unfortunately limited in scope and treatment. The earlier poetry of Auguste Barbier and the later poetry of Théodore Weustenraad, to be sure, presented a picture of industrial scenes that was not to be surpassed in French poetry for many years. Neither of these poets, however, exerted a very wide influence, Weustenraad because of his foreign birth and residence, Barbier because of an inexplicable and unkind fate. It is consequently impossible to say of 1849, what may truthfully be said perhaps of 1859, certainly of 1869, that the poetry of industry existed as a legitimate literary *genre*.

Of course, the poetic contributions thus far examined were not without their influence. They were a preparation. In spite of many negative characteristics, they cleared the way for what was to come. They formed the underlying support of the vastly more important preparation which occurred during the years 1851–1854 and which led to an extensive, often violent, discussion of the suitability of industry as a poetic subject.

On the one hand, the poetic output of these years contains relatively the same number and kind of allusions to modern in-

dustry as that of the preceding decades; but on the other, a number of prose articles deal with the possible relations between poetry and this new economic force. Before turning to the latter, it will be well to cast a glance on a few of the poems.

For reasons already stated,[1] it is perfectly clear that the poetry of Leconte de Lisle and of Théophile Gautier does not concern us. There were other poets, however, whose faith in progress was not so easily shaken. The first in date is François Barrillot, author of some verses entitled *Icare vengé par Pétin*,[2] a poem that may have given Victor Hugo suggestions for his *Plein Ciel*.[3]

> O prodige inoui! le vaisseau merveilleux
> Qui, dédaignant la mer, se berce dans les cieux!
> Le peuple, enfant d'un siècle où Dieu même s'explique,
> Pour annoncer aux rois la grande République,
> La République où nul ne doit être étranger,
> Va lancer dans les airs son premier messager! . . .
> Qui va porter au monde une bonne nouvelle
> Voyez comme il est beau, le navire Pétin,
> Avec ses grands pavois, ses globes de satin.[4]

The author of this poem is a most persistent believer in progress, and will give further proof of his fealty.

The following year, Laurent-Pichat inserted in the *Revue de Paris*, of which he was an editor, a poem entitled *L'Eau qui chante*.[5] Not only the material conquests due to the discovery of steam are spoken of, but also the dangers which attend the functioning of this force.

> Grâce à moi, toute mer fut belle!
> Les marins bravèrent l'éclair!
> Mais un beau matin, la rebelle
> Vous faisait tout sauter en l'air!

---

[1] See Chapter I, pp. 14, 15.

[2] About this time Pétin invented a balloon that caused much discussion. See the *feuilleton* of Th. Gautier, published July 4, 1850, in *La Presse* — quoted by P. Berret in his critical edition of *La Légende des Siècles* (1920), vol. ii, p. 793.

[3] See Berret, *op. cit.* p. 790.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 796.

[5] October, 1852.

Plus vite que tout, monts et plaines
Je les traversais en soufflant!
Mais un jour, sous leurs boîtes pleines
Je tombais d'un coup sur le flanc!

J'ai travaillé dans leurs usines
Plus longtemps, mieux que l'homme, enfin!
Mais dans les mansardes voisines
Les ouvriers mouraient de faim!

In these stanzas is double recognition of two aspects of scientific and industrial progress: acknowledgment of the misfortune and even misery resulting from an invention that tends to reduce the necessity of manual labor; recognition of the existence of industry, of the function of labor-saving machinery in industry, and of the benefits derived from the application of scientific discovery.

Another poet of this period is Charles Reynaud. In a curious poem entitled *Au Sultan Abdul-Medjid*, February, 1852,[1] he applies the conception of scientific progress to a surprising region of the world:

L'ère des combats va finir!
Un nouveau siècle vient d'éclore
Qui fécondera l'avenir,
Et ton règne est comme une aurore.
. . . . . .

Flottant sur l'onde des ruisseaux,
Les vieux chênes des deux Belgrades
Descendent dans les vastes eaux,
Et les pins légers des Sporades
Dans les bleus chantiers de tes rades
Se changent en hardis vaisseaux!

Le bruit des métiers et des forges
Trouble les échos du Thabor;
L'Olympe, du fond de ses gorges,
Verse le vin, l'argent, et l'or,
Et la terre livre un trésor
De fruits, de blés, de foins et d'orges.

Damas trempe le fer rougi
Dans les eaux vives de ses fleuves;

[1] In his *Epîtres, contes et pastorales.*

Enfin le soufflet a mugi
Dans ses manufactures veuves,
Et l'acier fin des lames neuves
Sort des flots clairs du Baradji.

The poet closes with a direct eulogy of Sultan Abdul-Medjid. Among the epithets that Reynaud applies to him is that of "Héros du progrès régulier." [1]

A much more significant poem, of incontestable poetic quality, is *Force des choses*, by Victor Hugo, composed at Jersey, May 23, 1853. As M. Berret has suggested in his monumental edition of the *Légende des Siècles*,[2] the subject of the poem is the oppression of man. Napoleon is depicted as the oppressor; the direct object of his tyranny is Victor Hugo. Then, little by little, the invectives diminish in number, the poet rises to the realm of general ideas, and concludes with a triumphal panegyric of Progress. Addressing himself to Nature, the poet exclaims:

Tu viens dans cette nuit, libératrice sombre!
Tout travaille, l'aimant, le bitume, le fer,
Le charbon; pour changer en éden notre enfer,
Les forces à ta voix sortent du fond des gouffres.
. . . . . .
La science, pareille aux antiques pontifes,
Attelle aux chars tonnants d'effrayants hippogriffes;
Le feu souffle aux naseaux de la bête d'airain.
Le globe esclave cède à l'esprit souverain.
. . . . . .
Par degrés, lentement, on voit sous ton haleine
La liberté sortir de l'herbe de la plaine,
Des pierres du chemin, des branches des forêts,
Rayonner, convertir la science en décrets,
Du vieil univers mort briser la carapace,
Emplir le feu qui luit, l'eau qui bout, l'air qui passe,
Gronder dans le tonnerre, errer dans les torrents,
Vivre! et tu rends le monde impossible aux tyrans!
(*Les Châtiments.*)

[1] See also Reynaud's *En Wagon*, published in the same volume. The text will be found in Appendix A.

[2] Vol. ii, p. 792, note 2.

The references to the function of industry are clear. In these lines, furthermore, lies the germ of a symbol that Hugo develops later more fully. There can be no doubt that the *bête d'airain* is the locomotive. A parallelism is obviously drawn between the *bête d'airain* and the *esprit souverain*. In other words, the locomotive becomes the symbol of human progress. The symbol is implied rather than definitely stated, but it is there nevertheless.

The idea of progress acquires with Victor Hugo a dignity and impressiveness rarely found in the poems hitherto examined. This is due partly to the fact that Hugo is endowed with greater ability, partly to the fact that he associates the idea of progress with the intellectual powers of man. His predecessors were in general more impressed with the concrete, material aspects of the idea of progress.

This more restricted point of view is exemplified in a poem by Jean Tisseur, *Une Visite au tombeau de Jacquard*.[1] The inventor of the loom that bears his name[2] is celebrated by the poet. But industry in general is, even more than Jacquard, the subject of the poem:

> Et plus loin, c'est Perrache et la houille en monceaux;
> C'est le gaz, les wagons; c'est le bruit des marteaux
> Façonnant la chaudière en l'atelier sonore.

Industrial progress, made possible by the efforts of such men as Jacquard, leads to peace:

> Et si l'homme travaille, invente, agit, calcule,
> Dans ses creusets brûlants s'il fond la molécule,
> Si, d'un doigt curieux, dépeçant l'univers,
> Il lit, comme un augure, en ses flancs entr' ouverts,
> Si, de la plaine au fleuve et des mers aux collines,
> On entend haleter le troupeau des machines.
> . . . . . .
> C'est afin que la Paix, dont l'abondance est mère,
> Ici-bas soit durable et non plus éphémère!

Neither Hugo, genius that he was, nor Tisseur produced as extraordinary a work as Louis Bouilhet, who, in 1854, published

[1] *Revue du Lyonnais*, 1853, vol. vi.

[2] See Chapter I, p. 4.

Les Fossiles. This poem, according to Théophile Gautier, is the most difficult piece of work a poet ever attempted.[1] Flaubert considered that Bouilhet had written "le seul poème scientifique de toute la littérature française qui soit cependant de la poésie." [2] It was in no sense of the word utilitarian, for Bouilhet, as the following passage will prove, subscribed to the opposite school of thought:

> . . . O médiocratie fétide, poésie utilitaire, littérature de pions, bavardages esthétiques, vomissements économiques, produits scrofuleux d'une nation épuisée, je vous exècre de toutes les puissances de mon âme! Vous n'êtes pas la gangrène, vous êtes l'atrophie. [3]

It is not our present task to discuss *Les Fossiles*. The work, as a whole, belongs to the realm of pure rather than applied science and has consequently been treated by M. Fusil.[4] The fifth part, the age of man, contains, however, a short passage which merits our attention:

> L'Homme accrocha sa lampe au fond de tout mystère,
> Et, pour trouver le mot du Fatum souverain,
> Il fit passer le monde à son creuset d'airain:
> Ses fourneaux, où, la nuit, grinçaient des feux sonores,
> Allumaient tout à coup de lugubres aurores,
> Tandis qu'on entendait, dans l'ombre des cités,
> Râler entre ses bras les éléments domptés.
> . . . . . .
> Chaque heure eut sa conquête et son but glorieux:
> La foudre le gênait, il l'arracha des cieux!
> Il en fit la colombe aux messages fidèles,
> Qui prit ses volontés sous le feu de ses ailes;
> Le grand fleuve, oublieux des loisirs nonchalants,
> Tourna sa meule lourde aux rouages sifflants;
> Et la flamme rapide, à son char attelée,
> D'un hennissement clair éveillant la vallée,
> Plus loin que la montagne et que l'horizon bleu,
> Dans un nuage épais l'emporte comme un dieu!
>
> L'homme connut sa force, et, secouant ses chaînes,
> Poussa le cri joyeux des libertés humaines.

[1] Quoted by Flaubert in his preface to the *Dernières Chansons* of Bouilhet.
[2] Preface to the *Dernières Chansons*.
[3] Quoted by Flaubert in the same preface.
[4] *La Poésie scientifique de 1750 à nos jours*, pp. 140, 144.

The first part of the passage quoted above presents a *vision d'usine*, for there would seem to be little doubt that these *fourneaux, où, la nuit, grinçaient des feux sonores*, represent a picture, perhaps a reminiscence, of some factory or foundry scene witnessed by Bouilhet. The second part includes, on the one hand, a mill scene and, on the other, a vision of a locomotive. The conclusion is much the same as that indicated by Hugo in *Force des Choses* — the realization of liberty through the consciousness of power.

A poem of very different type is *La Guerre d'Orient*, by A. Vincent.[1] We have had occasion in a previous chapter to refer more than once to the intimate connection between the poems under our consideration and the actual events of the time. Vincent, following the lead of his predecessors, drew his inspiration from the Crimean War, then in progress. In order to emphasize the alliance existing between France and England, erstwhile enemies, he had recourse to industry. No longer does the Channel wind carry to these rival peoples the echoes of war. On the contrary,

> . . . c'est un autre bruit que le vent leur apporte,
> Une voix pacifique et pourtant non moins forte:
> C'est le bruit des métiers à l'actif battement,
> Du diligent marteau qui tombe pesamment,
> C'est le mugissement de la locomotive,
> Le sifflement aigu du vapeur sur la rive,
> Et, dans la forge ardente, image de l'enfer,
> C'est l'amer grincement de l'outil sur le fer;
> Ce sont les bruits qu'un bord à l'autre bord répète,
> C'est le chant du travail, de l'industrie en fête,
> Cri d'un combat nouveau sur un nouveau terrain,
> Où l'utile machine a remplacé l'airain.
> Et, c'est dans l'atelier, par cette sainte guerre,
> Que luttent à présent la France et l'Angleterre,
> Et, par le combat même à la paix affermis,
> Leurs peuples sont rivaux, mais non plus ennemis.

A sort of bird's-eye view of industry — "l'industrie en fête" — is presented in these lines. The poet seems concerned to render

[1] Published under the initials P. R. in the *Revue du Lyonnais*, vol. viii, 1854.

with precision the different pictures he evokes — the noise of the active looms, the heavily resounding hammer, the roar of the locomotive, and, in the forge, the grating and grinding of steel meeting steel. Finally, the conception of industry as a symbol of peace and concord, while hardly original, is perhaps worthy of remark.

In this same year 1854, the Belgian poet, Charles Potvin, reverted to the inspiration of the previous decade in *La Vapeur, Légende dramatique en quatre parties*.[1] Salomon de Caus and his discovery of steam form the subject of the poem. The trials and deceptions of the inventor are described. Finally, when on his deathbed at Bicêtre he is visited by the Génie de l'Industrie, who brings to him visions of the future glories of industry. Here, for example, is a rather idealized factory scene:

> Au travail! la cloche sonne,
> Les ateliers sont ouverts.
> Quel spectacle! Oh! non! personne
> N'ébranlera ta couronne
> Nouveau roi de l'univers.
>
> Comme le forgeron endormi sur sa forge,
> Le géant reposait; le maître vient: Debout!
> Le feu le prend aux flancs, l'eau le prend à la gorge;
> Il se débat, il prend haleine; tout à coup
>
> L'énorme balancier lève son bras d'Antée,
> L'abaisse; le volant tourne et cent doigts de fer,
> Suivent les mouvements de la roue emportée
> Rapide tourbillon qui fait retentir l'air!

There follow descriptions of the steamship and the locomotive. The latter is presented with some originality:

> Mais quelle est cette masse étrange, couronnée
> Chaudière et char? Voyez sa haute cheminée,
> Sa roue au triple rang.
> Vingt chevaux la traînaient sur un camion énorme
> Que d'autres il faudra pour que ce char difforme
> Fasse un pas en avant!
> Point de chevaux! Arrière et place

[1] Published in the *Revue trimestrielle de Bruxelles*, 1854, f. 4, pp. 207 ff.

Au mammouth de cuivre et d'acier!
S'il faut d'un bond franchir l'espace,
C'est lui qui sera le coursier.

As might be expected, the poem closes with a few enthusiastic lines prophesying the progress of science, industry, and mankind.

It must not be assumed that this prenatal period was entirely devoted to the glorification of the industrial movement. We have already seen that Laurent-Pichat suggested that the reverse side of the medal might not be so bright. Others emphasized this negative aspect of the problem. A stanza of Louise Colet, — just such a one as we should look for from a sympathetic friend of Flaubert, — is significant:

Où trouver, au milieu du fracas des machines,
Acier, flamme, vapeur, grincement colossal
Des *railways* éventrant forêts, vallons, collines,
Dans ces peuples rivés à l'amour du métal;
Où trouver, où trouver quelques âmes divines
Ne se désaltérant qu'au lait de l'idéal? [1]

In spite of Louise Colet's abhorrence of materialism, she has succeeded in evoking a rapid and suggestive vision of industry much superior to some of the vain attempts made by the most devout adherents of industrial progress.

Not long after, Louise Colet painted a second picture of this type. In *La Colonie de Metray* (1852) we read:

Au loin le fer s'embrase, et, comme des démons,
Dans l'antre rouge et noir passent les forgerons;
La scie et le rabot grincent près de l'enclume,
Les bois et les mœllons se fendent, la chaux fume:
A ces bruits du dehors répondent au dedans
La rauque mécanique et les métiers stridents;
Partout la noble ardeur d'une tâche suivie,
Partout l'activité, le mouvement, la vie,
Partout de gais refrains en échos déroulés,
Comme les chants joyeux des moineaux dans les blés.

[1] Quoted by Alfred Cuvillier-Fleury in his article, *Poésies sensualistes*, September 19, 1852, and printed in his *Etudes historiques et littéraires*, vol. ii (Paris, 1854.) Cuvillier-Fleury, himself, says, "Si elle [*i. e.*, la poésie] ne fait pas plus de bruit, c'est probablement la faute des machines à vapeur, qui en font plus qu'elle."

The writer of these lines is surely impressed by the exuberant vitality of industry, and admits in a later passage of the poem that "la science a soumis le globe à son empire."

The rising young poet Victor de Laprade was one of those who steadfastly quenched their thirst *au lait de l'idéal.* Possibly Louise Colet failed to recognize such idealism in the author of *L'Age nouveau.* Laprade himself, however, was making a valiant effort to forget this youthful error. Never a fervent believer in the progress of humanity through science and industry, he was more and more turning his back upon the cause he had previously espoused. The first manifestation of this new attitude is to be found in *Les Taureaux:*[1]

> Entends, au bout des prés, cet affreux sifflement:
> C'est ton[2] rival qui passe, et le monde l'acclame.
> Doux et noble ouvrier, place au vil instrument,
> Place au corps monstrueux qui vient détrôner l'âme!
>
> Que l'esprit désormais passe dans le métal!
> Mais, en donnant au fer la vitesse et la vie,
> O pâle humanité, subis l'arrêt fatal:
> A l'œuvre de tes mains tu seras asservie!
>
> Accepte un joug plus dur que celui des taureaux;
> Plus de soleil, d'air pur et d'horizons sans bornes;
> Va pleurer longuement, dans les ateliers mornes,
> Ce travail libre et fier qui faisait les héros!
>
> Moi, tant qu'il restera quelque Celte aux mains rudes,
> Du taureau de labour gardant le sang bien pur,
> J'irai pour adorer, dans son chalet obscur,
> L'antique liberté, fille des solitudes.

A second manifestation of this frame of mind is to be found in a poem written at the close of 1854 (published January, 1855), *Hymne à l'Epée.*[3] It is a warning against decadence caused by over-refinement, excessive luxury, excessive indulgence.

> Malheur au peuple de faux sages
> Qui déposera le premier

[1] *Revue des Deux Mondes,* October 15, 1853.

[2] The *ton* refers, of course, to the *taureau.*

[3] *Revue du Lyonnais,* vol. x, January, 1855.

Le glaive sacré des vieux âges
Et l'orgueil du noble cimier!
En vain sur la terre il déploie
Ses beaux tissus d'or et de soie;
Il roule sur des chars de feu;
Le monde entier court à ses fêtes,
Et l'on demande à ses prophètes
Ce qu'ils daignent penser de Dieu.
. . . . . .
Ta science est là qui nous raille,
Sans voir à deux pas le tombeau,
Lors qu'avec un fer de bataille
Tu forges quelque outil nouveau.
Va! Sous la forme pacifique,
L'acier que ta mollesse abdique
Devient plus homicide encore:
Poussé par ta sombre avarice
Il sacrifie à chaque vice,
Et nous frappe aux pieds du veau d'or.
Mais restons ceints du glaive, ô frères!

Is there not in the above lines a pretty clear reference to the industrial expositions? We must remember not only the World's Exposition held in London in 1851, but also the preparations (1853–1854) for the Paris Exposition of 1855.[1] While this explanation is not absolutely necessary to the comprehension of the lines, it seems probable that Laprade was aiming his criticism at the approaching festival.

A third piece of evidence may be adduced to show that Victor de Laprade was no longer the poet of *L'Age nouveau*. In his *Symphonies*, published in 1855, he included his early poem under the significant title *Utopie*[2] — a title that reflects in itself the change of heart that was taking place in the author, and, when added to *Les Taureaux* and *Hymne à l'Epée*, leaves little doubt of Laprade's change of camp. Such doubt as remains will soon be entirely dispelled.

[1] See Chapter I, p. 7.

[2] In the 1862 edition of *Les Symphonies*, Laprade omitted the poem altogether. It is found under the title *Utopie*, in the section headed *Varia* in the poet's collected works.

The problem underlying the fundamentally different attitudes of such poets as Pommier and Weustenraad, Jean Tisseur and Louise Colet, Victor Hugo and Victor de Laprade, was brought to the surface during these early years of the Second Empire. The position and function of industry in society were discussed by at least three writers of some renown. In 1851, upon the occasion of the publication of his *Chansons*, Pierre Dupont saluted the new order in the following terms:

> L'ère nouvelle est restaurée. . . . Le mouvement industriel s'est agrandi, et une nation qu'on disait égoiste a ouvert le port de la Tamise aux produits du monde entier.[1] Il semble qu'une nouvelle renaissance attende son éclosion. . . . Que le xix[e] siècle ne rebrousse pas chemin jusqu'à la décadence de l'empire de Rome. Que le dernier de tous constate son égalité par sa virtualité propre et la revendication de son droit; qu'il ne reste pas un ilote dans la République moderne. Artistes, savants, ouvriers, paysans! un homme de ce temps-ci vient d'en faire l'aveu, la politique n'a pas de cœur. Il faut rompre avec ses traditions menteuses, et inaugurer dans le monde, par le travail, la science et l'amour, le règne de la vérité.[2]

Dupont's emphasis upon work is reiterated and enlarged by a very great genius, Jules Michelet. We have already seen what deep sympathy he felt for the lot of the workers under the industrial régime. In the same book he had also given evidence of great faith in them. His belief is eloquently expressed:

> Souvent aujourd'hui l'on compare l'ascension du peuple, son progrès, à l'invasion des *Barbares!* Le mot me plaît, je l'accepte . . . *Barbares*, c'est-à-dire voyageurs en marche vers la Rome de l'avenir, allant lentement sans doute, chaque génération avançant un peu, faisant halte dans la mort, mais d'autres n'en continuent pas moins.[3]

This significant passage may serve as a link to another contribution of Michelet. In 1854, he again espouses the people's cause in *Le Banquet*. What is even more important, he spiritualizes not only work but industry. In a well-known passage of the book, he tells how the city of Lyons appears to him as a symbol of the antagonism between the old and the new, between the religious

[1] Reference to the exposition of 1851. See Chapter I, p. 7.
[2] Preface of the *Chansons*, dated July 20, 1851.
[3] *Le Peuple* (3d ed., 1846), pp. 35, 36.

life and the active life, between the church and industry. He composes a dialogue between Fourvières, the hill on which is perched the cathedral, and La Croix-Rousse, the hill where the workers live and suffer. The latter speaks to a young apprentice and says:

Moi, je t'offre de grandes souffrances, le travail sans relâche et peu de gain pour toi; mais aussi la douceur de la famille et la chaleur du foyer. Celle-ci, la spiritualiste, t'offre le temporel. Moi, l'impie, la matérialiste, je t'offre les joies de l'âme. Avec elle, tu dîneras. Avec moi, maître de tes rêves, tu verras en esprit le banquet fraternel de l'avenir.[1]

Industry thus assumes a place in life that the Church can no longer fill. It offers the worker what Michelet calls "la suffisante vie."

This mystical, religious conception of work must, beyond question, be considered as a contributing factor in the development of the idea that industry may provide poetic inspiration. Michelet's faith in the people, his faith in labor, in its satisfactions, in its virility, becomes more and more an accepted belief.

A broader philosophical justification of the place of industry in society and an expression of unmitigated confidence in its future appeared in Eugène Pelletan's *Profession de foi du XIX^e siècle:*[2]

L'industrie, ou la science appliquée, suit pas à pas son immortelle compagne.

L'industrie est une augmentation de force dans l'humanité . . . Or, la force de l'homme, comme celle de l'animal, est nécessairement comptée, pesée par la nature. Pour produire une action centuple, la civilisation devait donc trouver en elle ou susciter autour d'elle une force centuple aussi. Elle conquit la mystérieuse puissance de mouvement éparse sur la planète, et elle en fit l'âme de l'industrie. Elle inventa la dynamique, supérieure à la simple mécanique de toute la différence du moteur à l'outil.

. . . . . .

Et un jour, un jour de notre siècle, le plus grand de l'histoire, un rêveur enferme la vapeur dans une chaudière, et l'homme possède désormais l'âme du mouvement.

. . . . . .

---

[1] *Le Banquet*, written in 1854 (2d ed., 1879), p. 167. [2] 1852.

Vous le voyez: tout marche, tout conspire à une même fin, harmonieusement, simultanément, comme par une sorte de gravitation, centre et circonférence, moteur et mobile, soleil et satellite.

Industry becomes, in the eyes of Pelletan, one of the major factors of human progress and consequently one of the chief glories of the nineteenth century:

Oui, le dix-neuvième siècle . . . est un siècle missionnaire chargé d'une révélation. Il porte en lui une nouvelle effusion de la Divinité. Il éclate magnifiquement dans l'espace. Il évangélise encore du haut de la montagne. Il a parlé pour quiconque ici-bas a su l'entendre. J'essaie humblement dans cette profession de foi de répéter sa parole. Si l'impie d'un autre culte me demande où sont ses témoins, je montrerai du doigt ses miracles, ces coups d'état sur la nature, ses foudres et ses tonnerres allumés par la science et par l'industrie, et je dirai: Les voici. Et qui donc, sous le soleil, oserait nier ces miracles-là? Et qui donc pourrait chercher sur la terre d'autre pas de la Providence?

The discussion of the importance and function of industry in society thus began. Its place in literature, more especially in poetry, remained to be considered. It must not be forgotten that for a number of years French poetry as a whole had been in a state of decline.[1] A serious effort to provide a driving force for its revival was now made by a group of young writers connected with the *Revue de Paris*. These young men also had witnessed the introduction of the great mechanical inventions, and the resulting development of the industrial movement. They beheld the miraculous transformation of the material world in which they lived. Their enthusiasm was stirred and kindled. In short, they were men who believed with fervor, almost with idolatry, in the idea of progress. During the months following the establishment of the Second Empire, they launched upon the waters of public opinion a series of articles proclaiming the glories of industry and demanding that poetry seek in them its inspiration. The culmination of this campaign was the publication, in 1855, of *Les Chants modernes*.

The first note was sounded by Maxime Du Camp's close friend and associate, Louis de Cormenin. In the May number of the

[1] See Chapter I, p. 12.

Revue de Paris, 1852, he inserted an article on "Les Féeries de la science."[1] An enthusiastic panegyric of industry and the machine, this article contains passages worthy of citation. Here, for example, are a few lines depicting machines working in perfect harmony of movement, impressive, mighty, and terrible:

Le travail est confié aux machines. Elles broient, elles déchirent, elles tissent, elles cardent, elles blutent, elles tordent, elles roulent, elles soulèvent, elles transportent. Pour elles, ni sueurs, ni défaillances, un jeu sûr, une précision automatique. Nos sens imparfaits encore ne peuvent connaître si la machine éperonnée à toute vapeur souffre et halète aussi, si le piston rugit de révolte, si la chaudière, lasse d'être chauffée à blanc, n'a pas le dessein d'éclater.

This tremendous power, awe-inspiring though it may be, is, none the less, under man's control. Further conquests and achievements can, consequently, be prophesied. Let not, therefore, the poets be uneasy:

Que les poètes ne s'apitoient pas, ce n'est pas la décadence, c'est la renaissance; ce n'est pas la nuit qui s'allonge en ténèbres, c'est l'aube qui se lève à l'horizon et déjà blanchit les sommets d'une civilisation plus parfaite. . . .

Cormenin's suggestion to the poets of his day is taken up and emphasized, with a rather different force, by a contemporary writer of some renown, Hippolyte Castille. In an article in the *Revue de Paris*, February, 1853,[2] Castille points out the double character, good and bad, of industry. On the one hand, it is the "principe de vie organique" and will be the refuge of the active, vigorous, belligerent instincts of man. On the other, it is or may be a terrible destructive agency, a brutalizing element that may cause the degeneration of man. The solution, the writer believes, lies in art and literature.

Il faut donc que la littérature et l'art s'unissent à l'industrie dans une sacrosainte union de forme et de pensée. . . . La consolation et l'espérance descendront alors dans les cœurs les plus endoloris. Le soleil de l'avenir se lèvera entre les nuages sanglants du xix^{e} siècle, le siècle de la reconstitution du vieux monde.

---

[1] The same article appeared in *La Fabrique, la ferme et l'atelier* (1851), vol. i, p. 362.

[2] *Des Lettres et des arts au point de vue industriel.*

Castille contents himself with this generalization. He does not enter into any detailed discussion of the implications or applications of his theory. Yet he is a degree more precise than his predecessor, Cormenin. The latter had merely sought to prove that the development of industry was not to be considered a state of decadence, but rather of progress. Castille goes a step further in proposing an actual alliance between literature and industry.

A much more vigorous, definite, challenging, and effective statement is to be found in an article that appeared in the *Revue de Paris* five months later, "La Poésie de l'Industrie," by Achille Kauffmann. His contribution is a veritable war-cry, bold and martial in tone.

> Qui donc a osé dire le premier que l'industrie a tué la poésie, l'a ensevelie dans un linceul de bitume, de vapeur et de fumée? qui a proféré un tel blasphème? qui l'a répété, sans s'informer si la pensée est vraie, sans comprendre que cette industrie, dont on fait la meurtrière de la poésie, est, en réalité, le plus puissant inspirateur des temps nouveaux, le dieu créateur de notre époque.

With this opening sentence, at once a refutation and an assertion, Kauffmann combatively enunciates the thesis he desires to prove. Then follows a long panegyric on the essentially poetic character of industry. Its struggles and victories are no less thrilling than those of war. The battlefield of industry is the workshop. Its instruments of combat are the tool and the machine which it has invented and manufactured, polished and rendered light and convenient. Its soldiers are numberless and its armies are disseminated over all the regions of the globe.

After enumerating some of the triumphs of industry, Kauffmann evokes, in order further to develop his theme, a series of pictures of supposedly poetic quality. First of all, the locomotive rushing headlong through the plains and meadows, crossing rivers, penetrating mountains, breaking down the artificial barriers of nationality, and bringing peace and plenty to long-suffering humanity.

> Si vous ne trouvez pas de la poésie dans ce tableau saisissant, c'est que vos cœurs sont trop usés pour s'ouvrir aux inspirations, qui, de tous les laboratoires de l'industrie, effluent sur le monde.

Then the writer invites his readers to take a trip to Saint-Etienne, "ville de charbon, de fer et de soie." At night, especially, a brilliant picture is presented:

> Entre Saint-Chamond et Rive-de-Gier, vous aurez au milieu de la nuit un spectacle des plus émouvants. Devant vous, sur les deux rives du rail-way, près, loin, partout, s'élèvent des flammes d'une variété de couleurs, d'une pureté de teintes à défier tous les feux-follets, tous les farfadets, toutes les lucioles aimés de la poésie, la route décrit de nombreuses courbes, et vous jureriez, à chaque pas, que vous allez vous précipiter dans les flammes de quelque volcan. Ce sont des usines où l'industrie dégage la houille du bitume et du soufre pour en faire du coke.

Not content with attempting to prove the pictorial qualities of industry, Kauffmann goes further and elevates industry to a position equal in importance to that of science. What, indeed, would science be without industry? "Une âme, c'est beaucoup, mais une âme sans corps." It is not enough for science to discover general laws: industry is needed to put them into execution. In a word, industry is essential to give a visible and tangible body to scientific thought. As we might expect, Kauffmann does not fail to close his article with a reference to progress. In shortening distances, in bringing together different peoples, in mingling their interests, in lowering all the barriers which separate them, industry will render war useless and criminal. Harbinger of universal peace, rich in possibilities of stirring drama, in poetic visions, it would appear that industry offers adequate material for the most gifted poets. Such, indeed, is the conclusion reached by the writer: "L'industrie n'a pas tué la poésie, elle lui ouvre un monde nouveau."

The significance of these articles by Cormenin, Castille, and Kauffmann is obvious. Appearing at an appropriate moment, they present for the first time an actual demand for poetry inspired by industry. Expression is now openly given to the belief that locomotives, steamships, factories, machinery of all kinds, are proper subjects for poetry. Poets are urged to make use of them, to exploit all these elements of an astonishingly new era. There remained, therefore, literally, but one more step to take,

the transformation of this recommendation into a command. The Pléiade suggested, but Malherbe ordered. Similarly, it was now necessary for some one to insist that if poetry wished to live, it *must* concern itself with the industrial aspects of modern civilization. This final step was soon to be taken.

II. Maxime Du Camp and *Les Chants modernes*

Little doubt exists in the mind of the writer that the articles of Cormenin, Castille, and Kauffmann exercised a great deal of influence on Maxime Du Camp and contributed considerably to the formation of his theories. This influence, however, is not the only one. Allowance must be made for that of the poetic productions of 1830–1854, and, more important still, for the character of the man himself.

Maxime Du Camp was a man of wide interests and consequently of great intellectual curiosity. His travels to the Orient are a proof of it.[1] In his books relating the story of his travels[2] we find an attempt to depict very accurately and precisely the manifold aspects of Oriental civilization. He composed a number of short stories inspired by his wanderings.[3] Later on in life he wrote a six-volume work on the economic life and functioning of Paris — *Paris, ses organes, ses fonctions et sa vie, dans la seconde moitié du XIX^e^ siècle.*[4] Interested in art, he contributed a number of *Salons* to the *Revue de Paris*. Du Camp was, therefore, eminently fitted to become the *porte-parole* of all those who felt that the approaching reign of industry was to be a source of profit and inspiration to literature, not a cause of decadence and decay.

As a last consideration, it is necessary to recall the immediate and effective influence of Charles Lambert and of Barthélemy Enfantin. The latter is, perhaps, better known under the title of the *Père suprême*, as he was dubbed by the later Saint-Simonists.

[1] First trip in 1844; second, with Flaubert in 1850–1851.

[2] *Souvenirs et paysages d'Orient* (1848): *Egypte, Nubie, Palestine et Syrie* (1854); *Le Nil, Egypte et Nubie* (1854).

[3] For example, *Reis-Ibrahim*, in 1854.

[4] Published 1869–1875.

Both he and Lambert [1] had gone to Egypt about 1833, where they had stayed for a number of years. Enfantin returned a decade later. Du Camp has recorded in his *Souvenirs littéraires* [2] a rather significant conversation that he had with him. It is interesting, for it shows Du Camp rather an opponent than an exponent of the gospel of industry. Enfantin had said to him:

> Tu dédaignes les financiers et les industriels, c'est un fait commun à presque tous les écrivains et tous les artistes; tu trouves sans doute qu'ils vivent sur un fumier et qu'ils font laide besogne, soit: mais lorsque leur besogne est finie, lorsque leur fumier est balayé, que vois-tu à la place même qu'ils occupaient? Des canaux, des ports creusés, des villes assainies, des quartiers neufs et hygiéniques, des forêts défrichées, des chemins de fer, des relations établies de peuple à peuple, des intérêts communs qui affaibliront le goût de la guerre chez les nations; c'est là l'œuvre dont tu ne vois que l'extérieur, que tu juges arbitrairement comme si tu jugeais un monument d'après l'échafaudage qui le masque et qui aide à le construire. C'est par l'industrie, c'est par la finance que la civilisation frappe ses plus grands coups. [Du Camp replied:] Je n'en disconviens pas, et il est certain que vous avez raison; mais vous n'obtiendrez jamais que mon esprit ne préfère un poème à une voie ferrée et un tableau à une émission d'actions.

In 1855 Maxime Du Camp would not have denied or contradicted the answer that he made to the *Père suprême*, but he certainly would have added important restrictions.

The above conversation probably took place prior to 1852, before the series of articles on the value of science and industry that appeared in the *Revue de Paris*. If so, these articles doubtless played their part in Maxime Du Camp's conversion and contributed to win him over to the conception of poetry inspired by industry and science. But the point of departure was perhaps furnished by the words of Barthélemy Enfantin. Brought into contact with these questions, Du Camp's initial reaction was unfavorable. Further reflection, combined with the suggestions of Cormenin and Kauffmann, led him to adopt a different attitude.

In this development, the influence of Charles Lambert must not be overlooked; indeed it may have been decisive. Du Camp had

[1] Lambert was a mining engineer who early adopted Saint-Simonism.

[2] Vol. ii, p. 119.

known him during his stay in Egypt, and had talked philosophy with him under the trees of Esbékyeh. Lambert had reappeared in Paris shortly before Du Camp's return from his trip to the Orient with Flaubert. The two men renewed acquaintance. Of their association Du Camp says:[1]

> Sans me laisser pénétrer par des théories intéressantes, mais un peu diffuses, j'éprouvais un vif plaisir d'esprit à écouter Lambert, dont la parole nette, toujours appropriée, avait un charme auquel je ne résistais pas. A cette époque, toutes ces dissertations qui ne s'appuient que sur des hypothèses, ces disputes courtoises qui semblaient une réminiscence de la scolastique, ces duels à syllogismes émoussés me plaisaient infiniment. J'y aurais passé les nuits, et plus d'une fois, Lambert et moi, nous avons vu le jour se lever quand nous pensions qu'il était à peine onze heures du soir. Pour Lambert, parler était un besoin; pour moi, écouter était une jouissance; nous étions donc faits pour nous entendre, et nous nous entendions bien.

The words of Lambert doubtless had a greater influence on Du Camp than the latter, at the time of writing his memoirs, was willing to admit. Certainly, *Les Chants modernes* show undeniable traces of Lambert's theories.

Thus, about 1855, Maxime Du Camp, converted to the ideals of the progressive group, realized that the moment was ripe for action. The way had been opened by Cormenin and the others. Preparations for the Exposition were being carried on with enthusiasm. Public attention was thereby being focused on the industrial movement. What is more, another camp, of hostile tendencies and ideals, was looming large on the literary horizon. Leconte de Lisle's *Poèmes antiques* and Gautier's *Emaux et Camées* had been published in 1852 and had won some success among the critics. Louis Ménard, disillusioned by the political reaction following 1848, plunged into the study of classical antiquity, was writing poems delicately infused with the Hellenistic spirit. The productions of these men might well compromise the campaign of the new group. Not a moment was to be lost. In the early days of 1855, *Les Chants modernes* appeared.

[1] *Souvenirs littéraires.*

The book opens with a long preface, dated January 6, 1855.[1] Belligerent, polemical, revolutionary, this manifesto outlined a new, or supposedly new, conception of poetry, to which it attempted to convert the literary public. The author apparently hoped that it might be a second *Préface de Cromwell* and become the rallying cry for a new school. In fact, a line of Victor Hugo's figures as the preliminary quotation: "Dis ce que tu fais, fais ce que tu dis." Du Camp's preface comprises two distinct parts, one destructive, the second constructive. But first of all, he launches his polemic by describing the actual situation. Art and literature languish. The great masters are silent. An excessive importance is attached to mere form. In sculpture and painting, a ridiculous ornamentation has replaced richness and purity of line. The same situation exists, alas! in poetry:

> On accumule images sur images, hyperboles sur hyperboles, périphrases sur périphrases; on jongle avec les mots, on saute à travers des cercles de périodes, on danse sur la corde roide des alexandrins, on porte à bras tendus cent kilos d'épithètes, et l'on fait le saut périlleux par-dessus le dénoûment. De but, il n'y en a pas; de pensée, il n'y en a pas; de foi, de croyance, de mission, d'amour il n'y en a pas. Le plus fort est celui qui a le plus de mots à son service; on polit les phrases, on fait battre des antithèses, on surveille les enjambements; . . . on parle pour ne rien dire. Où sont donc les écrivains? Je ne vois que des virtuoses.

Du Camp seeks a reason for this deplorable literary decline. He comes to the conclusion that literature itself is to blame, that it has been failing in courage, for, instead of marching forward like a bold pioneer, it has turned backward.

> Tout marche, tout grandit, tout s'augmente autour de nous cependant. La science fait des prodiges, l'industrie accomplit des miracles, et nous restons impassibles, insensibles, méprisables, grattant les cordes faussées de nos lyres, fermant les yeux pour ne pas voir, ou nous obstinant à regarder vers un passé que rien ne doit nous faire regretter. On découvre la vapeur, nous chantons Vénus, fille de l'onde amère: on découvre l'électricité, nous chantons Bacchus, ami de la grappe vermeille. C'est absurde!

---

[1] Published in *Revue de Paris*, somewhat abbreviated, February 1, 1855. The book is listed in the *Bibliographie de la France* under the date of March 31, 1855.

It is impossible for the reader not to understand the allusions. Du Camp is very obviously aiming his shafts at those who profess the theory of *l'Art pour l'Art*. He is in particular attempting to ridicule Leconte de Lisle, who had just been singing of classical antiquity.[1] He is attacking his former colleague, Théophile Gautier, whose *Emaux et Camées* had appeared but two years before, and whose recent departure from the *Revue de Paris* was perhaps rankling in Du Camp's breast.

The author continues his frontal assault in the paragraphs that follow. Let us see, he exclaims, exactly what our literary activity is at this moment of the nineteenth century. The subject of the last poetic concours was the *Acropole d'Athènes*. Similarly in sculpture, the last title suggested by the Académie des Beaux-Arts for a competition was *Hector et Astyanax*. And yet this is a century that has identified many planets and constellations, that has utilized steam with marvellous results, that has discovered electricity, gas, chloroform, and photography. A thousand admirable inventions, a thousand miracles [2] permit man to live infinitely better than before. We approach the era of aërial navigation. In spite of that, we concern ourselves with the Trojan War! In Shaksperian language, What's Hecuba to us, or we to Hecuba?

We have listened to Saint-Simon, Fourier, and Owen; we live in the midst of social changes which will affect the face of the world; we see young America contributing gloriously to the new civilization; and we waste our time making commentaries of bad translations of Plato, we write tragedies on Ulysses, we evoke in our verse all the dead gods of Olympus. "Cela est insensé! cela est fou! cela est impie!"

Turning [3] from the negative, destructive part of the preface, let us examine Du Camp's positive, constructive program. In spite of his initial pessimism, he expresses his belief that a renaissance

[1] For a discussion of this point, see M. A. Leblond, *Leconte de Lisle*, pp. 336, 337.

[2] Du Camp uses the word *féeries;* cf. the title of Cormenin's article.

[3] I omit here a lengthy diatribe against the Academy. It does not directly concern us.

is at hand, and that another world will be born in which, he prophesies, the function of literature will be twofold. On the one hand, it will have to act as the interpreter of science; on the other, it will have to guide and direct industry.

Scientific poetry is encouraged by Maxime Du Camp. Briefly stated, his concrete suggestion is that Humboldt's *Cosmos* be turned over to a poet to be built into a monumental poem of science. But, beside the glories of science and parallel to them, the industrial movement is being developed with splendor and magnitude. This movement, thus far completely utilitarian, covering the whole world with a network of railroads, building vast factories, seeking to give to every individual a certain amount of comfort and ease, needs to be directed. It is for literature to assume the task of leadership. Like science, industry has splendors which deserve to be recounted. Its unceasing efforts, its constantly fruitful creations, its gropings, its long meditations, its rivalries — all these are worthy of being told. We have sung of the forges of Vulcan.[1] Why, pray, should we not sing of the forges of Indret or Le Creusot? Hereupon, Maxime Du Camp appropriately evokes a dramatic factory scene:

> La salle est énorme; de larges feux l'éclairent au milieu desquels passent des hommes demi-nus, noirs, en sueur, actifs, musculeux et superbes comme des cariatides de Puget. Sur une enclume plus large qu'un plateau de montagne, une masse énorme, rouge, flamboyante est placée et crépite encore. Au-dessus d'elle s'élève et s'abaisse un marteau gigantesque, d'un poids incompréhensible, et mû par une machine à vapeur. Vingt hommes robustes, attentifs, poussent peu à peu, . . . le bloc enflammé sous le bélier qui le forge. Ils regardent tous le maître-forgeron qui ne parle pas et qui, debout, le bras levé, la main tendue, fait un geste que comprennent ses intelligents ouvriers. Nul ne dit mot; l'angoisse serre les cœurs car un faux mouvement, un signe mal interprété peut faire voler en éclats le colosse de fer rouge qui pèse peut-être quarante mille livres. On n'entend rien que la roue qui chante en battant la rivière, que les coups profonds du marteau et le sifflement aigu de sa chute. C'est une bataille aussi que ces luttes contre des obstacles semblables vaincus à force de travail et d'audace. Il y a péril de vie, mais, si l'on meurt, on est certain, du moins, que c'est pour la bonne cause.

[1] Cf. Gautier, *Emaux et Camées*, "A. L. Sextius":

> . . . et Vulcain, plein d'ardeur
> Souffle ses forges rougissantes.

The conclusion to be drawn from the above drama is that such a scene of sweltering human effort, of mighty and awe-inspiring machinery, offers surely as good poetic material as the forges of Vulcan with their one-eyed cyclops, that it is undoubtedly as poetic as the "fers de lance, les casques, les boucliers, les foudres et autres vieilleries inutiles qu'on tapait à coups de merlin chez l'époux chagrin de la blonde Vénus. N'en déplaise à ceux qui regrettent l'antiquité pour prouver qu'ils ont appris le grec au collège." Not that Du Camp rejects classical antiquity. On the contrary, he heartily approves the study of the classics. In at least one respect we should do well to imitate the Greek and Latin authors: "Les poètes antiques parlaient de leur temps . . . en cela, imitons-les, et parlons du nôtre." It is the old, eternal question of the Ancients and the Moderns.

His supply of arguments apparently exhausted, Maxime Du Camp closes his preface with a restatement of the aim and purpose of literature:

> Trois grands mouvements, le mouvement humanitaire, le mouvement scientifique et le mouvement industriel se complétant et s'entr'aidant l'un l'autre, emportent, comme un triple courant, notre époque vers une rénovation certaine. Qu'il (l'art littéraire) s'y mêle hardiment, qu'il se baigne sans crainte dans les eaux fécondes de ces fleuves de régénération, il y trouvera des forces qu'il ne soupçonne pas et des vigueurs à soulever le monde. Qu'il les dirige, qu'il les calme ou les excite selon qu'il en sera besoin, qu'il marche avec eux, ou sinon ils ne l'attendront pas et le laisseront loin d'eux, mourant de faiblesse et d'inanition.
>
> Un dernier mot: les poètes antiques, tourmentés déjà par les regrets du passé, ont placé l'âge d'or derrière nous, aux premiers temps de la terre. Ils se sont trompés; j'en jure par l'éternel progrès, l'âge d'or est devant nous! Il est trop loin encore pour que nous puissions l'atteindre dans notre existence actuelle, mais nous pouvons du moins travailler à défricher la route qui mène vers les beaux pays de l'avenir; c'est plus que notre devoir, c'est notre mission!

It is evident that for Maxime Du Camp the poetic utilization of industry is to be accomplished in two ways. The pictorial qualities — the flaming forges, the toiling workmen, the mighty and intricate machines, the impression of confusion — are to furnish

the material for poems of dramatic intensity. Du Camp's enthusiastic picture of a factory scene would thus be turned into effective alexandrines. Or, on the other hand, the philosophical significance is to be emphasized. Thus the idea of progress would once again be enrolled among the poetic themes.

The humanitarian aspects of the problem are left practically untouched by Du Camp. When he does refer to them, he evidently has in mind only semi-socialistic theories. The condition of the working classes that had moved other poets (Auguste Barbier, for example) so deeply, their misery, their stunted lives, seems to appeal comparatively little to him.

The theories of the preface are by all odds the most important part of *Les Chants modernes*. The poems that follow are not, however, without interest. Maxime Du Camp did not content himself with presenting theories; he also attempted to put them into effect. The *Chants de la matière* [1] include poems on *La Locomotive, La Vapeur, La Bobine*. While they fulfill in general the requirements of the preface, they do fall short in some respects. The idea of progress is, indeed, emphasized throughout the various compositions, but, on the other hand, the translation of the pictorial qualities of industry into successful verse is not as thoroughly developed as one might expect. Again, a difference between theory and execution is manifest in the treatment of the humanitarian *motif*. The preface had concerned itself but little with humane working and living conditions for the proletariat. The poems give greater prominence to these problems, but adopt, in contrast to writers such as Barbier and Hugo,[2] a generally optimistic tone.

Les Chants de la matière are preceded by an appropriate stanza taken from Antony Deschamps:

[1] The volume of poetry is divided into three parts: the first, to which the author has given no collective title; then, the *Chants de la matière;* finally, the *Chants d'amour*.

[2] Cf. Chapter II, p. 45.

La féconde vapeur s'élevant de l'usine
Est aussi douce à Dieu dans sa maison divine,
Que la prière ardente ou la brise du soir
Et le parfum qui sort de l'oisif encensoir! [1]

There follows a dedicatory poem [2] to Charles Lambert, in which Du Camp acknowledges his intellectual and spiritual indebtedness to his "master" and proclaims his belief in the progress of mankind:

A vous que j'ai plaisir à proclamer mon maître,
A vous qui, le premier, m'apprîtes à connaître
Les éternelles voix qui dans tout l'univers
Chantent incessamment leurs immenses concerts.

A vous il appartient qu'aujourd'hui je dédie
Ces vers qu'a murmurés ma lèvre bien hardie
D'oser traduire ici, par des mots imparfaits,
Les chants de la matière expliquant ses hauts faits.

The first song is *La Vapeur*, to which a quotation from Laurent-Pichat's *L'Eau qui chante* [3] serves as an introduction. Evidently Du Camp felt that neither the poem of Laurent-Pichat, nor *La Découverte de la vapeur* of Pommier,[4] nor *L'Age nouveau* of Laprade was entirely satisfactory; that there was something left to be said on the subject.

La Vapeur is divided into three parts. The first recounts the various conquests of steam. The second urges that the energies expended on war be turned to industrial aims, and describes some of the future glories of steam. The third part is devoted to some of the other discoveries of the modern world, chloroform, electricity, gas, photography, which together with steam will accomplish the transformation of the world and hasten the arrival of the golden age.

Steam, speaking in the first person, exclaims:

Voyez déjà dans les usines,
Je soulève les lourds marteaux,

[1] From *Le Travail et la vapeur*. Cf. Chapter II, p. 25.
[2] Published January 15, 1855, in the *Revue de Paris*.
[3] Cf. p. 67.
[4] Assuming that Du Camp knew the poem.

Mon souffle anime les machines
Mon bras tourmente les étaux;
Les grands poids ne sont que des plumes
Que portent mes muscles d'airain,
Et seule je bats plus d'enclumes
Que les Cyclopes de Vulcain!

Du Camp is visibly making an attempt to put into verse a picture similar to that which we quoted at some length from the preface. *Usines, lourds marteaux, machines, étaux* — the use of these words leaves no doubt concerning the picture that the writer is trying to evoke. But all the dramatic quality and intensity that appeared in the prose description has completely vanished. The personification — *mon souffle, mon bras, mes muscles* — is equally weak, and the final fling at the forges of Vulcan is not specially impressive. Nothing, indeed, could be more commonplace than this poetry, from the point of view either of ideas or of versification.

In justice to the author, it must be admitted that *La Vapeur* pays a really notable tribute to industry. It recognizes the magnitude of the industrial movement, its ramifications and interrelations, its benefits, and its importance in the development of civilization.

Omitting *La Faulx* as being devoid of interest, let us pass to *La Bobine*, perhaps the most effective of the *Chants de la matière*. The opening lines present a mill scene:

Comme les Elphes de Norvège
Qui toujours valsent sur la neige,
Fuyant l'esprit qui les poursuit,
Je tourne! je tourne! je tourne!
Jamais en paix je ne séjourne!
Je tourne le jour et la nuit!

Près de moi travaillent les cardes,
Infatigables et criardes,
Qui mordent de leurs dents d'acier
Les flocons de laine salie,
Et la rendent blanche et polie
Comme les neiges d'un glacier.

Notre ouvrier chante à tue tête;
La carde crie et fait tempête,

Moi, je bruis sur mon rouleau;
Notre chariot grince et roule,
Et la roue ainsi qu'une houle,
Mugit en faisant jaillir l'eau.

A very evident attempt is made in these lines to represent the whirl and velocity of the machinery. The author has also striven to render in words the ear-splitting noise of such an establishment. His choice of words indicates a desire for vividness and precision. Yet in spite of these praiseworthy characteristics, the passage fails of effect. The description is so far from being brutally realistic that it is almost polite. And therein lies the error. For, to be successful, the description of such a scene must produce on the mind of the reader the same impression that the actual vision would produce on his senses. A superficial comparison of these lines with those of the preface, wherein a foundry scene is depicted, will suffice to prove our contention.

In the rest of the poem, Du Camp turns to humanitarian considerations:

C'est en travaillant, intrépides,
C'est en faisant nos tours rapides
Sur nos longues tiges de fer,
Que le peuple, aux vertus augustes,
Peut couvrir ses membres robustes
Et n'a plus froid pendant l'hiver.

Plus on produit, plus on consomme:
Il n'est maintenant si pauvre homme
Qui, grâce à nous, ne puisse enfin
S'habiller des pieds à la tête,
Et mettre pour les jours de fête
Quelque bel habit de drap fin.

The cheerful note of these lines is to be compared with the sombre pictures in Hugo's *Melancholia* and Barbier's *La Lyre d'Airain*. The latter were inspired by certain industrial scenes, with a deep feeling of pity for the workers. Du Camp is apparently quite destitute of any such feeling. Are we to assume that the factory conditions he was acquainted with were all ideal? It is much more likely that he was interested in presenting the attractive side of industry and therefore overlooked any unpleasant realities.

La Locomotive is the occasion for a general description of the steam engine, for a statement of man's dominance, and for an explanation of the importance of the railroad in the realization of human progress.

Voici le soir de la journée!
Puisque j'ai fini ma tournée
Et que ma tâche est terminée,
Je vais aller jusqu'à demain
Dans ma large remise en fonte,
Reposer, moi que rien ne dompte,
Mes grands membres de mastodonte,
Mes membres de fer et d'airain.

Such is the opening stanza of the poem. Once again we witness the use of old terms to describe a new invention, together with a rather spiritless personification. A little more vigor is displayed in the sixth stanza:

J'éclate plus que les tonnerres,
Et je pousse par mes naseaux
Plus de flammes que les cratères!
Lorsque je suis dans mes colères,
Arbres, maisons, hommes, monceaux,
Je brise tout comme roseaux.

This tremendous power is under complete control, subjected to man's will:

De mes vigueurs il est le maître,
Sur mon dos il n'a qu'à paraître,
Et comme un dévot à son prêtre,
J'obéis à tout ce qu'il veut.

Je suis le corps dont il est l'âme.

Finally, to the charge that the locomotive is an instrument of reaction, the machine replies:

Non! non! je suis la délivrance;
Je porte les rédemptions!
Mes flancs sont remplis d'espérance,
C'est moi qui tûrai la souffrance
Parmi les générations,
Et j'unirai les nations!

Certainly, Du Camp has here added nothing new to the poetic contributions discussed in the preceding chapter. Consciously or not, he has followed their model closely.

The group of poems called the *Chants de la matière* is terminated by the *Sac d'argent.* It is an odd composition, in which a money purse tells all the humane program it would carry out, had it only the liberty to do so. One is astonished to learn that the chief obstacle in its way is not the mercenary atmosphere of the money-mad Second Empire, but rather the institution of inheritance. "Abolish inheritance" is therefore the demand of the *Sac d'argent.*

When it becomes necessary to draw a conclusion from the foregoing examination of *Les Chants modernes,* one fact stands out very clearly. Maxime Du Camp suggested nothing fundamentally new. In fact, he advanced but little beyond the point achieved by Kauffmann. And yet, Du Camp's book was instantly recognized and widely discussed, while the former's article attracted little or no attention. The reason is plain. First of all, Du Camp had treated the problem from an essentially literary point of view. Kauffmann's article was that of a man more interested in industry than in literature. In the second place, Du Camp had done more than theorize: he had written poems intended to carry out the program and fulfill the prophecies of the preface, compositions that drew their inspiration from industry. Theory is all too infrequently accompanied by execution. In the rare cases where theory is translated into reality, interest is infallibly aroused. Then, the author's bitter attack on the Academy — which we did not feel called upon to discuss — provoked a great deal of comment. Whatever its merits, it was an excellent bit of advertising for the manifesto. It must also be remembered that, whereas Kauffmann was comparatively unknown, Du Camp occupied a position of considerable prominence in the world of art and letters. Finally, his book had been heralded in advance and was awaited with interest. As a result, its appearance caused something of a sensation.

What was to be the attitude of the critics toward this book that demanded a specific renovation of French poetry? Just as Madame de Staël at the beginning of the century had attacked the then existing subservience to classical tradition, so now Maxime Du Camp was urging French poets to abandon the old for the new, to be part of their own generation, and to celebrate the glories of contemporary civilization. What was to be the answer of men steeped in the conventional literary traditions? This question must now occupy our attention.

CHAPTER IV

THE REACTION TO *LES CHANTS MODERNES*

A SHOUT of protest, even anger, arose from a considerable portion of the literary public. Poets, novelists, and critics joined in denouncing these radical theories. Some, though hostile, gave the manifesto serious consideration. Others were less respectful in their opposition and resorted to ridicule. On the other hand, a number of critics supported whole-heartedly the new conception of poetry.

A thoroughly scornful attitude was assumed by Maxime Du Camp's soon-to-be-famous friend, Gustave Flaubert. Not that the great novelist deigned to contribute a formal article on the subject. In fact, it is from Du Camp that we learn that Flaubert said to him:

> Prends garde, tu es sur une pente! . . . Dans la préface des *Chants modernes*, tu as débité un tas de sornettes passablement déshonorantes, tu as célébré l'industrie et chanté la vapeur, ce qui est idiot et par trop saint-simonien.[1]

This unfavorable view is corroborated in a letter written to Louis Bouilhet. Attacking the writers connected with the *Revue de Paris*, Flaubert says:

> Si tu suis un peu attentivement leur manœuvre, tu verras qu'ils naviguent vers le vieux socialisme de 1833, national pur. Haine de l'art pour l'art, déclamation contre la Forme. Ducamp tonnait l'autre jour contre H. Heine et surtout les Schlegel, ces pères du romantisme qu'il appelait des réactionnaires. [He then accuses the group of opportunism, pure and simple]: Quand on ne peut pas entraîner la société derrière soi, on se met à sa remorque . . . c'est un moyen d'avancer. . . . On est servi par les passions du jour et par la sympathie des envieux . . . Arsène Houssaye a profité de la manie rococo . . . comme Mme Beecher-Stowe a exploité la manie égalitaire.

---

[1] *Souvenirs littéraires*, vol. ii, p. 417. It is possible that the preface of the *Chants modernes* may have been a contributory factor in the slackening of the ties of affection that had hitherto bound Du Camp and Flaubert.

Notre ami Maxime, lui, profite des chemins de fer, de la rage industrielle, etc.[1]

Flaubert was attached by every inclination to the opposite party. He disapproved violently of the materialistic tendencies of the time. In the same letter to Bouilhet he wrote: "Je sens contre la bêtise de mon époque des flots de haine qui m'étouffent."

From a literary point of view his attitude is easily explicable. His "esthétique" was well defined and vigorously adhered to. As early as 1846 he had written to a friend:

Il n'y a pas de belles pensées sans belles formes et réciproquement. . . . Supposer une idée qui n'ait pas de forme, c'est impossible, de même qu'une forme qui n'exprime pas une idée.[2] [In 1857, he expresses himself in much the same fashion]: Vous me dites que je fais trop attention à la forme. Hélas! c'est comme le corps et l'âme, la forme et l'idée; pour moi, c'est tout un et je ne sais pas ce qu'est l'un sans l'autre.[2]

His niece, in the preface to the *Correspondance*, tells us that Flaubert

jugeait qu'aucun livre n'est dangereux, s'il est bien écrit; cette opinion venait chez lui de l'union intime qu'il faisait du fond et de la forme, quelque chose de bien écrit ne pouvant pas être mal pensé, conçu bassement.

Evidently one who professed these principles could not think very highly of a book that not only decried excessive attention to form, but, in addition, upheld the doctrine of the social utility of poetry.

A similar impatience is manifest in the attitude of Gustave Planche. His discussion of the preface is most superficial, for it hardly goes beyond the stage of rather elephantine ridicule. Sarcastically he observes:

. . . L'hélice a désormais droit de bourgeoisie dans le domaine poétique: Jacquart passe au rang des demi-dieux; c'est un évènement qui n'est pas à négliger . . . M. Du Camp nous explique très clairement comment la science peut devenir vassale de la poésie. Mon Dieu, rien n'est plus simple, un enfant aurait trouvé cela: le génie s'est toujours rapproché de l'enfance par son ingénuité. Il s'agit de mettre en vers le *Cosmos* d'Alexandre de Humboldt.[3]

---

[1] *Correspondance* (Charpentier edition), vol. iii, p. 18; letter written in May, 1855.

[2] Quoted by T. Mustoxidi, *Histoire de l'esthétique française*, p. 170.

[3] *Revue des Deux Mondes*, May 15, 1855.

When he reaches the *Chants de la matière,* Planche's procedure is the same. He seizes with avidity the *Sac d'argent* and pulverizes it with the millstone of his scorn.

Planche sees in Du Camp's preface the opening shot of a campaign. He says:

> . . . On sent qu'il ne parle pas en son nom seulement mais au nom d'une armée frémissante, qui n'a pas encore tiré l'épée, et qui demande à grands cris le combat. . . . Cette préface vantée d'avance par des amis complaisans comme un prodige de hardiesse, n'est tout bonnement qu'une parodie de la préface de *Cromwell.* J'ai dit parodie, je n'ai donc pas besoin d'ajouter que c'est le même amour du paradoxe, sans la verve et l'originalité du modèle.

It is interesting to find this contemporary suggestion that the preface represented a definite attempt to found a poetic school.

A sharp statement, contemptuous by its very brevity, came from the pen of Leconte de Lisle. He had doubtless felt himself to be the object of Du Camp's remarks concerning contemporary tributes to Venus.[1] He, therefore, hastened to insert a reply in the preface of his new volume, *Poèmes et poésies:*[2]

> . . . J'ai beau tendre l'oreille aux premiers chants de la poésie humaine, les seuls qui méritent d'être écoutés, je les entends à peine, grâce aux clameurs barbares du Pandémonium industriel. . . . Les hymnes et les odes inspirées par la vapeur et la télégraphie électrique m'émeuvent médiocrement, et toutes ces périphrases didactiques, n'ayant rien de commun avec l'art, me démontreraient plutôt que les poètes deviennent d'heure en heure plus inutiles aux sociétés modernes.

This is exactly the sort of reaction one might expect from the author of *Hypatie.*

Now these statements of Flaubert, Leconte de Lisle, and Planche are hardly arguments. *Les Chants modernes* were really worthy of more serious discussion. Let us, therefore, consider some of the reasons that were placed in opposition to the theories advanced by Maxime Du Camp. Perhaps the most obvious criticism was that of Sainte-Beuve. In his review of the book,[3] he

[1] See M. A. Leblond, *Leconte de Lisle,* pp. 336, 337.

[2] Published in 1855.

[3] *L'Athenæum français,* July 28, 1855. Reprinted in *Causeries du Lundi,* vol. xii.

suggested that this "new" theory was by no means new, that there had been in the eighteenth century poets who went to science and utilitarian objects for their material in the hope of rejuvenating their art. Furthermore, he added, "ce renouvellement, qui n'est que de surface, est bientôt usé." Sainte-Beuve forgot, however, two important points. First, Du Camp was introducing into poetry an element almost unknown to Delille: that is to say, mechanical power. This, in itself, marks a profound difference between the productions of the two men. Secondly, while Delille's poetry was entirely and indefatigably didactic and descriptive, Du Camp intended that the poetry of industry should be also utilitarian.

It is rather surprising, indeed, that Sainte-Beuve's attitude was not more sympathetic. He believed quite definitely in scientific progress. In 1851 he had said:

> If we go beyond the ephemeral triflings of present literature, which cumber up the front of the stage and obstruct one's gaze, there is in this age a great and powerful movement in every direction, in every science. . . . At every point men are at work — in physics, chemistry, zoölogy, botany, in all branches of natural history, in historical and philosophical criticism, in oriental studies, in archæology, everything is being gradually transformed, and the day when the century takes the trouble to draw its conclusions, you will see that it is at a hundred leagues, a thousand leagues, from its point of departure.[1]

To be sure, Sainte-Beuve did sympathize with Du Camp in one essential respect, for he agreed that "l'artiste doit être *de son temps*, doit porter dans son œuvre le caractère *de son temps:* à ce prix est la vie durable, comme le succès." The coolness of his article is probably to be attributed to the poverty of inspiration and flabbiness of expression of the *Chants de la matière.* With the best will in the world, he could not praise the artistically ineffective.

An interesting comment on the idea of progress was made at this time by Baudelaire. But a few years before he had welcomed

[1] *Portraits littéraires*, vol. iii, p. 549. The original edition of this volume was published in 1851 as *Derniers Portraits*. The above translation is from I. Babbitt, *The Masters of Modern French Criticism*, pp. 134, 135.

enthusiastically Pierre Dupont's *Le Chant des ouvriers*.[1] By 1852 he had suffered a change of heart. His article on Edgar Allan Poe protested against the use of humanitarian or utilitarian *motifs* in poetry.[2] The year 1855 witnessed another modification. While not aimed directly at Du Camp, Baudelaire's discussion of progress was so timed that we may well discuss it here. His opinion is briefly that, in the first place, one ought not to confound progress in the intellectual world with progress in the material world; and, secondly, that there is no guarantee of progress in the future, particularly in the realm of art and literature.

> Transportée dans l'ordre de l'imagination, l'idée du progrès . . . se dresse avec une absurdité gigantesque, une grotesquerie qui monte jusqu'à l'épouvantable. La thèse n'est plus soutenable. . . . Dans l'ordre poétique et artistique, tout révélateur a rarement un précurseur. Toute floraison est spontanée, individuelle. . . . L'artiste ne relève que de lui-même. Il ne promet aux siècles à venir que ses propres œuvres. Il ne cautionne que lui-même. Il meurt sans enfants.[3]

In so far as Baudelaire is allying himself with the theory of *l'Art pour l'Art*, he is inevitably in opposition to the program of Du Camp and his followers. The latter would undoubtedly, however, have agreed with the above statement. They wanted progress, including material progress, to provide poetic inspiration. But they were not seeking to apply the theory of perfectibility to art and literature.

We now reach the critics who begin seriously to grapple with the problem. All of them, with some individual differences, raise the general question of whether industry and machinery can belong to the realm of the ideal and, therefore, be treated in poetry, or whether these things are inevitably materialistic and, hence, to be discarded by the poets. Their articles present a thoughtful, serious consideration of the points at issue, and we shall, therefore, study them in some detail.

Victor de Laprade is the first to be considered. The modifica-

[1] See Chapter II, p. 52, note.

[2] *Revue de Paris*, March, 1852.

[3] *Curiosités esthétiques*, "Exposition universelle de 1855," p. 211.

tion of his views has already been commented on.[1] He now takes a definitely determined stand, and in an article published in *Le Correspondant* he makes an uncompromising attack on the conception of industrial poetry. It is fair to assume that he was spurred on in part by *Les Chants modernes:* he certainly must have known of the volume. The immediate cause of his wrath, however, was a composition entitled *L'Exposition*,[2] by his friend, Charles Alexandre. An excessively mediocre poem, it could not fail to provoke a hostile reaction on the part of Laprade. The following verses are a fair sample of the whole:

> Ils ne souffriront plus, les vieux doigts des aieules,
> Les fileuses de fer sans repos, toutes seules,
> Les laisseront prier pour leurs petits enfants;
> Et trouvant leurs corps chauds sous la laine et la toile,
> Les mères béniront en priant vers l'étoile,
> Les métiers triomphants.

On December 21, 1855, Laprade wrote a letter to Alexandre in which he expressed himself in the following terms:

> Au moment où vous écriviez peut-être votre pièce inspirée par les splendeurs de l'exposition, je faisais refuser par *la Revue des Deux Mondes*, comme trop violemment hostile à l'industrie, un article de prose intitulé précisément la *Poésie et l'Industrie*.[3] . . . Toutes les choses dont l'Exposition témoigne et qui vous semblent un commencement et une jeunesse, je les vois comme une fin et une caducité. J'attache comme vous une grande importance à ce fait des expositions, mais en sens inverse . . . l'industrie, ce n'est pas l'affranchissement, mais la servitude.[4]

Apart from Laprade's own temperament, Du Camp and Alexandre may be considered as chiefly responsible for the article which appeared shortly after under the title of "La Poésie et l'Industrie."[5] The author proclaims that there are three poetic orders: God, Man, and Nature. If poetry omits a single one of

[1] See pp. 75, 76.

[2] Published in *La Revue*, November 1, 1855.

[3] This refusal of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is significant of the importance industry was assuming.

[4] Extract from letter quoted by E. Biré, *Victor de Laprade*, p. 205.

[5] *Le Correspondant*, 1856, p. 34.

these great realities, it is and must be incomplete. True poetry takes into consideration all three elements and knows how to subordinate them to each other. Now, industry, in spite of its size and pretensions, is nothing more than a mere detail in the order of human things and in the realm of ideas. Furthermore, it is nothing new even as a poetic conception. Homer depicted vividly the industry of his day. Yet he never thought of choosing the plow, the anvil, or the potter's wheel as the subject of an epic. He considered the anger of Achilles far superior in interest to the forge of Vulcan.[1]

It is to be noted, says Laprade, that as one approaches the era of the sovereign reign of machinery, one sees the poets turn more and more away from any acceptance of the ideals of beauty that, according to some, ought to be the principal source of their inspiration. Must one conclude that all the poets of the world have gradually lost their poetic sense, or rather that industry has lost poetic quality through the introduction of mechanical power and its consequent enormous growth? This leads Laprade to the question, whether modern industry can, by nature, be artistic. For the solution of the problem he lays downfive principles:

1. Any mechanical apparatus which does not leave to man the largest place and most prominent rôle in the scene depicted by the artist is irreconcilable with art in general and with the necessary laws of the beautiful.
2. Any object must have simplicity and elegance of line in order to be artistically reproduced either in painting or in sculpture.
3. Objects whose dimensions are out of all proportionate relation with those of the human body are incompatible with art.
4. Any instrument whose power is out of proportion to that of the human body cannot become the object of a work of art.
5. The qualities of solidity and permanence are essential to a work of art.

On the basis of these principles, Laprade concludes that modern industry is subversive of painting, sculpture, and architecture, as soon as it attempts to subordinate them to itself and to impose upon them its various functions as themes of works of art. As for poetry, he adds:

[1] It is difficult not to see here a reference to *Les Chants modernes*.

La poésie est, sans doute, un autre ordre que celui des arts; mais bien des principes leur sont communs, et ce sont ces principes, également applicables à la peinture de la beauté extérieure et à l'expression du beau moral, qu'il serait nécessaire de consigner ici.

Laprade then faces the problem of whether industry has embellished the moral world. His answer is vigorously negative. Industry, by its uniformity and automatism, inspires the worker himself with tedium and disgust. Mechanical power, indeed, has done actual injury to humanity, for man, far from dominating the machine, becomes its slave. The writer's conclusion is plain:

La poésie restera la poésie, c'est-à-dire une œuvre morale; l'industrie restera l'industrie, c'est-à-dire une œuvre matérielle. . . . Elle peut devenir dans le monde tout ce que la force matérielle y devient de plus éminent, une royauté, une idole, tout, excepté une poésie. Que les poètes le sachent donc, et ne perdent pas de temps à expérimenter dans cette voie leur antique domaine.

Such is the rebuke addressed by Laprade to those of his contemporaries who sought in an alliance of industry and poetry a desirable renaissance.

An equally thoughtful criticism is that of Ernest Renan. His article, entitled "La Poésie de l'Exposition," [1] is a stimulating discussion of the problem. His first concern is to establish the fact that man is not satisfied by the mere satisfaction of his material needs. There is something superior to his physical desires. An ideal has always been necessary to stimulate his soul. Finally, men have sought to find an ideal in the various manifestations of life and have expressed it with poetic and artistic symbols. And now,

pour la première fois, notre siècle a convoqué de grandes multitudes sans leur proposer un but idéal. Aux jeux antiques, aux pèlerinages, aux tournois, aux jubilés ont succédé des comices industriels. Deux fois l'Europe s'est dérangée pour voir des marchandises étalées et comparer des produits matériels, et, au retour de ces pèlerinages d'un genre nouveau, personne ne s'est plaint que quelque chose lui manquât.

A clear indication of decadence is to be seen in such a state of affairs. Renan ironically recalls the prophecy of Fourier that

[1] *Journal des Débats*, November 27, 1855.

some day, instead of meeting in battle, rival nations would dispute the respective excellence of their cake. He adds:

Sans doute, ce grand progrès n'est pas encore pleinement accompli; mais bien des pas ont été faits en ce sens: il y a quelques jours, les plus fortes têtes de l'Europe étaient occupées à décider quelle nation fabrique le mieux la soie ou le coton.

The author utters a warning, drawn from history, that the progress of industry is in no way connected with the development of art and poetry. Consider, for example, the fifth century B.C. in Greece and the Renaissance in Italy:

. . . si nous étudions de près ces deux grands moments, nous verrons qu'à côté d'un sentiment du beau merveilleusement développé il y avait absence presque complète de soin pour tout ce qui tient au bien-être et aux commodités de la vie.

On the other hand, China, long before the other nations, possessed highly developed processes of industry. And China has nothing that deserves the name of art. The conclusion is, therefore, that the progress of industry is in no way parallel to the progress of the arts.

Renan freely admits that material progress, in elevating the level of the lower classes and in bringing peoples closer together, serves a moral, even a religious, end. The error is not in proclaiming industry good and useful, but in exalting it beyond measure. When men go so far as to consider that the great industrial development of the century represents a revolution in the human mind, they are simply taking the "accessoire de la civilisation pour le principal."

One must not be astonished, the author states in conclusion, if this industrial jubilee has produced nothing in the realm of the intellect. It is a dazzling spectacle for the eyes, an instructive study for the practical man of affairs, but it offers little material for thought or speculation.

Renan, of course, had suffered great disillusionment from the events of 1848–1852.

Le coup d'état [he says], acheva de me rattacher à la *Revue des Deux Mondes* et au *Journal des Débats* en me dégoûtant du peuple que j'avais vu, le 2 décembre, accueillir d'un air narquois les signes de deuil des bons citoyens.[1]

Then it was that, abandoning all hope for the success of his ideals, he devoted himself to scientific research and philosophic speculation. By intellect and experience, he was clearly more attracted to the group of which Leconte de Lisle was an illustrious representative than to the young *cénacle* headed by Maxime Du Camp. Certainly he was in no mood to welcome the idea of utilizing French poetry for the glorification of mechanical progress.

A somewhat similar protest against the invasion of the moral world by *le Machinisme* was made by Edmond Texier.[2] Although he admits the possibility of machinery entering a purely descriptive poem, he bluntly refuses any further concession. "La vue d'une machine," he says, "intéresse parce qu'on pense à son utilité; elle ne passionne pas." Consequently, the poet, above all, must remain aloof from industry, for he is mainly inspired by emotions, and not by material interests. Texier fears, moreover, that scientific and industrial progress constitutes a serious menace to all art:

. . . en face des progrès nouveaux, j'ai quelque doute sur la longévité de l'art tel que nous le comprenons aujourd'hui. L'auteur des *Chants modernes* rêve le mariage de la science et de la poésie; et moi, je lui réponds comme le maître: *Ceci tuera cela.*

Whereupon, Texier closes his article with a word of praise for Du Camp's honest endeavor to carry out his program in the *Chants de la matière.*

Auguste Lacaussade[3] likewise admired Du Camp's good intentions. Admitting his sincerity and deep conviction, he says:

Il faut le reconnaître, dans ces lignes il y a de la jeunesse et de la conviction, des critiques portant juste, une ferveur émue, une intelligence passionnée des choses de l'art.

---

[1] See preface of *Avenir de la science* (1890).

[2] *Le Siècle*, May 18, 1855.

[3] *Revue contemporaine*, June 15, 1855

The validity of Du Camp's assertions and arguments cannot, however, be so easily conceded. First of all, Lacaussade recalls quite pertinently that the Academy, attacked by Du Camp for being too bound up with the past, has as recently as 1845 opened a *concours* on the subject of the discovery of steam. After this salutary correction of detail, the critic passes to a consideration of general ideas. He says:

> La science dans ses résultats extérieurs, l'industrie dans ses plus riches manifestations, ne sont que les effets d'une même cause suprême, inspirant et dominant l'activité humaine; c'est à cette cause que la poésie doit incessamment remonter pour trouver la vie dont elle anime ses créations.

It is the same distinction between the spiritual and the material that we have met before, with the pitiless relegation of industry to the realm of the material.

Lacaussade's criticism of the *Chants de la matière* is succinct and, though severe, accurate:

> . . . ils me font l'effet d'amplifications en vers sur des sujets donnés, de thèses rimées à l'appui d'un nouveau système sur l'art. L'inspiration ne jaillit pas du fonds même des choses, et rythme et rimes n'y peuvent rien. L'auteur aura voulu justifier sa théorie par des exemples, et il n'aura réussi qu'à trahir l'impuissance de ses bonnes intentions . . . on sent partout dans *les Chants de la matière* l'absence d'inspiration réelle.

It might, perhaps, be possible to interpret these words as meaning that Lacaussade, while condemning the poverty of Du Camp's poetic vein, does not consider the realization of Du Camp's program an utter impossibility, that he believes a good poet truly inspired might produce something artistically valid. The general tone of his article, however, seems to be against such a conclusion.

A much more timid discussion of the problem is met with in the article of Armand de Pontmartin.[1] At first, he places himself beside Renan, Laprade, and Lacaussade. To his mind, the most probable consequence of the industrial achievements is to cause a reaction away from industry, to make people seek a spiritual refuge in the old idealism, in the old conception of poetry that has

[1] See *Dernières Causeries littéraires* (2d ed., 1862). The article on Du Camp was undoubtedly written in 1855 or 1856.

existed for so many years. But then, as he reflects on the matter, Pontmartin is inclined to admit that there is an element of truth in Du Camp's manifesto:

> . . . une petite dose de vérité à extraire d'une dose plus forte d'illusions ou d'erreurs. Il est très vrai que la poésie moderne peut et doit chercher des tableaux, des images et même des inspirations nouvelles dans ces nouveaux développements de la puissance humaine appliquée aux forces de la nature et de la matière.

Pontmartin has made here a damaging admission, so damaging, indeed, that it undermines his earlier attempt to remain orthodox. Another passage, immediately following, is even more damning:

> Sans s'y compromettre par une alliance trop étroite et trop onéreuse, elle (la poésie) ne saurait rester insensible à ces grands et émouvants spectacles, et la faculté de vibration qu'elle possède doit être mise en jeu par les prodiges de l'électricitié et de la vapeur tout comme par les pathétiques récits de l'histoire. . . les beautés du paysage ou les luttes de la conscience et du cœur. L'essentiel est qu'elle y arrive en souveraine. . . .

Maxime Du Camp might well have written these lines himself.

More courageous defenders of the new poetry than Armand de Pontmartin soon appeared on the battlefield. Although they found themselves arrayed against the great literary geniuses of the period, they nevertheless supported with spirit the ideals to which Maxime Du Camp had given expression. They were perhaps fortified in their position by Sainte-Beuve's judgment that "l'artiste doit être de son temps." On this point the defenders of Du Camp unite. Furthermore, they resent the assertion that industry is essentially materialistic, that poetic treatment of the struggles and achievements of industry cannot satisfy the idealistic aspirations of man.

Louis Ulbach, one of the editors of the *Revue de Paris*, illustrates this double-sided resistance. In his review of Gustave Claudin's *L'Exposition à vol d'oiseau*,[1] Ulbach takes the opportunity of asserting his allegiance to the progressive movement in the

[1] *Revue de Paris*, December 1, 1855. In his preface to *Suzanne Duchemin* (1855) Ulbach supports the theory of the social utility of literature: "L'art doit être utile! C'est la règle suprême."

world of art and letters, and of defending *Les Chants modernes.* He exclaims:

> . . . il y a mauvaise foi à prétendre qu'en voulant chanter le travail et les machines on déplace les sources et l'on méconnaît les inspirations les plus généreuses et les plus universelles, l'amour, la haine, les passions en un mot.
>
> Les machines ne sont pas l'anéantissement du sentiment: elles en sont une expression. Il n'y a pas là de paradoxe. Notre siècle a autant d'imagination que les siècles les plus féconds en poèmes; . . . le siècle ne prend pas la lyre impuissante pour chanter sous les saules . . . ni la besace odieuse pour mendier, il se met à l'œuvre, saisit des outils, en crée, en invente, en distribue, et si sa chanson est un peu moins douce, un peu moins harmomieuse, elle est du moins plus attendrie, plus humaine. Tout poète inutile, tout écrivain qui ne s'associe pas au travail cyclopéen de son temps est un voleur qui n'a pas droit au pain qu'il mange, un meurtrier qui suicide en lui un artisan de Dieu.

Impossible not to see in some of these expressions a fling at the criticisms of Flaubert, Renan, and Laprade.

A more direct attack on these men and the arguments they advanced was made by several other writers. Renan's article, especially, bore the brunt of their assault; indeed, the most important criticism bears the subtitle, "Lettre à M. Ernest Renan." This article, "La Poésie de l'Exposition," by Ad. Guéroult, appeared in the *Revue philosophique et religieuse* for January, 1856. It is essentially a protest against the assertion that industry is but an "accessoire" of civilization. The author maintains rather that industry is an integral part of a unified whole:

> Aimons le bien, étudions le vrai, pratiquons l'utile, et ne cherchons pas à diviser ce que Dieu a voulu réunir, dans la société comme dans l'individu, par le lien indissoluble d'une vivante unité.

Furthermore, industry, mechanical power, is an "indispensable auxiliary of the moral and intellectual progress of humanity." It will create the leisure necessary for the acquisition of the finer things of life.

What industry lacks, according to Guéroult, in order to fulfill its proper destiny is a realization of its own value. This it must acquire. It must arrive at an understanding of its high mission, the exploitation of the material world for the benefit of humanity. And, naturally, this mission must be recognized and confirmed by

all the agencies of public opinion. Then, says the writer, "les poètes . . . prendront la parole et sauront trouver, soyez-en sûr, des accents dignes de pareilles solennités." But, until then, one can scarcely hope for anything more than isolated expressions of indifferent value.

Renan's article also drew a reply from Félix Belly in the *Revue contemporaine* for December 15, 1855. Heading his article as Renan did his, "La Poésie de l'Exposition," Belly restates the ideas expressed by Du Camp, and at the same time vigorously counter-thrusts. Referring to the much belittled exposition, he asks:

> Où sont les spectacles plus grandioses . . . que le Palais de l'industrie étalant les produits du monde, et vingt peuples unis couronnant par leurs représentants les chefs-d'œuvre du génie humain. On a contesté le côté idéal de ce grand "jubilé industriel." Les quarante mille spectateurs de la cérémonie du 15 novembre pourraient répondre à notre place. . . . Si la poésie est quelque part, elle est là. . . .

On the other hand, if poetry is anywhere absent, it is not in the industrial movement, but rather in the "immobilité systématique" of those who ought to aid its development.

Another defense of industry was made by one of the most prominent writers on mechanical subjects, Michel Chevalier.[1] Taking, naturally, a point of view contrary to that of Renan and Laprade, Chevalier says: "Non, l'industrie, quoiqu'elle s'exerce sur la matière, n'est point d'essence matérielle. Elle relève de la noble partie de notre nature; elle est une des filles légitimes de l'esprit humain. Loin qu'on soit fondé à lui reprocher d'asservir l'espèce humaine à la matière, elle ploie la matière au joug de l'intelligence." We hardly need follow Chevalier into the obvious development of this thought.

Du Camp's book is directly treated by several writers, Paulin Limayrac, Eugène Pelletan, Edouard Thierry, Amédée Pichot, and Alfred Michiels. The first one of this group contents himself with a few words of cordial approval:

[1] *Journal des Débats*, May 15, 1855.

Les Chants modernes sont un beau livre où l'idée et le sentiment sont fondus ensemble avec beaucoup de bonheur et forment une seule âme poétique pleine de jeunesse et de puissance. Il faut dire aussi . . . que le volume . . . est précédé d'une noble préface en prose. Cette préface est un brillant et généreux manifeste; c'est un large drapeau placé à la porte principale de l'édifice, et dans les plis duquel souffle une chaude et odorante brise d'été.[1]

Eugène Pelletan [2] is scarcely more critical in his enthusiastic acceptance of the *Chants de la matière*. *La Bobine* and *La Vapeur* seem to him particularly admirable. The supreme epithet that he finds to qualify the author of these odes is "psalmiste du travail." Although Edouard Thierry condemns the violence of the preface, he supports Du Camp's contention that excessive attention is being paid to mere form.[3] He agrees that industry may be a source of inspiration for poetry as well as the usual conventional themes. In any case, whatever the inspiration, it is the idea that counts. Amédée Pichot finds the *Chants de la matière* worthy of his warm approbation.[4] Full of movement and picturesque expressions, they resemble in no way the descriptive poetry of the eighteenth century. A little more precision would make them perfect. A word of unstinted praise was offered by the last writer mentioned above, Alfred Michiels, author of that curious book, *Histoire des idées littéraires en France au XIX^e siècle*. Referring to Maxime Du Camp, he says:

Sa préface n'épargne aucune idée vermoulue, aucune institution caduque. . . . Et pour mettre ses œuvres en harmonie avec ses principes, l'auteur aborde dans le volume toutes les questions modernes; il pare de la forme poétique certains sujets que l'on croyait ne pouvoir la revêtir. Les morceaux intitulés: *la Vapeur*, *la Bobine*, *la Locomotive* . . . sont des entreprises audacieuses parfaitement réussies. Le courage de M. Maxime Du Camp lui a porté bonheur. C'est, au surplus, un privilège des grandes nations que, dans la foule d'individus qui les composent, il y a toujours des esprits vaillants et judicieux pour combattre l'erreur, pour proclamer la vérité.[5]

---

[1] *La Presse*, June 4, 1855.
[2] *Ibid.*, March 27, 1856, Cf. p. 78.
[3] *Le Moniteur universel*, July 10, 1855.
[4] *Revue britannique*, April, 1855.
[5] See 4th edition, "augmentée" (1863), vol. ii, pp. 627, 629.

A new direction of attack against Du Camp's opponents was instituted in 1859 by Jean Tisseur in his article, "Des Affinités de la poésie et de l'industrie dans l'antiquité grecque."[1] The title indicates his method. Realizing that the adversaries of the poetry of industry and science were in the habit of contrasting contemporary civilization, proud of its inventions, with ancient Greece and its masterpieces, innocent of mechanical power, Tisseur undertakes a study of the relation of industry and the arts in Athens in the time of her glory. He attempts a description of Greek industry, of the position of the artisan and of the poet in Athenian society. He quotes liberally from Sophocles, calling attention to passages that extol man in his work. He concludes that "la poésie ne doit pas être son but à elle-même, ni une vaine délectation de l'esprit, mais une excitation à une moralité supérieure; que son objet direct est l'emploi de la vie. . . ." From this point of view, poetry must inevitably concern itself with all aspects and functions of life, among which industry is one of the most important.

To all these defenders of the faith we must add the name of Du Camp himself. His hand is undoubtedly to be seen in the pamphlet issued April 1, 1856, by the *Revue de Paris*, entitled *Cinquième Année*. The following statement of policy is significant:

> La poésie chassée de partout . . . trouvera dans la *Revue de Paris* un refuge sacré. . . . Un seul genre sera proscrit: la poésie extérieure et égoiste qui s'isole des angoisses contemporaines et qui ne voit dans les vers qu'un instrument mélodieux pour les oreilles, pour de vagues et inutiles sensations . . . pour être vraiment poète, il faut sentir en soi l'intelligence des grandes missions que la philosophie, la politique, la science et l'industrie doivent accomplir. La poésie . . . a un rôle pratique à jouer; le méconnaitre, c'est ne rien comprendre à l'harmonie des diverses vocations, à la solidarité des facultés différentes de l'esprit.[2]

If Maxime Du Camp did not write the above statement, he certainly approved it for publication. In any case, his continued

[1] *Revue du Lyonnais*, vol. xviii, 1859.

[2] Thus the *Revue de Paris* goes over completely to the utilitarian school. Cf. pp. 10, 87.

fealty to industrial poetry is readily proved by the preface to the second edition (1860) of *Les Chants modernes*. Here he frankly raises the question of whether he would change the famous preface in any way, if he were to rewrite it at this later date. His answer is unhesitating: he would perhaps soften the expression, but would not modify at all the fundamental thought.

Such was the controversy engendered by the publication of *Les Chants modernes*. While numerous critics supported Du Camp in his attempted reform, the really great names of French letters were listed against him. The most prominent poets and critics — Sainte-Beuve is, of course, an honorable exception — condemned, as one man, the proposal to seek in industry and machinery anything worthy of being translated into poetry. The weight of their reputation was too great to be resisted. The conclusion is, therefore, ineluctable that Maxime Du Camp failed in his attempt to found a new school. Yet his book had a very real influence. We have seen that it met with the approbation of a considerable number of minor critics. The theory found similar favor among certain poets. Some of the more independent characters refused to be intimidated by the derision of the *Art pour l'Art* adherents, or by the conservative traditionalism of the critics. The following pages will perhaps disclose to what extent they were affected by the ideas of *Les Chants modernes*.

CHAPTER V

THE POETRY OF INDUSTRY DURING THE YEARS IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING *LES CHANTS MODERNES*

THE poetic output of the years immediately following the publication of *Les Chants modernes* reveals no profoundly radical change. On the one hand, as before, there is a swarm of minor compositions that excel chiefly in monotony. On the other, as before, a few poems project themselves imperiously upon our field of vision. The latter, however, assume a new significance. After the furore of the preceding years any author must hesitate before availing himself of industrial or mechanical themes. Writing, thus, *en connaissance de cause*, he gives at least tacit approval to the fundamental thesis of Du Camp's preface.

Among the host of minor compositions a work by the indefatigable Barthélemy appears. In 1855, the author of *La Vapeur*[1] published *L'Exposition*. As he views the section of the Palace devoted to machinery, he assures us that it is "colossal, mysterious, and severe":

> Rien n'attire la main, rien ne sourit aux yeux;
> Plus de fleurs, de cristaux, d'ajustements soyeux;
> Les joyaux sont le plomb, le zinc, le fer, la fonte;
> Du pied de l'édifice au toit qui le surmonte,
> Se dressent des leviers, de monstrueux pistons,
> Pour lustres des fourneaux, des câbles pour festons,
> Tout à coup, à travers ces masses assouplies,
> Grincent en s'agitant des chaînes, des poulies;
> . . . . . .
>
> Plus loin l'onde aspirée à flots bruyants ruisselle,
> Tout s'anime et se meut sous l'âme universelle,
> Ce pouvoir dont la force à peine se comprend,
> La Vapeur, par qui l'homme est devenu si grand,

[1] See Chapter II, p. 43.

C'est l'empire de Watt, de Fulton, d'Archimède;
Sous les brillants vitraux du palais qui précède
Vous aviez attaché vos yeux admirateurs
Aux chefs-d'œuvre créés; voilà les créateurs.

One gathers from the above that the Puritanical aspect of industry appeals to the author. Does the chaste severity of a cast-iron furnace please his esthetic sensibility? or does he behold in this scene some moral virtue? One cannot be quite sure.

No more original or arresting than the above effusion are a number of other productions. Paul Meurice's *Paris* [1] won contemporary praise, it is true, as being

une grande et belle œuvre que ce long et formidable poème qui commence dans l'ombre du sanctuaire des chênes . . . pour se terminer dans la lumière au palais de l'Industrie, consacré au Progrès, le libre! [2]

Its chief interest for us lies less in his vision of universal peace achieved through the beneficent accomplishments of industry — what irony! — than in the fact that there is some evidence of direct influence of *Les Chants modernes*. Paul Meurice was closely associated with Victor Hugo, and we know that a copy of the book was in Hugo's library at Guernsey.[3] In the same year, Sébastien Rhéal published a volume as extraordinary as its title, *La Vision de Faustus ou L'Exposition universelle en 1855*.[4] The author succeeds in combining Faust, Greece, Charity, Industry, England, France, and Turkey into as mad a hodge-podge — and a much more incoherent one — than that of Molière's famous Mufti. We return at least to sanity with Paul Juillerat; in 1857, he published a little poem entitled *Hier et aujourd'hui* [5] which clearly recognizes, in mediocre lines, the poetic qualities inherent in scientific and industrial successes:

[1] Contents: Prologue; Act I deals with Gaul; Act II with the Middle Ages; Act III with the Renaissance; Act IV with Louis XIV; Act V with the Revolution; Epilogue.

[2] *Revue de Paris*, August 1, 1855.

[3] See P. Berret, *La Philosophie de V. Hugo (1854–1859)*, p. 104.

[4] See the bibliographical bulletin of the *Revue de Paris*, October 15, 1855.

[5] *Revue contemporaine*, February 15, 1857, pp. 177–179.

Ce concert inoui qu'enclumes et marteaux,
Au profit des humains, donnent dans chaque usine,
. . . . . .
Les océans quinteux devenus praticables,
L'invisible alphabet galopant sur des câbles,
. . . . . .
Tout cela, poésie admirable et profonde!

The specific reference to the cable is noteworthy. Experiments were then being attempted with such success that the next year, 1858, saw it established between Europe and America.

About this same time a professor from Lyons by the name of Edmond Py composed a poem on no less ambitious a subject than *Le Progrès matériel et le progrès moral*.[1] He had just won a gold medal offered by the Lyons Academy of Letters, Arts, and Sciences for a poem on *Le Premier Puits artésien dans le Sahara*.[2] This initial success doubtless emboldened him to conquer higher regions of Parnassus. His new poem treats of the idea of progress and is, indeed, hardly more than another form of the preface of *Les Chants modernes*. The case for the recognition of industry as a source of poetic inspiration is clearly stated. The objections to the program are anticipated and answered. It is hardly worth while speculating as to whether Py ever read the famous manifesto. More important, after all, is the fact that both authors, in expressing the same ideas and theories, go back to the same source, the appreciation of industrial achievements.

The same belief is held by Charles de Mouy, who, two years later, published in *Le Magasin de librairie* some verses entitled *Le Poème des jours nouveaux*. Assuring us that this bold century "va vers l'avenir," admiring the locomotive as the "coursier de flamme et d'airain" destined to advance the cause of humanity, Mouy gives a slightly sentimental tinge to the now familiar idea of progress: "Le progrès nous fera plus heureux et plus doux."

P. Véron, Henri Brissac, H. Potié, Fanny Dénoix des Vergnes,

[1] Written September 1857, published in 1860 in the volume *Foi et patrie*, pp. 207 *et seq.* See Appendix A.

[2] *Revue du Lyonnais*, vol. xv, 1857.

M. Maury, Georges Garnier, and Evariste Boulay-Paty — all celebrate some aspect of the material accomplishments of the century.[1] The most timely is the poem of Boulay-Paty on *Le Câble transatlantique* in which he praises highly this "fil merveilleux, porte-voix électrique."

But even after the appearance of *Les Chants modernes*, there were still to be found a few poets who remained unconvinced of the moral and artistic value of mechanical power. The Marquis de Belloy within a few months lamented the ascendency of industry:

> Noblesse et poésie, en cette ère féconde,
> A de nouveaux soleils ont cédé l'horizon.
> L'industrie a vaincu, la presse nous inonde,
> Et la rime, en fuyant, nous laisse la raison.[2]

The state of affairs to which Du Camp had affixed the term *progress* was labeled by the Vicomte de MacCarthy as *progrès à rebours*.[3] He declared that man had become the slave of matter; the locomotive, which he could not help admiring, was nevertheless a *tyran d'airain*. Similarly, Isidore-Alexandre Massé, in *Les Olympiades* (1858), told the prophets of progress that, where they saw the dawn of a new day, he saw only the sunset of the old: "Où vous voyez le jour, nous voyons le déclin." Hippolyte Minier shouted his irony at material progress:

> Siècle! courbe le front, voilà ton roi qui passe!
> Sur ces lignes de fer qui nivellent l'espace
> Et rendront fabuleux les vieux chemins de grès,
> Le vois-tu s'élancer? C'est lui, c'est le Progrès!
> . . . . . .
> Terrible et fort, il a pour trône un char d'airain,
> Pour coursiers la vapeur intelligente, active,
> Pour sceptre le piston d'une locomotive!
> . . . . . .
> Vainqueur des éléments, il a, domptant la mer,
> Aux rapides *steam-boat* soumis le flot amer;
> . . . . . .

[1] For texts, see Appendix A.

[2] *L'Artiste*, November 4, 1855.

[3] *Recueil de l'Académie des Jeux Floraux* (1857). See Appendix A.

Vieux peuples, endormis dans la nuit du tombeau,
Vous n'aviez que la foi pour protéger vos pas,
Nous à qui le Progrès a prêté son compas,
Pour marcher dans la vie où nul frein ne vous gêne,
Nous avons . . . des trottoirs et le gaz hydrogène! [1]

And Henri de Bornier pointed out what few had the clairvoyance to see, that the instruments of applied science, far from assuring universal peace, have had rather the opposite effect:

La science a tracé d'un rigide compas
Le chemin le plus court pour conduire au trépas. [2]

Théodore de Banville, representing the Gautier–Leconte de Lisle group, published in 1857 his *Odes funambulesques*, the aim of which is to "oublier le vulgaire odieux, ou lui dire, tout en riant, ses vérités." [3] The result is a combination of light frivolity and serious satire. The latter furnishes us with additional evidence of Banville's condemnation of contemporary society. *Evohé* is a protest against money-madness as well as against the absence of the *grandes passions* of other days. Here is a description of the modern Cleopatra:

Dès qu'Antoine est à sec, plus joyeuse qu'un merle,
Cléopâtre s'enfuit sur l'aile du steamer,
Et, de Waterloo-Road effrontant la rumeur,
Puise à ces fonds secrets que, pour ses amourettes,
La perfide Albion avance à nos lorettes.

Such is the degenerating influence of scientific invention and commercial success. *Le Mirecourt* attacks the mass production (suggestive of the industrial method) of such writers as Alexandre Dumas père. The *Méditation, poétique et littéraire* laments the passing of the generation of 1830 and opposes to them the activities of the men of 1856:

Aujourd'hui Weill possède un bouchon de carafe,
Arsène a des maisons, Nadar est photographe,
Véron maître-saigneur,

---

[1] "Le Progrès," *Mœurs et travers* (1856).

[2] "La Guerre d'Orient" (1858), *Poésies complètes*. This poem was crowned by the Academy.

[3] M. Fuchs, *Théodore de Banville* (1912), p. 181.

Fournier construit des bricks de papier, et les mâte,
Henri La Madelène a fait du carton-pâte.
Lequel vaut mieux, Seigneur?

It is obviously with bitterness that Banville sees industry and commerce assuming constantly larger proportions, to the point of suppressing literary preoccupations.

Had these poets, from Barthélemy to Banville, been the only ones to treat of industry and its manifold aspects, there would surely be no need to consider further the fate of the doctrine that Maxime Du Camp set forth early in the year 1855. Fortunately, that is not the case. A number of writers of genuine talent gave, if not a warmer, at least a more fruitful welcome to the conception of the poetry of industry. Laurent-Pichat, François Barrillot, Baudelaire, Soulary, André Van Hasselt, and Victor Hugo, all, in greater or less degree, opened to industry the sacred portals of the temple of poetry.

After the appearance of *Les Chants modernes*, Laurent-Pichat was among the first to develop some of the aspects of the new material world. Not wholly convinced, as we have already seen,[1] of the benefits of industry, his poem *All Right!* [2] is, nevertheless, an example of optimistic realism. The following lines present by far the most interesting scene of the poem:

Entre les mains de l'homme un monde se révèle,
Une création redoutable et nouvelle;
A l'œuvre, fils de Dieu! Patience, tu dois
Animer les métaux que pétriront tes doigts.
La matière tressaille; il faut que tu la domptes;
Ce siècle aura donné naissance aux mastodontes;
Monstres de l'industrie, au corps de fer, tu viens
De créer de nouveaux antédiluviens.
Entends-tu miauler les terribles machines
Qui portent l'égoisme humain sur leurs échines?
Du dragon de Cadmus tu dispersas les dents;
Vois s'entre-dévorer tous ces monstres ardents.

[1] See Chapters II and III, pp. 48, 67.

[2] Published in *Revue de Paris*, August 15, 1855. Reprinted in *Chroniques rimées*, 1856.

Dans leurs flancs une force étrange est allumée;
Le corps est un métal, l'âme est une fumée,
Le fer mâche le fer, l'acier coupe l'acier:
Tu verses sans repos le charbon nourricier
Aux chaudières de fonte, aux estomacs de cuivre,
Pour suffire au travail qu'à peine tu peux suivre.
. . . . . .
Maître, donne à manger à ton vorace esclave!
Creuse le sol et va, sous les longs promenoirs,
Pour tes monstres, tailler les immenses pains noirs.

This is a vigorous and vivid picture of the new metallic age. Laurent-Pichat was evidently deeply impressed by the pictorial qualities of the industrial era. His "plastique," his concrete effects are, indeed, notable.

In this poem, however, as formerly, the poet feels it necessary to utter a warning against the dangerous possibility of domination by industry:

. . . prends garde, géant vainqueur; nous avons tous
La superstition folle des Manitous;
Domine ta victoire et crains l'idolâtrie
Des apôtres du fait, Incas de l'Industrie.

Pessimism prevails for a moment in a later passage in which the artist is represented as seeking in vain for beauty in the midst of the industrial uproar:

Ses visions sont abattues;
Il évoque un passé joyeux;
Il pleure ses blanches statues,
Car tout est noir devant ses yeux!

Les rouages de toute espèce
L'attristent; il sent que leur dent
Impitoyablement dépèce
L'improductif et l'imprudent.

The poet's confidence, however, reasserts itself almost immediately:

Courage donc, sombres phalanges!
J'ai des lueurs dans le cerveau;
Mon esprit soulève les langes
Qui cachent le monde nouveau.
. . . . . .

Allez! que la mine se vide,
Creusez, les machines ont faim;
La jeune matière est avide.
Mais ne redoutez pas la fin!

Finally, the poet justifies his faith in the future by his firm reliance upon the scholars and scientists. Whatever the crisis may be, some man will be found to cope with it.

Les insensés criaient: — Le monde va finir!
Les charbons sont brûlés par la vapeur avide,
Le globe sonne creux, comme une coque vide!
Que va-t-il se passer? Les savants sont à bout!
Comment va-t-on nourrir la machine qui bout?
Faut-il donc, ô mon Dieu, qu'ainsi tout se termine?
Faut-il que l'industrie ait aussi sa famine?
. . . . . .
Rien de cela; la peur égoiste avait tort.
. . . . . .
. . . lorsque c'est le corps qui souffre ou l'œuvre humaine,
Dieu, comme par hasard, à l'espoir nous ramène.
On avait peur; un rien sauve un monde tremblant:
Un peu de chiffres noirs mis sur du papier blanc.

In spite of some obscurities and some reservations, the poem links itself with the movement described in the preceding chapters. Recognition of the industrial régime, refutation of adverse criticism of material progress, faith in the future, these ideas are clearly discernible. Laurent-Pichat, closely associated with Maxime Du Camp on the *Revue de Paris*, was doubtless somewhat influenced by the latter's opinions. He was, however, far too independent a character to be a servile imitator.

Concerning this highly explosive subject, Laurent-Pichat stated his position much more clearly not only in his curious preface to the *Chroniques rimées*, but also in his review of Leconte de Lisle's *Poèmes et poésies*.[1]

L'auteur des *Poèmes antiques* [he says] rejette le présent d'un ton très net; et dans son orgueil d'artiste, il ressemble à ces Turcs qui n'aiment

[1] *Revue de Paris*, January 1, 1856.

pas l'activité de la civilisation, et qui, si à Constantinople les résultats de la guerre donnent un élan à l'industrie, s'en iront tristement fumer leur pipe en Asie. [Again, he describes Leconte de Lisle as a] *réactionnaire* qui tient à un certain *statu quo* de pittoresque et d'idéal, quelques statues, quelques bas reliefs, et qui préfèrent leur cabinet à un musée et leur rêve à la vie.

For himself, he disapproved only of the purely commercial aspect of industry. He understands perfectly the artist who, from that point of view, will have nothing to do with it: "Cette dignité, je la comprends et n'en veux pas sortir"; *but* — and here is a significant reservation — "je ne vais pas jusqu'à me draper sur une colonne, dans une niche, comme un stylite, comme une statue."

Indisputable traces of Du Camp's influence are to be found in the work of François Barrillot.[1] In fact, his *Vierge à l'Etoile*[2] was dedicated to the great Maxime. The poem is vast. Two characters, Stella and the Poet, are entrusted with exposing the author's theme and views. There is an occasional apostrophe by *La Voix des peuples*. Stella is endowed with prophetic powers.

> Sa chaste nudité fait baisser la paupière;
> En elle tout est vierge, en elle tout est pur.
> A ses épaules flotte un voile de lumière,
> Tissu de rayons d'or et de reflets d'azur.
>
> Dieu seul pourrait fixer ce type sur la toile;
> C'est l'idéal parfait qu'on ne peut définir;
> C'est la blanche Stella; c'est la vierge à l'Etoile
> Soulevant le rideau qui cache l'avenir.

It is a charming conception. Stella causes the Poet to listen to *La Voix des peuples* telling of their misery; their hardships in the mines, upon the ocean; the wearing labor of the plow; famine and crime. The poet becomes indignant and addresses the divinity. Stella calms his anger and urges him to consider more carefully the picture of humanity. She sees there the possibility, indeed, the preparation, of a better era.

[1] Barrillot was a journalist and poet; friend of V. Hugo and Juliette Drouet. He collaborated on the *Journal du Dimanche*. See P. Berret; *La Philosophie de V. Hugo (1854–1859)*, p. 87.

[2] Published in his volume *Les Vierges* (1857).

Ne gémis plus, poète, ô pauvre sensitive!
Epanouis-toi donc sans larmes, sans regrets;
L'esclavage est broyé par la locomotive,
Ce grand coursier de Dieu qui porte le progrès!

The symbol presented in these lines is not unfamiliar.

When the Poet looks again toward the earth, it is a spectacle of blood and slaughter that he beholds. In a vivid description of universal war, the use of airships is particularly prominent:

De grands aérostats
Emportent dans les airs des bombes formidables
Qui tombent sur les tours des places imprenables.

Little wonder that the Poet demands: "Pourquoi ces flots pourprés sur la terre? pourquoi tout ce néant?"

Stella answers that this deluge of blood is the last one, that nothing dies, but everything is growth and progress:

Rien ne meurt, tout progresse, et l'âme et la matière;
La matière s'épure et deviendra lumière;
De tous les univers le néant est banni.

Indeed, her confidence is justified, for when the Poet turns his glance back to earth, he beholds the vision of a new régime. Vices, crimes, wretchedness have disappeared. Equality and fraternity are the corner stones of the new society:

Les hommes sont égaux et la fraternité
Ne fait qu'une famille, ainsi qu'un seul domaine.

No fatiguing labors exist in the new order. Man's labor is replaced by machinery. And here we find the most important part of Barrillot's poem.

Plus de poignants travaux, d'abrutissants labeurs,
Pour l'homme intelligent. De rudes travailleurs,
Des ouvriers géants aux bras infatigables,
Lèvent de lourds fardeaux sur leurs reins formidables!
Ils ont des mains de fer, des poitrines d'airain
Le travail sous leurs doigts nuit et jour va bon train
Ils frappent du marteau, font courir les aiguilles,
Que ne rouilleront plus les pleurs des jeunes filles;
Ils taillent le granit, gravent les durs métaux,
Elèvent des palais, sculptent des chapiteaux,

Traînent le véhicule au sein des grandes rues,
Promènent dans les champs les herses, les charrues,
Et passent la faucille à travers le froment,
Constellé de bluets comme un beau firmament;
Sous un soleil torride à l'auréole ardente,
Ils font de l'arrosoir jaillir l'onde abondante,
Et balancent la faux dans les champs de sainfoin.
L'homme, leur inspecteur, les dirige avec soin,
Ces esclaves de fer, enfants de la science,
Pour l'homme, fils de Dieu, sont pleins d'obéissance;
Sans efforts, sans fatigue, ils travaillent toujours,
Pendant que dans leurs nids nous berçons nos amours;
Le ciel a déployé son écharpe irisée,
Et le bonheur partout tamise sa rosée.

This passage alone contains a number of the ideas that have hitherto occupied us, personification of the machine, its various functions, humanitarian benefits, man's supremacy over matter. All these suggestions are listed with a rapidity similar to that of a museum guide indicating with his pointer the famous pictures worthy of attention.

As a symbol of progress accomplished, a huge bronze column is erected. Great efforts are needed to put it in place.

L'engin pyramidal se dresse et vient en aide;
Des blocs à fatiguer le levier d'Archimède,
Pour la moufle à vapeur sont de légers fardeaux;
Les rapides wagons transportent sur leurs dos,
Pareils à des mammouths aux échines difformes,
Les dalles de granit et les roches énormes.
Hommes, chevaux et bœufs, avec activité
Travaillent au géant de la fraternité.

Around this monument the children of the Earth dance gaily, and the poem closes with a prophecy by Stella of the conquest of the air.

Bientôt ils prendront leur essor. . . . .
Ils vont voyager dans l'espace
De l'un à l'autre globe d'or.

To the very end optimism is the keynote.

Of the ideas expounded by the master, two are given adequate treatment by the disciple, the idea of progress and the grandeur

of industry. Certainly the whole composition is a glorification of mankind's constant upward march, emphasizing the theory that M. Berret calls the "ascension des êtres." The utilization of industry for the benefit of the workers recalls the cheerful humanitarianism of *Les Chants de la matière.* The purely esthetic problem, however, does not seem to have occurred to the poet. Nowhere does he betray emotion before the spectacle of the machinery itself; its form, its force, its rapidity, these picturesque elements seem to kindle no spark of enthusiasm. But Barrillot's contribution to the poetry of industry is not negligible. His talent if minor, was real.

Between Du Camp and Barrillot, between Du Camp and Laurent-Pichat there exist obvious relations. No such link joins the author of *Les Chants modernes* to the men whom we must now consider. But their very independence makes their treatment of industrial themes more valuable. Furthermore, it is perhaps significant, not that their talent is varied — that is inevitable — but that both their points of view and their geographical origins are widely separated.

Charles Baudelaire, Parisian to his finger-tips, the most original and possibly the greatest French poet of the nineteenth century, had been, a decade earlier, far from hostile to poetry inspired by sympathy for the proletariat.[1] But in 1852 he wrote an article on Edgar Allan Poe[2] in which he spoke feelingly against humanitarian or utilitarian *motifs* in poetry. In 1855 he declared himself the enemy of the idea of progress applied to poetry or art.[3] Yet two years later, in his *Fleurs du mal*, he does not hesitate to seek in industry an occasional metaphor. His poem *Le Vin de l'assassin* deals in part with a prostitute. In order to suggest a creature in whom emotion and sentiment are absent, Baudelaire says:

> Cette crapule invulnérable
> Comme les machines de fer
> Jamais, ni l'été ni l'hiver,
> N'a connu l'amour véritable.

[1] See Chapter II, p. 52.

[2] *Revue de Paris*, March, 1852.

[3] See Chapter IV, p. 101.

Even the factory penetrates his poem written to M. Eugène Fromentin (A propos d'un importun qui se disait son ami):

> Qu'il aimait le marbre et la brique,
> Les bois noirs et les bois dorés;
> Qu'il possédait dans sa fabrique
> Trois contre-maîtres décorés.[1]

Of course, on the whole, Baudelaire's poetry is consistent with his utterances of 1852–1855. Possibly for that very fact, this meagre penetration of his poetic vocabulary by industrial terms or objects is the more important. Those who see in Baudelaire the great originator, the real precursor of the most "modern" of contemporary poets, have here a detail to support their opinion. No conventional standard hampered the free functioning of Charles Baudelaire's mind, nor did any superficial consistency prevent him from expressing in the most effective way the dictations of his mind or his imagination.

Joséphin Soulary, prominent poet of Lyons, published in 1857 his *Ephémères*. One of these sonnets has already been quoted [2] in an earlier discussion of the poems of Jean Tisseur. There we saw Soulary protesting against any alliance between poetry and Satan-Industry. But in the very volume in which he makes that protest, Soulary draws from industry metaphors and subjects for his compositions.

One group of sonnets bears the heading, *En Train Express*. Among them *Le Départ* presents a vivid little picture:

> Prends-moi sur ton dos, Vapeur furibonde
> Brune Centauresse, ardent casse-cou!
> Au galop, ma belle! allons n'importe où!
> Volons, s'il se peut, par delà le monde!

The poem, *La Rencontre*, contains a graceful, fleeting metaphor:

> Tel qu'on voit l'éclair croiser un éclair,
> Le train lancé frôle un train sur la voie.
> Ne dirait-on pas deux oiseaux de proie
> En sens opposés se disputant l'air?

---

[1] See *Œuvres posthumes*.

[2] See Chapter II, p. 51.

The sonnet, *Au But*, gives a rather skilful impression of the rapidity of the new transportation:

Le sol sous tes pas, s'anime en fuyant,
Comme un étalon frappé de vertige;
Mont, val, fleuve et bois dansent un quadrige;
L'horizon vers nous rampe en tournoyant.

Ma belle, tout doux! Ton vol chatoyant
Devient un assaut d'horrible voltige;
. . . . . .
Et le chaos roule au cerveau bruyant!

Qu'elle aille à son gré! l'ivresse me gagne;
En songe, du moins, battons la campagne,
Je m'endors, je rêve; — ha! le gai sommeil!

Le cheval-vapeur tout à coup s'arrête;
Par le store ouvert je passe la tête,
J'aperçois Paris! — ho! le laid réveil!

It is a lively little poem, in which the expression *cheval-vapeur* is particularly interesting at this time, indicating as it does the persistency of the use of old terms to describe the new inventions.

Another group of sonnets has the collective title, *Les Métaux*. One of them, *Alliage*, contradicts his earlier sonnet of protest.

Poésie, au soleil apporte ton cristal;
Industrie, à la flamme expose ta coupelle;
Dans son léger calice, ô que la fleur est belle!
Comme en sa lourde gangue il est fier, le métal!

Formons l'hymen céleste et l'hymen infernal.
L'Esprit n'enfante pas sans union charnelle,
Et le Bien, pour agir, à son secours appelle
Cet autre bras de Dieu qui se nomme le Mal.

It will be noticed first that Soulary does not recoil from using even the most technical words; secondly, that he definitely recommends that union between poetry and industry which he formerly looked upon as unnatural and therefore revolting. The poem continues:

Nous sommes l'aiguillon qui tient l'âme en haleine,
Le poignet du travail et l'ahan de la peine;
Nous chantons avec l'homme, et pleurons avec lui!

Que Satan, un seul jour, éteigne sa fournaise,
Et de nouveau le ciel sera pris par l'Ennui,
Ce Titan foudroyé de l'antique Genèse!

Here, Soulary recognizes that work, and consequently Industry, are necessary to the world, and that Poetry might as well take there whatever material it can. It is, if you will, an ungracious conversion, but it is, therefore, an important one. The belief that Industry, for good or ill, is permanent and must be reckoned with, even by Poetry, is no idle or careless opinion, but a deliberate, careful judgment.

The third poet is none other than the Belgian André Van Hasselt, some of whose work we have already discussed.[1] In 1859, he composed *L'Etablissement des chemins de fer en Belgique*[2] in honor of Charles Rogier, the Belgian liberal and minister of the interior who did so much for the economic development of his country.[3] The poem is a lengthy, rambling affair, but the introductory lines give an interesting bird's-eye view of the recent achievements of man:

L'esprit de l'homme est grand. Il sonde toutes choses.
La nature pour lui n'a plus de pages closes,
. . . . . .
Il s'ouvre dans les airs des routes inconnues.
Il prend avec sa main la foudre dans les nues;
Ainsi qu'un oiseleur un oiseau dans ses rets.
De tout sphinx, comme Œdipe, il surprend les secrets.
Dans sa langue nouvelle, idiome électrique,
Il fait dialoguer l'Europe et l'Amérique,
Et dans un même instant, ses signaux faits d'éclairs,
Parlent, et sont compris au bout de l'univers.
Océan, pour franchir tes gouffres et tes lames,
Ses nefs n'ont plus besoin de voiles ni de rames;
Dans leur sein, pour donner la vie à leur torpeur,
Comme un sang généreux, il verse la vapeur.
Du fer, du feu, de l'eau, rompant le long divorce,
Il associe en eux sa pensée à leur force.
Les éléments lui sont de dociles agents,
Des ouvriers soumis et presque intelligents.

[1] See Chapter II, p. 57.
[2] See *Poèmes, paraboles, odes* (1862).
[3] Cf. poem by E. Wacken, "Le Premier Chemin de fer," in his *Heures d'or* (1860).

C'est ainsi que, domptant par degrès la matière,
Il la vaincra, Seigneur, quelque jour tout entière;
Et si, devant toi seul il demeure ébloui,
Dans ta création il est presque chez lui.

The author then passes to a description of the locomotive and to a long discussion of its political and philosophical significance — a mere repetition, however, of what we have now seen time and again. The above passage is less banal in that it refers to two events of very recent occurrence. The transatlantic cable was laid in 1858. Van Hasselt is evidently much up to date. In the second place, as M. Berret has established for us,[1] the first decade of the reign of Napoleon III was profoundly interested in balloon experimentation and was firmly convinced that the conquest of the air had been accomplished. Van Hasselt partook of the general enthusiasm and reflected it in his work.

This same "news sense" was possessed in even greater degree by Victor Hugo. Considerable evidence has already been brought forward of the fact that he was extremely conscious of economic changes and their social consequences. In 1837 he exulted in man's conquest of matter: "L'homme se fait servir par l'aveugle matière." On the other hand, he objected in 1846 to child labor in factories. Later, in 1854, the railroad and the steamer appear to him as symbols of human activity:

Les wagons ébranlaient les plaines; le steamer
Secouait son panache au-dessus de la mer.[2]

And now, in 1859, we find further evidence of Hugo's responsiveness to the material world about him. First of all, in *Le Satyre* he pays an extraordinary tribute to the locomotive. This poem, as M. Berret has well said, sums up the moral and metaphysical opinions of the poet:

Il explique la progression constante vers le bien de tous les êtres et de l'homme en particulier, libéré, dans la suite des temps, par la souffrance et par la science.[3]

[1] See P. Berret, *La Philosophie de V. Hugo (1854–1859)*, p. 98.
[2] *Les Contemplations*, "Chose vue un jour de printemps."
[3] See Berret's edition of *La Légende des Siècles*, vol. ii, p. 561.

In this general scheme, the locomotive becomes the symbol of progress:

"Oui, peut-être on verra l'homme devenir loi,
. . . . . .
Se construire à lui-même une étrange monture
Avec toute la vie et toute la nature,
Seller la croupe en feu des souffles de l'enfer,
Et mettre un frein de flamme à la gueule du fer!
On le verra, vannant la braise dans son crible,
Maître et palefrenier d'une bête terrible,
Criant à toute chose: "Obéis, germe, nais!"
Ajustant sur le bronze et l'acier un harnais
Fait de tous les secrets que l'étude procure,
Prenant aux mains du vent la grande bride obscure,
Passer dans la lueur ainsi que les démons,
Et traverser les bois, les fleuves et les monts,
Beau, tenant une torche aux astres allumée,
Sur une hydre d'airain, de foudre et de fumée!
On l'entendra courir dans l'ombre avec le bruit
De l'aurore enfonçant les portes de la nuit!
Qui sait si quelque jour, grandissant d'âge en âge,
Il ne jettera pas son dragon à la nage,
Et ne franchira pas les mers, la flamme au front!
Qui sait . . ."

It is probably impossible to determine the exact proportion of imitation and originality in these lines. M. Berret has suggested that Hugo may have taken details from Barrillot, Pommier, and Barthélemy. The volume of *Les Chants modernes* which he possessed gave him, M. Berret is convinced, a hint or two. Certainly, as the preceding pages of this book attest, there was no dearth of material to which he might go. If this be true, Hugo's "news sense" was operating with double efficiency. On the one side, he was responding to new economic developments of great social and even philosophical importance. On the other, he was contributing discreetly to a literary controversy of unusual violence. In any case he has given a description of the locomotive interesting to compare with those of previous years. Hugo was not the first to envisage the steam-engine as a *bête terrible* or as a *hydre d'airain*. But these metaphors with their accompanying details acquire in the hands of a great poet like Hugo a force and dignity that men of lesser ability could not impart to them.

Vingtième Siècle originates even more definitely in contemporary events. The two poems *Pleine Mer* and *Plein Ciel* form an impressive antithesis. The former suggests the barbarism of the dark ages. The latter glows with the light of civilization.

Pleine Mer centers in the *Léviathan*, symbol of the abortive, unsuccessful attempts of human knowledge. It represents the old world, "l'ancien monde . . . plongé dans l'amertume." M. Berret has discovered for us the immediate source of this symbol:

> En 1853, un ingénieur français, Brunel, avait construit, pour The Eastern Steam Navigation Company, le plus grand steamer qu'on eût vu jusqu'alors. . . . Brunel avait donné à son gigantesque bateau le nom du monstre biblique *Léviathan*. Ce Léviathan fit une tentative de voyage en Australie qui n'aboutit point, faute de charbon et parce que sa taille l'empêcha d'entrer dans les ports où il pouvait se ravitailler. Après de nouvelles tentatives infructueuses de traversée, il finit par être relégué à Sheerness, où il resta dégréé et démâté, jusqu'en 1865. . . .
>
> Nul doute que la vision évoquée du colosse désemparé n'ait frappé V. Hugo.[1]

It seems at first glance astonishing that the author of *Le Satyre* should consider steam navigation, one of the most brilliant of man's discoveries, as a form of barbarism. The explanation must be sought in the helpless state of the dismantled monster, and secondly in the name Leviathan with its obvious connotations.

Here is Hugo's description of the vessel:

> Le dernier siècle a vu sur la Tamise
> Croître un monstre à qui l'eau sans bornes fut promise,
> Et qui longtemps, Babel des mers, eut Londre entier
> Levant les yeux dans l'ombre au pied de son chantier.
> Effroyable, à sept mâts mêlant cinq cheminées
> Qui hennissaient au choc des vagues effrénées.
> . . . . . .
> Un télégraphe était son porte-voix; ses roues
> Forgeaient la sombre mer comme deux grands marteaux.

There follows a description remarkable for its color and movement. In some respects it recalls passages from earlier poets — in particular, as M. Berret suggests, a portion of Lesguillon's *Napoléon au camp de Boulogne*.[2]

[1] See Berret's edition of *La Légende des Siècles*, vol. ii, p. 789.

[2] See Chapter II, p. 43.

Sa vie intérieure était un incendie;
Flamme au gré du pilote apaisée ou grandie;
Dans l'antre d'où sortait son vaste mouvement,
Au fond d'une fournaise on voyait vaguement
Des êtres ténébreux marcher dans des nuées
D'étincelles, parmi les braises remuées;
Et pour âme il avait dans sa cale un enfer.
Il voguait, roi du gouffre, et ses vergues de fer
Ressemblaient, sous le ciel redoutable et sublime,
A des sceptres posés en travers de l'abîme;
Ainsi qu'on voit l'Etna l'on voyait ce steamer.

Whatever the point of departure, be it Lesguillon's or any other, the hand of genius is clearly discernible in these lines and imparts to them an unmistakable originality. This picture surpasses the attempts of Weustenraad and is akin to those of Verhaeren.

Plein Ciel likewise finds its origin in contemporary events. M. Berret has demonstrated that the experiments of Pétin which were then preoccupying all Paris must be invoked here. He quotes a letter of Hugo's as authority:

Les flotilles de ballons, écrit V. Hugo, et les trappes et plans inclinés du système Pétin, sont pour la solution de ce problème (de la direction des ballons), de bonnes données. Il n'est pas impossible qu'on voie, un jour, pour les grands voyages océaniques, se réaliser à peu près la machine, ou, si l'on veut, la vision que les lecteurs ont peut-être rencontrée quelque part, dans des vers intitulés: *Vingtième Siècle*.[1]

This quotation is, of course, conclusive.

Naturally the balloon assumes for Hugo a symbolic significance:

C'est la grande révolte obéissante à Dieu!
La sainte fausse clef du fatal gouffre bleu!

But it is also a very concrete thing, a scientific fact, a material achievement:

C'est du métal, du bois, du chanvre et de la toile,
C'est de la pesanteur délivrée, et volant.

This must not be lost sight of in the hyperbole of other lines.

Char merveilleux! son nom est Délivrance. Il court.
Près de lui le ramier est lent, le flocon lourd.
. . . . . .

[1] See Berret's edition, vol. ii, p. 790.

Et la locomotive est reptile, et, sous lui,
L'hydre de flamme est ver de terre.
. . . . . .
Superbe, il plane, avec un hymne en ses agrès;
Et l'on croit voir passer la strophe du progrès.
Il est la nef, il est le phare!
L'homme enfin prend son sceptre et jette son bâton.
Et l'on voit s'envoler le calcul de Newton
Monté sur l'ode de Pindare.

The theory seems to be clearly expressed that progress, scientific and industrial progress, has freed man. By implication the poet makes moral progress depend upon material progress. For as M. Rigal has carefully pointed out,[1] the balloon is not merely a symbol; it is an actuality; it is the "peinture anticipée d'une réalité plus on moins prochaine aux yeux de Hugo: la direction libre des ballons, l'air dompté, la pesanteur détruite." And M. Rigal cries out against the faulty reasoning which establishes any relation of cause and effect between material and moral progress.

Now if it is true that Hugo had come to believe that moral progress depended on material, he had made an extraordinary change of front. In 1837 when he had spoken so enthusiastically of the achievements of steam, he had also added:

Dans tout ce grand éclat d'un siècle éblouissant,
Une chose, ô Jésus, en secret m'épouvante,
C'est l'écho de ta voix qui va s'affaiblissant.

Similarly, in 1854, he expresses his belief in the superiority of moral or religious force in a piece the very title of which is significant, *Croire, mais pas en nous*.[2] Here, he says:

Ne faisons pas un pas qui n'aille à la prière;
Car nos perfections rayonneront bien peu
Après la mort, devant l'étoile et le ciel bleu.
Dieu seul peut nous sauver. . . .

It is unnecessary to pile up examples. Clearly, Hugo did not definitely believe that spiritual advancement coincided with or depended upon material. Any anxiety on this score occasioned

[1] Rigal, *Victor Hugo, poète épique*, p. 116.
[2] *Les Contemplations*. The above poem was written December 11, 1854.

by the lines of *Plein Ciel* is quickly dispelled. M. Rigal, we must add, does justice to Hugo in this respect.[1]

The fact remains, however, that the great poet, possibly under Du Camp's influence, has emphasized in his *Légende des Siècles* the development of the material world as never before. The composition of 1837 was very general in tone and expression. In 1859, concrete facts, actual achievements, specific machines, the locomotive, the steamer, the balloon are utilized by Hugo to illustrate and reinforce the generalities previously expressed and now even more thoroughly appreciated.

This aspect of *Le Satyre* and *Vingtième Siècle*, the glorification of the scientific and industrial discoveries of man, was well understood by some of the contemporary critics. A. Claveau, writing in the *Revue contemporaine*,[2] dwelt upon this point:

> Tout ce qui semblait rétif à la poésie s'assouplit pour lui et s'humanise; il n'y a rien qu'il ne voie, qu'il n'aborde, qu'il ne rende; la forme extérieure des choses négligée par beaucoup de poètes qui ne la voyaient point devient pour lui sensible, palpable et poétique. C'est ainsi que, dans ce nouveau volume M. Victor Hugo a créé cette poésie de la science, cette poésie de l'usine après laquelle on prétend que nous soupirons, cette langue industrielle qu'on nous prêche, et qui, avouons-le, serait encore assez belle si elle se maintenait à la hauteur où il l'a placée dans son *Vingtième siècle*.

This judgment is, indeed, clear-sighted. Hugo may or may not have been familiar with the doctrine of Du Camp and his school, but there can be no doubt that his contribution to the poetry of industry—"cette poésie de l'usine," as the writer has it—is by no means negligible. Though not extensive in actual number of lines, it probably performed better service for Du Camp's theories than did the latter's manifesto. The most sonorous voice of French letters was giving its eloquence to a cause that, at one moment, had seemed lost. The most influential poet was speaking in its behalf. It was impossible that the poetry of industry should not thereby acquire greater dignity; it was inconceivable that it should not obtain strength and energy and vitality, the very essence of life itself.

[1] Rigal, *op. cit.*, p. 118.

[2] October 15, 1859, p. 526.

In 1858, Maxime Du Camp published a book of verse under the title of *Les Convictions*. It contained no allusion to *Les Chants modernes* and all that followed. One poem, *La Fête*, however, reveals the fact that the author still cherished the ideas he had set forth in 1855. A few stanzas will illustrate:

Il (le colosse, la locomotive) était éclatant de force grandiose,
Doré sous le soleil d'un large reflet rose
Qui jouait sur son dos moiré par la clarté,
Imposant de grandeur, magnifique de forme,
Immense, vigoureux, noir, invincible, énorme,
Plein d'espérance et de beauté!

Avec son ventre creux aux entrailles puissantes,
Que bientôt lécheront les flammes mugissantes,
Avec le cuivre ardent qui brillait sur son frein,
Et les membres de fer de sa vaste armature,
Et sa mâchoire ouverte, et sa haute stature,
On eût dit, à le voir, un Béhémot d'airain!
. . . . . .

O travailleurs pensifs des usines bruyantes!
Hommes des durs marteaux et des forges brillantes,
O maîtres du métal par vos forces dompté,
Cyclopes surhumains que nul labeur ne glace,
Ouvriers de la vie, ô formidable race!
Pionniers de l'humanité!

Debout sur le tender de vos locomotives,
. . . . . .

L'homme ira bien plus loin, l'homme ira bien plus vite,
L'homme ira bien plus haut, sous le ciel sans limite,
Que par les lourds canons qui roulent avec bruit,
Brutalités sans but, instruments imbéciles,
Qui font des champs déserts où s'élevaient les villes,
Et changent la lumière en nuit!

Once again the locomotive appears as a symbol of progress in which the workers, the men who have constructed the machine, have an equal share. Thus we have a reaffirmation of the old faith, in verses that are distinctly superior to most of those which compose the *Chants de la matière*.

Looking back on the poetic output of these years (1855–1859), we must inevitably conclude that in spite of intense and bitter opposition, the theories of Du Camp have won considerable suc-

cess. Naturally, the poets of the Art-for-Art's sake faction continue to turn a deaf ear to the plea of the modernists. But among the other poets there is very favorable opinion. Certainly the majority could not have been unaware of the controversy that had taken place; in fact, it was still raging when a number of them composed their verses. Yet they do not hesitate to go to industry for their inspiration. They fearlessly adopt the locomotive, the steamship, the mill, the factory, the foundry as poetic subjects. Some poets develop from them descriptive passages, strongly realistic in tone, color, and expression. Other poets treat these subjects more philosophically and make them the starting-point for enthusiastic panegyrics of the idea of progress. In either case, success crowns their efforts according to their individual talent. The greater that talent is, the more significant is the particular contribution to the new poetry. And happily the list includes half a dozen names that would lend more than respectability to any literary movement. When representative and talented poets of Brussels, Lyons, and Paris recognize poetic qualities in the industrial movement, even a Gustave Planche and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* must remain silent. When Victor Hugo composes a lyrical description of a locomotive, even the Parnassians must bow to the inevitable.

One cannot, therefore, escape the impression that the fulminations of Flaubert and Leconte de Lisle, the solemn warnings of Laprade and Renan were of no avail. The new ideas satisfied a very evident desire and would not be denied. While industry could not hope to conquer the position held by the most prominent *genres*, it did acquire, nevertheless, a firm and recognized standing among the manifold themes open to poetic treatment. Plainly, then, if *Les Chants modernes* did not win a place in the sun through the foundation of a new poetic school, neither were they relegated to the outer realms of darkness. Henceforth, this new conception of poetry must be considered as perfectly legitimate.

CHAPTER VI

THE POETRY OF INDUSTRY, 1860–1870

The victory won by the new conception of poetry did not prevent the discussion engendered by Maxime Du Camp and his associates from continuing in one form or another for several years. To be sure, it was during the months immediately following *Les Chants modernes* that opinions were expressed with the greatest warmth. Echoes of the conflict reverberate, however, throughout the last decade of the Second Empire. In fact, during these years the mass of poetic composition is almost rivalled by that of critical comment.

At the very outset, Charles de Mazade advanced the proposition that the evil besetting French poetry was not its submergence in a flood of material accomplishment and activity but rather the fact that "le sentiment moral ne s'accroît pas dans la même proportion et ne reste pas au niveau ou au-dessus du travail matériel."[1] In this thoroughly reasonable declaration De Mazade was not, of course, treating the particular problem in which we are interested; he was examining the state of French poetry in its entirety. But his remark is not without bearing on the question. It is something to admit that industrial achievement does not suppress all poetic feeling.

While Armand de Pontmartin, who had successfully straddled the issue raised by Du Camp, and Jules Gourdault both condemn French poetry as being too personal and too prosaic,[2] Théodore de Banville, Leconte de Lisle, G. Vapereau, and Maurice Simonnet give us far more pertinent criticisms and suggestions. Ban-

[1] "L'Arrière-Saison de la poésie," *Revue des Deux Mondes*, June 15, 1860.

[2] "La Poésie française en 1861," *Revue des Deux Mondes*, August 1, 1861. For Gourdault: "Poésies nouvelles," *Revue des Deux Mondes*, August 15, 1864.

ville in his *Ballade de ses regrets pour l'an 1830* compares the materialism of the present to the idealism of 1830:

> O Poésie, ô ma mère mourante,
> Comme tes fils t'aimaient d'un grand amour
> Dans ce Paris, en l'an mil huit cent trente!
> Pour eux les docks, l'Autrichien, la Rente,
> Les mots de bourse étaient du pur hébreu;
> . . . . . .
> Mais à présent c'est bien fini de rire.
> . . . . . .
> A ce jourd'hui les rimeurs, ventrebleu!
> Savent le prix d'un lys et d'un cheveu;
> Ils comptent bien; plus de sacré délire!
> Tout est conquis par des fesse-Mathieu.[1]

A second ballad, *Ballade de sa fidélité à la poésie*, without any attempt at comparison, bewails the sterility of the epoch:

> L'art défleurit, la muse en sa détresse
> Fuit, les seins nus, sous un vent meurtier,
> . . . . . .
> Siècle de fer, crève de sécheresse;
> Frappe et meurtris l'Ange à la blonde tresse.

and reaffirms the author's own loyalty: "Pourquoi je vis? Pour l'amour du laurier." Not that Banville is fundamentally opposed to progress, either scientific or material. It is merely that, as a poet, he feels no enthusiasm for a locomotive or any other machine. Not long after, he says explicitly:

> . . . étant poète de mon état et vieille ganache romantique, j'admire les chemins de fer, le télégraphe, l'association et le reste, la gloire de Daguerre et celle de Parmentier, mais sans avoir jamais senti mon cœur battre d'amour spécialement pour telle ou telle pomme de terre ou pour telle ou telle locomotive. . . . Enfin, . . . je chéris l'utile, mais je chéris surtout l'inutile, et la seule filature dans laquelle j'aie des actions est celle du célèbre lis dont parle l'Ecriture.[2]

Leconte de Lisle's position is, as might be expected, more extreme. In his eyes the divorce between Art and an industrialized, commercial civilization is complete. In 1861, he uncompromisingly stated: "Cette ardeur indécente et ridicule de prosélytisme

[1] 1862. [2] "Mouvement dramatique et littéraire," *L'Artiste*, April 15, 1864.

moral, propre aux vertueuses générations parmi lesquelles la nôtre tient assurément la première place, non moins que *cette étrange manie d'affubler de mauvaises rimes les découvertes industrielles modernes*, sont des signes flagrants que le sens du beau, si profondément altéré déjà tend à disparaître."[1] And in 1864, in his famous article on Béranger, he added:

Les seules voix qui chantent, ne montent plus de la multitude; elles tombent de hauteurs inaccessibles au vulgaire et viennent se perdre sans écho dans le bruit des locomotives, et le hurlement de la Bourse. Désormais, l'Art est forcément désintéressé des préoccupations contemporaines; la rupture est définitive entre la foule et lui.[2]

On the other hand, G. Vapereau holds the familiar belief that

la poésie, comme toute la littérature, comme l'art entier, doit être une des manifestations de l'esprit du temps. Elle doit vivre de la vie générale pour la connaître et l'exprimer: elle doit s'associer à la pensée, au mouvement, à l'action, ou du moins s'y mêler pour les guider ou y résister; il faut qu'elle agisse avec le siècle ou réagisse contre lui.[3]

Thus, he maintains that the most successful poets are those who, instead of treating worn out themes, find their subjects in contemporary life with its moral, political, and economic problems.

Maurice Simonnet's "Essai sur les destinées de la poésie" — shades of Lamartine! — was but a second edition of Du Camp's Preface. Establishing first the mediocrity of contemporary poetry the author declared that the remedy must be sought in a complete renovation of subject-matter. Poetry, to make the most successful appeal, must treat the humanitarian, philosophic, and industrial aspirations of the modern era. The future of poetry lies in its close fusion with the life and activity of the present age. Or, in more concrete terms:

La poésie doit se plier aux nécessités que j'indique, ou mourir définitivement. L'idéal est partout, même dans une locomotive ou un rouage d'usine. Il ne s'agit que de savoir le mettre en œuvre, dégager l'or du lingot, et tailler

---

[1] *Revue européenne*, Dec. 1, 1861. Quoted by J. Crepet in his edition of *Les Fleurs du mal*, Paris, Conard, 1922.

[2] "Béranger," *Le Nain jaune*, August 13, 1864.

[3] "Poésie," *L'Année littéraire et dramatique* (3e *année*).

le diamant. Là est la tâche, là le secret. Les essais faits jusqu'à ce jour n'ont pas eu un plein succès, j'en conviens, il n'y a pas eu d'or sans alliage. Mais il viendra un homme qui aura justement le don et le secret de saisir à point la relation nécessaire qui existe entre la matière et l'idéal, l'infini: il verra clair dans le nœud qui les unit, et ce jour-là, la poésie moderne sera créée, la révolution sera faite. Une période triomphante et prospère sera alors inaugurée pour la Muse.[1]

While these lines are not altogether kind to the poetic efforts of Du Camp and his followers, they propagate the same ideal. Their scope, however, is somewhat limited in that any conception of the purely pictorial qualities of machinery is lacking. The whole emphasis is upon the philosophic and idealistic interpretation of the industrial movement.

A far more fundamental discussion of esthetic theory appeared in 1865 with the publication of P. J. Proudhon's *Du Principe de l'art et de sa destination sociale*. Two important ideas are here set forth. Defining art as "une représentation idéaliste de la nature et de nous-mêmes, en vue du perfectionnement physique et moral de notre espèce," [2] Proudhon makes it inseparable from the idea of perfectibility. A hardly less essential belief is that art must be the product of collectivity. The personality of the artist must give place to the mass. The proof of this theory is to be found in the history of architecture. In ancient Egypt and in Europe during the Middle Ages art was highly developed, because it was the product of "une force de collectivité sociale."

The practical result of Proudhon's views is to stress the essentially *social* quality of art, and, of course, of literature. Proudhon, himself, recognizes the consequence of his statements; he realizes that art must put itself at the service of society, for he says:

Il résulte de ce qui précède que l'art n'a pas sa raison supérieure ou sa fin en lui-même, pas plus que l'industrie; qu'il n'est pas en nous faculté dominante, mais faculté subordonnée, la faculté dominatrice étant la *justice* et la *vérité*.[3]

---

[1] "Essai sur les destinées de la poésie," *Revue du Lyonnais*, 1864, vol. xxviii, pp. 141 *et seq.*

[2] Quoted by T. Mustoxidi, *Histoire de l'esthétique française*, pp. 151–153. Mustoxidi refers to pages 43, 66, 67 of Proudhon's book.

[3] See preceding note. Here reference is made to page 44 of *Du Principe de l'art.*

Enough has been said [1] to show that French poetry still presented problems to the literary public. The fire enkindled by Du Camp's manifesto had died down, but embers were still glowing and sent forth an occasional flare. In spite of the efforts of Leconte de Lisle and his cohorts — the *Poèmes barbares* had just appeared in 1862 — they did not immediately succeed in dominating and dictating poetic standards. It was felt that authors might well develop the material offered by their own era before resorting to the themes of bygone ages. Here, the influence of Du Camp and of all that significant poetic production of 1856–1859, from Laurent-Pichat and Barrillot to Victor Hugo, is in all probability making itself felt. That current continues into the new decade. We must, therefore, consider the various poems that endeavor, according to the formula of Maurice Simonnet, to "traduire les aspirations humanitaires, . . . industrielles, speculatives de l'ère moderne."

But the poems of the first years of the new decade reveal once again a painful lack of unanimity. Industry was pretty firmly entrenched as an admitted source of literary inspiration. Assaults were nevertheless made upon it. Eugène Manuel attacked factory conditions in *La Fille aux bobines*.[2] Auguste de Vaucelle bewailed the materialism of the century: "L'utile et le réel, voilà ses seuls

[1] For another discussion see E. About, *Le Progrès* (1864), chap. 13. His attitude is summed up briefly by his statement: "Nous avons eu Musset, nous possédons encore Hugo et Lamartine; on peut donc assurer sans trop de paradoxe que la vapeur et l'électricité n'ont pas tué la poésie chez nous."

Thomas Hood's *Song of the Shirt* led Laurent-Pichat to discuss more specifically than he ever had before the problem of mechanical power: "Voici, maintenant, un léviathan de fonte, une locomotive. Doit-on se cabrer et croire qu'on a vu le diable? Est-ce du matérialisme, que de lui dire: Matière animée, je vais te dompter, et te faire porter mes rêves. . . . Tu es l'arche du progrès. . . . Il y a une tendance marquée vers cette voie que j'indique. Je n'ai pas la prétention de vous apporter une découverte. Des pionniers sont partis en avant. . . . Il y a l'école de l'avenir à laquelle appartient un poète qui s'adresse ainsi à ses frères: c'est M. Maxime Du Camp dans *les Chants modernes*," *Les Poètes de combat* (1862). See also Prévost-Paradol, "Sur la poésie et sur l'ironie," *Nouveaux Essais de pol. et de litt.*, 1862.

[2] Published in *Poèmes populaires* (1872), but composed in 1863. For text see Appendix A.

oracles."[1] Louis de Laincel tried to show that the idea of Progress, specially of mechanical progress, was a dangerous illusion:

> Le Progrès n'est qu'un mot, si l'homme pour son guide
> A repoussé la main de Dieu;
> Le mal semble bondir en élan plus rapide
> Quand les machines sont en jeu.[2]

Auguste Lacaussade warned the poets: "sur vos fronts pèse un siècle de fer."[3] Victor de Laprade resumed his attacks upon material progress with an expression of ironical contempt for an industrialized socialistic régime.[4] And Edouard Pailleron's *Pangloss*[5] is an even more bitter satire:

> Et la corruption? — C'est vrai, mais l'industrie!
>
> Les machines, voilà! Ne parlons plus des vieux,
> Ensevelissons-les dans un oubli pieux,
> Les machines, monsieur, c'est là qu'est notre gloire;
> Les machines un jour écriront notre histoire.
> Inutile d'agir, inutile de croire:
> Les machines, c'est tout, — et tout est pour le mieux.

The conclusion is obvious that Pailleron as well as the preceding poets was not in sympathy with the materialistic successes of the nineteenth century.

In contrast to this opposition, industry is admitted to the verses of a number of poets and is warmly approved by others. In 1860, Charles Alexandre published a volume, one poem of which cites the balloon as proof of human progress:

> Sur des ballons de soie à l'essor radieux,
> Icare vole enfin, et plane près des dieux
> Sur des fibres d'acier, il vibre au bout du monde.
> Prométhée aujourd'hui ravit le feu du ciel,
> Electrise la mort, supprime la souffrance;
> Il vole à plus de vie, à travers l'espérance;
> L'abeille a plus de miel.[6]

---

[1] "A la Muse," *L'Artiste*, November 1, 1851.
[2] "Le Progrès," *Pages d'un album* (1862).
[3] "Le Poète et la Vie," *Revue européenne*, April, 1861.
[4] "L'Age d'or," *Le Correspondant*, June, 1862. For text, see Appendix A.
[5] *Revue des Deux Mondes*, November 15, 1864.
[6] "Les Vendanges," *Les Grands Maîtres* (1860).

The following year, Henri de Bornier won the prize, offered by the Academy, for a poem on the construction of the Suez Canal.[1] In 1862, Eugène Huvé de Garel celebrated the "nouveaux conquérants," Caus, Jacquard, Fulton, Daguerre.[2] Louis Bonnel composed, a year or two later, enthusiastic lines on the locomotive, "le grand char que meut la vapeur."[3] André Theuriet's *Sylvine* gave forceful expression to the new truth that the life of the poor depends on industrial activity.[4] Fr. Barrillot in *La Mascarade humaine* once again rushed to the support of the industrial movement. Jules Prior, attached to the group headed by Savinien Lapointe and Paul Germigny, utilized the railroad and steamer to illustrate and prove the idea of progress.[5] On the other hand, no hint of propaganda interfered with the quiet charm of descriptive passages by Auguste Barbier and André Lefèvre. The *Rimes de voyage* of the former contain a pretty little picture of his steamer trip from Genoa to Leghorn.[6] The latter's *Antithèse printanière* gives industry a prominent place in a picture of Paris:

Paris s'est fait une atmosphère.
De sa puissante odeur il imprègne la terre.
L'arôme du plaisir, la sueur du travail,
Et les souffles mêlés d'une foule fébrile
D'un capiteux nuage enveloppent la ville,
Tout ensemble usine et sérail.

L'âcre haleine de l'industrie
Au vent luxurieux des robes se marie;
Les fleurs, les fruits, les vins, la truffe et l'ananas
Avec l'ambre et le musc, et l'absinthe, et l'asphalte,
Condensent leurs vapeurs où le désir s'exalte
Toujours avide et bientôt las.
. . . . . .

---

[1] See *Les Poètes lauréats de l'Académie française* (1864), vol. ii — E. Biré and E. Grimaud.

[2] "Hymne au Progrès," *Les Olympiades* (1862). For text, see Appendix A.

[3] "La Locomotive," *Fables* (1864). For text, see Appendix A.

[4] *Revue des Deux Mondes*, March 1, 1863. For text, see Appendix A.

[5] "Le Progrès," *Veilles d'un artisan* (1865). For text, see Appendix A.

[6] *Revue des Deux Mondes*, August 15, 1864. For text, see Appendix A.

Paris est une symphonie
Où tout bruit peut entrer sans rompre l'harmonie;
Les abois de l'orgie, et la voix de la faim,
La roue assourdissante et le pied monotone,
La scie et le marteau, le mur qui croule et tonne,
Tout travaille au concert sans fin.[1]

Thus, in a variety of ways, the poets recognize the importance of mechanical discoveries and the existence of the industrial movement.

A more thorough-going treatment of the subject is found in *Les Chants de l'Industrie* published in 1862 by Claude Michu. Like some of the critics referred to at the beginning of this chapter, Michu calls for an appreciation of contemporary civilization. Addressing the poets, he says:

Vivent les arts puissants de la France! te dis-je:
Notre terre est aussi la terre du prodige.
Célèbre ses progrès: la vaillance est son lot!
Elle a fait ton génie! et le génie oblige.
Poète, prends ton luth, ne fût-il qu'un roseau:
Chantons la France en paix qui venge Waterloo.
("Le Poète et la France.")

Attempting to realize this program, Michu in succeeding poems speaks glowingly and idealistically of French industry. The note is indicated in a few lines from *L'Agriculture et l'Industrie:*

Ardentes légions de la France moderne
Au seuil de l'atelier comme de la caserne,
La gloire vous attend!!

Again, in the same composition, the poet exclaims:

Courage, industriels, il n'est plus de distance.
Les isthmes effondrés, les mers seront nos lacs.
Et vainqueurs dont on a défié l'inconstance,
Nous aurons nos métiers où fumaient nos bivouacs.

C'est alors que l'histoire,
De l'outil sur l'épée écrira la victoire
Sans effacer un nom;
Car son burin dira que dans chaque bataille,
Nous fûmes des héros! par l'outil, la mitraille
Sous deux Napoléon!!

[1] *Revue moderne*, June 1, 1865.

The same vein is continued in other poems of the collection, in *La Vapeur*, in *Aux Enfants de l'usine*, in *Travail et gloire*. The first two are in no way exceptional. The third is, perhaps, noteworthy for the rosy light it sheds on child labor:

La cloche, dès le jour, nous appelle au métier.
Mais le travail n'est pas un honteux esclavage,
Et l'enfant de l'usine est, tout jeune, ouvrier,
Comme un enfant de troupe est soldat avant l'âge.
Nous n'avons pas l'aspect des martiaux bataillons,
Pas de drapeau qui soit le signal du carnage!
En risquant notre vie aux dents d'un engrenage,
Notre uniforme — à nous? c'est la gloire en haillons!!

Nous vous livrons bataille,
Peuples de l'univers!
Sans traverser les mers,

Et l'enfant qui travaille
S'exerçant aux métiers, comme on s'exerce aux tirs;
Nous avons nos conscrits, nos héros! nos martyrs!!

This cheerfulness contrasts oddly with the somberness of the humanitarian poets.

Michu shows himself to be a good prophet in his poem on *Les Imprimeurs et l'électricité*. Incidentally, he recognizes — in one of the rare poems devoted to this subject — the printing industry:

Courbez-vous sur la casse, enfants de Gutenberg:
Au cliché! le temps presse,
L'esprit fulgurateur, tel un rapide éclair!
Va distancer la presse.
. . . . . .
Votre art est en maturité,
L'esprit lui doit la forme et la longévité,
C'est par lui que l'idée a germé dans les masses.
Mais déjà la pensée a doublé son essor!
Vos presses, quelque jour, n'en verront plus les traces;
Car l'électricité sera son livre d'or!

Michu touches lightly upon various aspects of the industrial movement and, in a way, sums up his thought in *Le Mouvement perpétuel:*

Des travailleurs, plus de rentiers,
Le coton court sur les bobines,
La vapeur a de longs sentiers,
Le sucre jaillit des turbines.

Fileurs, tisseurs, à vos métiers!
Honte au fabricant qui lésine:
Nos ports sont de vastes chantiers,
Et la France une ardente usine!

Plus de maître dur et cruel.
Isthmes percés, vieux lits des ondes,
Plus de secrets pour l'homme actuel.

Espèce humaine, êtres immondes,
La loi qui régit tous les mondes,
C'est le mouvement perpétuel.

France is, then, conceived of by the poet as a sort of enormous industrial hive where productive activity inexorably reigns — a paradise inhabited by ideal workers. Unfortunately the author's talent does not measure up to the excellence of his intentions. Too many high-sounding phrases depend on too many exclamation points. Michu's work is chiefly characterized by poverty of expression and of power in composition. But as an example of a certain attitude of mind, and as an attempt to render in verse the enthusiasm felt by a given individual for a new form of human endeavor, *Les Chants de l'Industrie* are of historical value.

The second half of the decade continues the spirit of the first. After 1866, the year of the publication of the first volume of *Le Parnasse contemporain*, the Parnassian school assumes a progressively greater prominence. But there are still many poets who respond to the inspirations of their own time, who try to render the poetic qualities inherent in the various activities of the Second Empire. And the critics, as heretofore, are constantly preoccupied with the state of French poetry and its future prospects.

That the controversy of 1855–1856 had not been entirely forgotten is evident from the fact that Théophile Gautier in discussing the evolution of French poetry from 1830 to 1868 mentioned *Les Chants modernes* and said maliciously that Maxime Du Camp

was never so successful as when he was not attempting to carry out the program of the preface.[1] But the other critics were willing to let the old battle sink into oblivion. In 1866, C. Martha contented himself with a complaint of the present superficiality and the all too personal quality of French verse.[2] The following year, that of the Exposition, G. Vapereau suggested that authors might find in this contemporary event material for a great poem:

. . . Quoi de plus propre à exciter l'imagination, à ouvrir des horizons immenses à la pensée, que ces mouvements pacifiques des peuples, ces rencontres fraternelles, ces luttes généreuses, où chacun ne cherche que la gloire de savoir vaincre la matiére par l'esprit et asservir les forces de la nature aux besoins de l'homme. Ce sont les croisades modernes. Auront-elles un jour leur Tasse? [3]

The Exposition was to have its poets but scarcely of the ability of Tasso.

André Theuriet in his review of *La Poésie et les poètes en 1868* [4] saw nothing to criticize in the poetry of the hour. If any branch of literature is in a state of decadence and in need of renovation, it is criticism. "Ce n'est pas la poésie qui se meurt, mais bien la critique des œuvres d'imagination." The effectiveness of this attack is naturally somewhat vitiated, because Theuriet is one of the poets to whom justice is being denied.

The same year, 1868, Edmond Scherer contributed a word to the general discussion. His article, *L'Avenir de la poésie*,[5] owes its existence to André Lefèvre's *Epopée terrestre*. Lefèvre there attempted a poem inspired by science, taking as his subject the history of man. Now Scherer in his discussion of science as poetic material is led to a conclusion that may interest our study:

La science [he says], est le développement de la réflexion, comme la poésie tient à une prédominance de l'imagination, et l'esprit de recherche, d'analyse,

---

[1] *Les Progrès de la poésie française depuis 1830*, published in volume entitled *L'Histoire du romantisme*.

[2] *Revue des Deux Mondes*, April 15, 1866.

[3] *L'Année littéraire et dramatique* (1867).

[4] *Revue moderne*, January 10, 1869.

[5] See *Etudes sur la littérature contemporaine* (*4e série*, Paris, 1873). The article in question is dated June 1868.

de critique ne peut s'accroître sans diminuer d'autant l'inspiration. La poésie est le produit de la vie naïve, spontanée, de la communion avec la nature, de l'impression immédiate des choses, et ces conditions, qui sont celles de l'humanité à son enfance, disparaissent nécessairement chaque jour devant le progrès scientifique et industriel des sociétés. La poésie, je l'ai déjà dit, est une des facultés de l'homme primitif, aussi bien que la création des langues et des religions, partant une puissance qui tend à se perdre à mesure que la civilisation s'établit et se raffine.

Evidently the highly industrialized civilization of modern nations presents little opportunity for the birth of poetry. Were it not that in some men there exists a vestige of primitivism, creative imagination, poetry would inevitably become a lost art.

The dual attitude observed in the poets is still in evidence during the last years of the Empire. On the one side, recognition of and enthusiasm for the industrial movement. On the other, contempt and hostility. In the latter group appears the name of André Lemoyne with his poem *Sous les hêtres:*

> Las du rail continu, du sifflet des machines,
> Conduit par mes deux pieds comme un simple marcheur,
> J'aime à vivre en plein bois dans l'herbe des ravines,
> Enveloppé d'oubli, de calme et de fraîcheur.
>
> Là jamais aucun bruit des wagons ni des cloches;
> Pas même l'Angélus d'un village lointain.
> J'écoute un filet d'eau qui, filtrant sous les roches,
> Fait frémir au départ trois feuilles de plantain.[1]

For this author, poetry is not to be found in machines, but away from them.

In 1868, Auguste de Vaucelle condemned the utilitarian as a poetic *motif:*

> Au beau donc le grand art, pour le reste la prose!
> Laissons l'utilité, respectable et morose,
> Piétiner à son aise au bourbier du réel:
>
> Plutôt que d'y traîner l'auguste poésie,
> Ah! combien j'aime mieux, avec la fantaisie,
> Lui faire escalader quelques degrés du ciel.[2]

---

[1] From *Les Charmeuses* (1866).

[2] "L'Art immortel," *L'Artiste*, February 1, 1868.

And in 1870, Louis Tremblay, attacking the pretensions of industry, gravely assured his countrymen that the only real progress is moral progress, — Le seul vrai, le seul bon, — c'est le progrès moral![1]

An analogous idea is at the bottom of Théodore de Banville's *La Mitrailleuse*, where a distinction is made between real and false progress in lines that appear singularly prophetic to us:

> Quand tu pétris, cyclope, avec ton dur marteau,
> La Machine — bête de somme
> Qui traîne en se jouant le char et le bateau
> Détruit l'espace, affranchit l'homme.
> . . . . . .
> Alors le faux Progrès, ton singe, acclimaté
> Dans les batailles volcaniques,
> Pour nous hacher menu comme chair à pâté
> Forge des bourreaux mécaniques.[2]

What Banville says in these verses about war machinery may be considered as representative of his attitude toward machinery in general. The applications of science may result in destruction as well as in progress. The railroad, though aiding the conquest and development of matter, may nevertheless in the final accounting be found to have wrought injury to the spirit. Banville never loses sight of the fact that the latter is the important thing:

> Aimer le vin,
> La beauté, le printemps divin,
> Cela suffit. Le reste est vain.

In Armand Renaud we find a touch of the same sort of anti-industrialism that we observed in Auguste Barbier back in the days of Louis-Philippe. It is a negative attitude with a realistic technique. Consider, for instance, Renaud's poem *L'Enfant de la houille*.[3] In these verses, a young widow, though carrying a child, is forced to take work in the mines to earn her living:

[1] "Le Vrai Progrès," *Les Olympiades* (1872).

[2] 1868. From the *Occidentales*.

[3] Printed in his *Drames du Peuple* (1885), but probably composed much earlier, about 1869–1870.

. . . elle entreprit d'affronter la houillère,
De descendre dans l'ombre et d'endurcir ses doigts
A porter le charbon par les couloirs étroits.

Un jour, car le soleil rayonnait sur le monde,
Bien qu'en bas il fît nuit éternelle et profonde,
Comme un coup de canon, éclata le grisou.
La pauvre femme était alors au fond du trou.
Aussitôt les mineurs aux vagues silhouettes,
Poussant les wagonnets ou traînant les brouettes,
Les lanternes errant comme des feux follets,
Et le long des parois lançant de noirs reflets,
Les lueurs dans la nuit, le bruit dans le silence,
Tout l'effrayant chaos de ce dédale immense,
Pour elle, cessa d'être; un vaste éboulement
L'ayant, comme au tombeau, murée absolument.

The mother dies, but her son Pierre lives. He lives to make a successful struggle against alcohol. And the author, absorbed in this temperance propaganda, no longer gives us scenes of the mines and their work.

A humane and pitiful tone is sounded in Renaud's *Les Rats*. A description of London that again recalls Barbier [1] opens the poem:

Londres a ses journaux, ses comptoirs, ses musées,
Ses docks de thés chinois et de sucres hindous,
Ses tuyaux projetant des vapeurs embrasées,
Ses temples, ses vaisseaux, sa banque, ses égouts.

En haut, la foule va se heurtant à la foule;
La cité monstrueuse agite ses évents.
La chaudière bouillonne et l'équipage roule.
C'est le fourmillement, le fracas des vivants.

Then, in succeeding stanzas, we have a horrible description of dock conditions culminating in the destruction of three men by a horde of rats. In this part of the poem, the brutality of the author's realism attains extreme limits. The following strophes consequently seem optimistic in comparison:

Oh! remontons là-haut, et regardons sur terre!
Tout va son train, l'orgueil, le négoce, l'amour.

[1] See chap. 2, p. 21.

Le festin brille. On mange et l'on se désaltère.
Le chant se mêle aux fleurs pour les heureux du jour.

Puis, à côté, la foule aux machines se voue,
Hâve, sans ciel à voir, sans air à respirer;
Moteur inconscient s'écrasant sous sa roue;
Gens, sans avoir vécu, se faisant enterrer.

Nevertheless this passage constitutes a stiff arraignment of an industrially organized society.

Renaud's attitude toward the workers is succinctly formulated in one quatrain:

Vous avez fait tourner la roue
De la machine humanité;
Votre place fut à la proue
De notre vaisseau ballotté.[1]

Evidently, he felt not only profound sympathy for their condition, but also much admiration for their achievements.

Numerous as the above attacks on industry and material progress are, the poems which rally to the defense, recognition or glorification of the industrial movement are still more numerous. The locomotive appears as evidence of progress in J. Pagnon's *Le Forez*.[2] The Exposition of 1867 inspired both Jacques Foulc and Antoine-Gaspard Bellin. The former's *Chant de l'exposition universelle* is pathetically mediocre.[3] And not much more can be said for Bellin's didactic, fifteen canto *Exposition universelle*.[4] He goes back to the early industrial expositions held at the end of the eighteenth century and describes each successive one down to 1867. The Exposition of 1855 receives perhaps the most voluminous treatment; even such an invention as the "fourneaux absorbant l'odeur qui des mets sort," finds a place in the enumeration. In the fourteenth canto the author reaches the inevitable generalization that material progress will result in universal peace and fraternity.[5] The influence of industry is clearly seen in *La*

[1] From the poem entitled "Amphithéâtre."
[2] *Revue du Lyonnais*, 1867, vol. iii. For text, see Appendix A.
[3] *Revue du Lyonnais*, 1866, vol. ii. For text, see Appendix A.
[4] 1867. For text, see Appendix A.
[5] The Exposition also inspired F. D. des Vergnes to compose a long poem.

Soierie published by the *Revue du Lyonnais*. The author, Louis Debelfort, recounts briefly the silk-making process and then urges on the city of Lyons further development of its chief manufacture.[1] The idea of progress is exalted in poems by J. Peychiez and A. Togno; the former believes that "porté par la vapeur et l'électricité, le monde en vieillissant arrive à l'unité;" [2] the latter invites his contemporaries to admire the great accomplishments of the present.[3] The same spirit animates a poem entitled *Le Travail* by Prosper Barthélemy.[4] Maurice de Podestat, on the other hand, does not theorize about industry; for him it is merely a picturesque detail in a landscape:

> Là, ce sont les cités, les villes ouvrières,
> Les toits gris, sous la brume, entrevus par milliers,
> Et les hommes pressés comme des fourmilières,
> Et le bruit des marteaux dans les grands ateliers; [5]

In similar fashion Théophile Gautier depicts a steamer in his *Marine:*

> C'est un steamer et déjà l'on peut voir,
> Comme au cimier d'un casque un long panache noir,
> S'écheveler au vent l'aigrette de fumée
> Que pousse la vapeur de sa gueule enflammée.
> Le voilà qui s'approche et se range aux îlots,
> Et sa roue a cessé de souffleter les flots.[6]

A curious use of the railroad is made by Emile Villars in his poem *Le Chemin de fer des morts;*[7] a train appears there in the guise of undertaker's assistant. And, finally, Henri de Bornier, in a rather sombre poem, *Pour la Crèche*,[8] gives us a glimpse at a factory scene:

[1] 1868, vol. vi. For text, see Appendix A.
[2] "Présent et Avenir," *Les Olympiades* (1866).
[3] "L'Œuvre du progrès," *Les Olympiades* (1866). For text, see Appendix A.
[4] 1867. For text, see Appendix A.
[5] "Les Torrents," *Revue contemporaine*, February 29, 1868.
[6] *Le Parnasse contemporain*, vol. ii, 1869.
[7] *L'Artiste*, January 1, 1870. For text, see Appendix A.
[8] June, 1869. See *Poésies complètes* (1894).

La mère est au travail. — L'atelier vaste et sombre,
La machine géante aux rouages sans nombre,
Le bruit rapide ou lent des balanciers de fer,
Le sifflement aigu de la vapeur qui mônte,
Le hennissement sourd de ces monstres de fonte. . . .
La mère est là, dans cet enfer!

There remains to consider three poets, François Coppée, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, and Sully Prudhomme, all of greater prominence than any — with the exception of De Banville and Gautier — encountered in this chapter. The first expresses his sympathy for the working-classes in *La Grève des forgerons*.[1] His ideas are set forth by one of the characters, an old workman named Père Jean. The latter, as the strike progresses, finds himself ill at ease with nothing to do:

. . . alors on s'aperçoit
Qu'on aime l'atelier, et que cette atmosphère
De limaille et de feu, c'est celle qu'on préfère.

Then as poverty and want grip his family, the old man seeks permission from the strike-leader to return to work. Accused of cowardice, he strikes dead the young man who uttered the insult. As far as we know, this is the first poem in which an industrial conflict is described. Other compositions had hinted at the hostility existing between capital and labor; indeed, Barbier had referred to it as early as 1837. Organized resistance and cessation of work through collective action penetrate French poetry for the first time in this composition of Coppée's.

Coppée's enthusiasm for industry is, it must be admitted, very mild. Except for *La Grève des forgerons*, he does scarcely more than admit it incidentally to his verse. In *Intimités*,[2] for example, machinery is one detail among all those that make up the scene:

Au loin, dans la lueur blême du crépuscule,
L'amphithéâtre noir des collines recule,
Et, tout au fond du val profond et solennel,
Paris pousse à mes pieds son soupir éternel.

[1] 1869. [2] 1867.

. . . Je commence
A distinguer des bruits dans ce murmure immense,
Et je puis, écoutant, rêveur et plein d'émoi,
Le vent du soir froissant les herbes près de moi,
Et, parmi le chaos des ombres débordantes,
Le sifflet douloureux des machines stridentes,
Ou l'aboiement d'un chien, ou le cri d'un enfant,
Ou le sanglot d'un orgue au lointain s'étouffant,
Ou le tintement clair d'une tardive enclume,
Voir la nuit qui s'étoile et Paris qui s'allume.

A locomotive and train, play a somewhat more important rôle in the following lines from *Promenades et intérieurs:*

Près du rail où souvent passe comme un éclair
Le convoi furieux et son cheval de fer,
Tranquille, l'aiguilleur vit dans sa maisonnette.
Par la fenêtre on voit l'intérieur honnête,
Tel que le voyageur fiévreux doit l'envier.
C'est la femme parfois qui se tient au levier,
. . . . . .
Jetant son sifflement atroce, le train passe
Devant l'humble logis qui tressaille au fracas.
Et le petit enfant ne se dérange pas.[1]

Such is François Coppée's contribution to the poetry of industry. It is not in any sense of the word thorough-going. Neither is it negligible.

It is amazing to discover in the work of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam a warm tribute to the locomotive. One hardly expects to find such a trait in this mystical Parnassian. It is less surprising, however, when one remembers that he is the author of *L'Eve future*, inspired by the genius of Edison. The present description bears the simple title *Esquisse, à la manière de Goya:*

Admirons le colosse au torride gosier
Abreuvé d'eau bouillante et nourri de brasier,
Cheval de fer que l'homme dompte!
C'est un sombre coup d'œil, lorsque, subitement,
Le frein sur l'encolure, il s'ébranle fumant
Et part sur ses tringles de fonte.

[1] See *Poésies* (1869–1874).

Le centaure moqueur siffle aux défis lointains
Du vent, voix de l'espace où s'en vont nos destins!
Le dragon semble avoir des ailes;
Et, tout fier de porter les hommes dans son flanc,
Il fait flotter sur eux son grand panache blanc
Et son aigrette d'étincelles!
. . . . . .

Quand il fait onduler lourdement ses wagons,
Le soir, dans la campagne, avec un bruit de gonds,
Fauve cyclope des ténèbres,
On croit voir, léthargique, une hydre du chaos
Qui revient sous la lune, étirant ses grands os
Et faisant valoir ses vertèbres.

C'est le monstre prévu dans les temps solennels;
C'est un enfer qui roule au fond des noirs tunnels
Avec sa pourpre et ses tonnerres;
Et les rouges chauffeurs qui la nuit sont debout,
Chacun sur la fournaise où sa chaudière bout,
Semblent des démons ordinaires.

Quand ses réseaux ceindront ce globe illimité,
Sans honte nons pourrons aimer la Liberté:
Ils le savent, les capitaines!
Après avoir pesé la gloire, dans nos mains,
Nous allons trouver mieux que le sang des humains,
Pour nous fertiliser les plaines!

O mort! tout se transforme et rien ne se corrompt,
Et tous les éléments de la Terre seront
Les éléments de notre gloire;
Les pôles se joindront dans le cercle idéal:
Courage, char macabre, auguste et boréal!
Eclaireur de la route noire! [1]

This poem is undoubtedly the best of all those inspired by the locomotive. It is both imaginative and concrete. It transforms the locomotive into a symbol, but does not strip the machine of its essential form and appearance. It is lyric without being vague, visionary without being absurd, progressive without being stupid.

In 1866, Sully Prudhomme published *Les Epreuves*. At least one of the sonnets of this *recueil* harks back to the previous decade, to the experiences of the poet's earlier years. In 1859 Eugène

[1] Published in *Le Parnasse contemporain*, vol. i, 1866.

Schneider offered him a situation in the Creusot factories. The young man spent nearly a year there as clerk in the offices, but he had, of course, during that time unlimited opportunities of visiting the shops and observing all the processes of the most famous industrial establishment in France. Of this period M. Estève says:

A coup sûr il visita avec curiosité et émerveillement les diverses parties de l'usine, surtout cette forge immense, tout récemment reconstruite sur une superficie de douze hectares, qui offrait à ses yeux une vue véritablement "magique" avec ses fours où les puddleurs, haletant, ruisselant de sueur, retournaient de leurs bras nerveux, au bout du ringard, la masse de fonte à demi fondue; avec son marteau-pilon énorme, invention et orgueil des ingénieurs du Creusot; avec ses laminoirs où les rails "s'allongent en bandes blanches de chaleur," avec ses cisailles qui "mordent dans le fer comme dans du carton." [1]

The poet's recollections and impressions of these scenes are undoubtedly the inspiration of *Une Damnée:*

La forge fait son bruit, pleine de spectres noirs,
Le pilon monstrueux, la scie âpre et stridente,
L'indolente cisaille atrocement mordante,
Les lèvres sans merci des fougueux laminoirs,

Tout hurle, et dans cet antre, où les jours sont des soirs
Et les nuits des midis d'une rougeur ardente,
On croit voir se lever la figure de Dante
Qui passe, interrogeant d'éternels désespoirs.

C'est l'enfer de la Force obéissante et triste.
. . . . . .

The opening stanza, with its indication of noise, shadow, and movement, its suggestion of enormous weight, its expression of the pitiless inhumanity of the machines, recreates in powerful manner the sensations experienced before such a spectacle. A terrible vision, it is nevertheless not entirely devoid of beauty.

Another sonnet, *La Roue*, demonstrates the concern of the poet to idealize the material:

Inventeur de la roue, inconnu demi-dieu,
. . . . . .
Par Orphée et par toi, par la lyre et l'essieu,
L'espace aux marbres lourds n'est pas infranchissable,

[1] E. Estève, *Sully Prudhomme* (Paris, 1925), p. 16.

Et nous voyons glisser comme l'eau sur le sable
Les pierres que leur poids rivait au même lieu.

Quand la terre frémit d'un roulement sonore,
L'élite des coursiers dans les enfers t'honore
Au souvenir des chars qu'entraînaient leurs grands pas;

Mais que la roue aux chars d'Olympie était lente!
Regarde-la qui vibre et fuit, toute brûlante
D'une rapidité que tu n'inventas pas!

There is a possible reference to the locomotive in these lines. And it is almost certainly indicated in the poem addressed to Alfred de Musset:

Le quadrige est vaincu, nous tenons un Génie
Qui fume, haletant d'un utile courroux.

Again, other poems show an intimate knowledge of industrial processes and mechanical laws, as in *L'Art* and *Encore:* [1]

Sa beauté de demain, l'artiste la devine,
Dans la scorie épaisse il a pressenti l'or,
Et, plus impatient que la force divine,
Son génie a créé ce qu'elle essaye encor.

. . . . . .

Le pinceau n'est trempé qu'aux sept couleurs du prisme,
Sept notes seulement composent le clavier,
Il suffit, pour surgir, d'un glaive à l'héroïsme,
Pour déplacer le monde, il suffit d'un levier!

In these verses, the young employee of the Creusot, as well as the poet, is speaking.

Not merely visions of machinery haunt the poetry of Sully Prudhomme. It is equally affected by the grandeur of labor. Thus, we have a successful metaphor in *L'Art* where the toil of the artist is compared to that of the artisan:

Quand de bons forgerons dans une forge noire
Fredonnent en lançant le marteau sur le fer,
Le passant qui les voit s'étonne; il ne peut croire
Qu'on puisse vivre un jour dans ce cruel enfer.
Mais eux, avec l'entrain de la force qui crée,
Affrontent la fumée et le four éclatant:
Le travail fait les cœurs; cette douleur sacrée
Donne un si mâle espoir qu'on la souffre en chantant!

[1] See the volume, 1865–1866, of his *Poésies.*

The author is impressed in *Un Songe* by the interdependence of the social classes and the consequent dignity of labor:

Le laboureur m'a dit en songe: "Fais ton pain,
Je ne te nourris plus, gratte la terre et sème."
Le tisserand m'a dit: "Fais tes habits toi-même."
Et le maçon m'a dit: "Prends la truelle en main."
. . . . . .
J'ouvris les yeux, doutant si l'aube était réelle:
De hardis compagnons sifflaient sur leur échelle,
Les métiers bourdonnaient, les champs étaient semés;
Je connus mon bonheur et qu'au monde où nous sommes,
Nul ne peut se vanter de se passer des hommes;
Et depuis ce jour-là je les ai tous aimés.

La Chanson des métiers [1] was written somewhat later than the preceding poems. The following selection contains a novel idea:

Ceux qui tiennent le soc, la truelle ou la lime,
Sont plus heureux que vous, enfants de l'art sublime!
Chaque jour les vient secourir
Dans leurs quotidiennes misères;
Mais vous, les travailleurs pensifs, aux mains légères,
Vos ouvrages vous font mourir.
. . . . . .
Le pâle tisserand, courbé devant ses toiles,
Ne contemple jamais l'azur ni les étoiles;
Mais il parvient à se couvrir,
La froidure ne l'atteint guères;
Vous qui tramez le rêve en dentelles légères,
Les longs hivers vous font mourir.

L'audacieux maçon qui d'étage en étage
Suspend sa vie au mince et frêle échafaudage
A bien des dangers à courir;
Mais ses fils auront des chaumières;
Vous qui dressez vers Dieu des échelles légères,
Sans foyer vous devez mourir.

Tous vaincus, mais en paix avec la destinée,
Aux approches du soir, la tâche terminée,
Reviennent aimer sans souffrir
Près des robustes ménagères;
Vous qui poursuivez l'âme aux caresses légères,
Les tendresses vous font mourir.

[1] From *Les Solitudes* (1869).

It is not necessary to see in these lines any violent reaction against the sympathies of the humanitarian poets and novelists for the working classes. As a matter of fact, Sully Prudhomme shared the humanitarian sentiments so wide-spread at that time. In *La Chanson des métiers*, he merely chose a class that was the object of a good deal of pity in order to make more effective his appeal in behalf of the creative artists.

Everything considered, it is clear that Sully Prudhomme has rendered important service to the poetry of industry.

> Il y a [says Jules Lemaître], dans ce psychologue subtil et tendre, un humanitaire, une sorte de positiviste pieux, un croyant à la science, et au progrès . . . admirant les machines et traduisant le premier livre de Lucrèce. . . . Tous ces sonnets d'ingénieur-poète étonnent par le mélange d'un lyrisme presque religieux et d'un pittoresque emprunté aux engins de la science et de l'industrie et aux choses modernes.[1]

Indeed, we have seen that Sully Prudhomme found in industry, particularly in mechanical power, both an artistic vision and a philosophical belief; on the one hand, the impressive spectacle of a great creation in all its bewildering detail; on the other, confidence in the power of the human intellect to dominate this mighty force and, at the same time, a realization of the potentialities for good or evil, for achievement or destruction, inherent in it. By experience, temperament, and genius Sully Prudhomme was well equipped to treat these subjects in verse. Certainly, the conception that industry may be a source of poetic inspiration received through his work a new impetus and an enhanced dignity.

From Michu to Prudhomme, from De Mazade to Scherer, the problem of industry is a vital one. Each writer solves it in his own manner, expressing either hostility or admiration. Broadly speaking, the judgment pronounced at the end of the preceding chapter still holds good. In spite of the grumblings from the reactionaries, industry is considered a perfectly legitimate theme. Its adoption by such poets as Villiers de l'Isle-Adam and Sully Prudhomme justify that conclusion. The former's imaginative,

[1] *Les Contemporains* (ed., 1898), vol. i, p. 50.

powerful description of the locomotive is an excellent proof that poetry can successfully seek its inspiration in machinery. As for the latter, there can be no doubt that the author of *Une Damnée* saw in industry a moving spectacle and a philosophically significant force. One may even see in that particular sonnet a suggestion of an "esthétique" that is quite modern. The "pilon monstrueux" and the "lèvres sans merci des fougueux laminoirs" are so presented that they seem almost to be objects of beauty. The beautiful is to be found even in hell. It is certainly not absent, in the eyes of our poet, from this "enfer de la Force obéissante et triste." And individual men and things partake of the poetic glamor which the poet has discovered in the spectacle he beholds. In later years, Sully Prudhomme said to a younger writer:

> ...le beau craint toujours de se commettre avec l'utile, comme s'il avait peur de s'avilir ou du moins de se déclasser. Notre ambition d'agrandir le champ de la poésie est donc téméraire. Mais l'est-elle seulement par les difficultés d'art qu'elle nous crée ou l'est-elle par une essentielle incompatibilité entre la poésie même et l'expression des choses d'ordre pratique ou scientifique?[1] [And in reply he says]: l'œuvre du progrès consiste à différencier toujours davantage l'homme de la bête, à dégager de plus en plus ce qu'il y a dans sa nature d'irréductible à celle de l'animal. Or, l'objet même de la poésie, n'est-ce pas précisément d'illustrer cet élément caractéristique de l'essence humaine, qu'on appelle l'âme? Comment la poésie pourrait-elle donc renier le progrès?

Sully Prudhomme has seized here upon one of the fundamental arguments of Maxime Du Camp and his defenders: that in the continual progress of mankind, industry is playing an essential part, that man's industrial achievements may consequently be considered a symbol of his victorious upward struggle. By these statements Sully Prudhomme has allied himself with Victor Hugo, for the same thought underlies *Le Satyre* and *Vingtième Siècle*. And, indeed, to interpret industry in this way is to pay it great tribute and to justify it beyond dispute as a source of poetic inspiration.

[1] "Notice" by Sully Prudhomme introducing Renaud's *Drames du Peuple* (1885).

CHAPTER VII

INDUSTRY AND THE POETIC LANGUAGE

On August 14, 1855, Viennet read before an assembly of the five Academies his *Epître à Despréaux*.[1] It was a plea for the maintenance of purity in the French vocabulary, for resistance against the menacing invasion of technical words of foreign origin:

> . . . le Néologisme, en conquérant vandale,
> Poursuit impunément sa course triomphale
> . . . . . .
> On n'entend que des mots à déchirer le fer,
> Le *railway*, le *tunnel*, le *ballast*, le *tender*,
> *Express*, *trucks* et *wagons* . . . Une bouche française
> Semble broyer du verre et mâcher de la braise.

This frightful reality is in no way justified by necessity, for, Viennet continues, the French language is sufficiently rich to express all of these things without the importation of barbarisms. He supports his contention with illustrations. The railroad track should be described as:

> Ce fer, sur le sable, allongeant ses lanières,
> En rayons accouplés dessinant leurs ornières,

The trains themselves he calls:

> Ces longs convois de chars, d'élégantes voitures,
> Glissant comme le vent sur leurs doubles nervures.

The steam-engine is:

> . . . l'effrayant cylindre où l'onde, en bouillonnant,
> Produit cette vapeur qui s'échappe en grondant.

Thus Viennet proves the adequacy of the French language to meet the new demands thrust upon it by the invention of the railroad.

[1] *Institut de France, Académie Française, discours, rapports, pièces diverses* (1850–1859), vol. ii.

Similarly, he deplores the use of the word *steamer* and suggests an alternative:

> Pour nommer ces vaisseaux que pousse la vapeur,
> Le grec nous façonnait un mot plein de douceur;
> Mais ce mot, dont ma muse admirait l'euphonie,
> A, pour venir à nous, passé par la Russie.
> La guerre le repousse, et les coureurs des mers
> Laissent le *pyroscaphe* et prennent des *steamers*.

If a new word must be introduced, a Greek formation is preferable to an English one.

Viennet is, of course, embracing all literary *genres* — and probably the spoken language as well — in his criticism. But his remarks may well serve as an introduction to a vital problem of this study. To just what extent did technical words pass hitherto carefully guarded barriers and install themselves in the domain of poetry? On the other hand, to what extent did poets resort to circumlocutions and periphrases in order to resist such a penetration? It is necessary to examine these problems in some detail.

Those who have read the preceding chapters must have the impression that in poetry at least the situation was not nearly so desperate as Viennet would have us believe. Technical words appear in considerable number. But a majority of the poets try by every means, periphrases, similes, and metaphors, either to avoid their use or to soften their effect. The word "locomotive" does not appear in our poems before 1839.[1] Its first really significant use is by Pommier in 1842.[2] It occurs about a dozen times in all the poetry we have examined. To offset this, more than one poet uses the term *noir coursier*. Another compares the locomotive to a swiftly running stag. Alfred de Vigny calls it a *taureau de fer* and a *dragon mugissant*, Victor Hugo a *hydre d'airain*. The one wrote before Du Camp's manifesto had been conceived; the other after its publication. Other poets describe the machine as a volcano, an immense scolopendra, a *hippogriffe enflammé*, a *fabuleux coursier*, a *mammouth de cuivre et d'airain*, a *char de feu*, a *masto-*

[1] See p. 24. [2] See p. 29.

donte, a *brune centauresse*, and a *génie qui fume*. Again it is labeled *le feu qu'on attelle*, *le grand char que meut la vapeur*, a *hydre du chaos*, a *hippocampe de fer*. It is described as the *fauve cyclope des ténèbres*, as a *char macabre*, as an *enfer qui roule*, and as *le monstre prévu dans les temps solennels*. It is frequently depicted in the terms of its predecessor and becomes a *cheval-vapeur*, a *cheval de fer*, an *étalon*. In every conceivable way the poets seek to describe the locomotive in a manner consistent with the traditional poetic vocabulary.

The train and tracks are set forth in a way that should have delighted Viennet's heart. The train is a *caravane*, a *chaîne des monts*, a group of *chars tonnants* or of *chars vivants*, a *convoi furieux*. The tracks are called *rubans de fer*, *lames de fer*, and *chemins rigides*. They are compared to a *boa lancé vers le buffle qui broute*. One poet uses the expression *quatre pieds d'acier* to represent the wheels of the locomotive.

The same procedure is utilized in describing the steamship. The word *steamer* is used not infrequently. One poet, however, adopts Viennet's recommendation and calls the steamboat an *agile pyroscaphe*. Others prefer *nef animée* and *navire vivant*. *Flottantes galères*, *chars mouvants*, *char prodigieux*, *léviathan* are common metaphors. Again, the new invention is described as a *vésuve docile*. The poet Prior sees in the steamers *coursiers à la crinière humide*. The smokestack is called by Gautier a *gueule enflammée*. To indicate the paddle-wheels, the periphrasis *deux orbes tutélaires* is employed. One writer prefers to call them *roues animées*. More frequent is the word *nageoires*, sometimes qualified by the adjectival phrase *de fonte*. They appear in one descriptive passage as *deux ailes de fer*. The propeller (*hélice*) is likened to an *éperon*. The furnace of the steamer is called in one instance *Etna;* and in another composition the classical influence is so strong that the sailors become cyclops.

The factory brings forth various metaphors. It is a *sombre chaos*, a *bagne nauséabond*, a *cloaque empoisonné*, a *morne prison*. Once only it is seen as a *labyrinthe des fées*. Factory machinery

suggests a large variety of figures. Bobbins cause the simile, *mille serpents*. Pistons are compared to *les deux talons d'un fort géant qui danse*. More general terms are *fileuses de fer*, *ouvriers géants aux bras infatigables*, *esclaves de fer*, *enfants de la Science*. In one case, the machine is called a hideous monster. Another poet compares it to a hippopotamus. One author describes it as a *tyran d'airain*.

The idea of the telegraph inspires one writer to speak of the "invisible alphabet galopant sur des câbles," while another, avoiding completely any word that might be considered technical, says:

> Dans sa langue nouvelle, idiome électrique,
> Il fait dialoguer l'Europe et l'Amérique.

It is indisputably clear from these examples that many writers held fast to the conventional poetic vocabulary which, in spite of the fruitful reforms of Hugo and the other Romantic poets, was still, in various respects, limited in scope. They described the new inventions in conventional terms — either from a feeling of responsibility for the maintenance of pure poetic diction or from a natural tendency to associate the new phenomena with familiar things. It was natural in the beginning to relate the locomotive to the object it was displacing and to describe it with equinine terms. When one adds to that the belief that technical words have no place in the poetic vocabulary, it is little wonder that so many periphrases were utilized.

But numerous poets were not satisfied with the existing poetic equipment. They apparently felt that to express in effective manner a new phenomenon, a new word was needed. As a result, a surprisingly large number of technical words slipped into the literary language, — into poetry as well as prose.

The list is imposing. It includes *railway*, *rail*, *dérailler*, *steamer*, *dock*, *express*, *wagon* — all borrowings from the English. *Télégraphe*, *turbine*, *pyroscaphe*, words of classical formation, must be added. The list includes a large number of words that are certainly French but clearly technical in meaning: *bitume* and *bi-*

tumineux, bobine, chaudière, bielle, engrenage, fonte, filature, hélice, houille and *houillère, haut-fourneau, laminoir, locomotive, manivelle, pilon, piston, train, usine, rouet, rouage, navette, métier, levier, étau, carder, conduit, atelier* and *fabrique, rouleau, casse, cliché, réseau, huile, dent, forge, marteau.* Many of these words, to be sure, existed in French prior to the industrial movement and were even suited to the poetic vocabulary. But with the introduction of machinery they acquired a new meaning. The fact that they appear in poetry with all the force of their new significance justifies us in listing them here.[1]

The artistic effect produced by the use of such words is that of realism. Some of the best poems we have examined are those in which the author has not recoiled before a technical expression. In the early period, Auguste Barbier's description of a mill interior is one of the best bits of verse that we had to consider. Certain passages of Weustenraad's *Le Haut-Fourneau* — the very subject is significant — brilliantly evoke the foundry scenes that impressed the author, who did not hesitate to introduce into his picture the *lourds marteaux*, the *laminoirs*, the *fonte noircie* of this industrial establishment. Parts of Laurent-Pichat's *All Right!* render excellently the mechanical visions that inspired him; they include a remarkably large number of technical terms. A wonderful impression of vividness is created by Sully Prudhomme in *Une Damnée.* He, too, did not falter in using a concrete, realistic, vocabulary.

The skilful use of technical words is quite justified by the results. A feeling of reality is thereby created which can perhaps be obtained in no other way. A first-rate poet, using them as a foundation and surrounding them with all the artistry at his command, may produce an altogether admirable picture. Even if such words have but recently been introduced into the language, even though they be of foreign origin, their use is indisputably permissible. One naturally agrees with Viennet that it is desirable to maintain the purity of a language, but there are occasions when *railway* is

[1] See Appendix B for systematic lists of these words.

artistically more valid than any circumlocution based on *rayon*, and when *steamer* is an improvement on *pyroscaphe*. In such cases nationalistic pride must give way to reason.

The question logically arises as to whether poets sought in industry and machinery words, metaphors, and similes with which to illustrate and depict purely non-industrial themes. The question is difficult to answer. When Hugo in *A Villequier* says, "Que la création est une grande roue," he very likely conceived of the universe as a huge mechanism. But it is doubtful if industry was the actual source of inspiration. Paul Meurice may have been influenced by industry when he exclaimed, "Ce temps, grand atelier." It is possible that the new machinery inspired H. Chevreau and Laurent-Pichat in their use of the expression "engrenage humain." On the other hand, Lefèvre quite openly compared Paris to a factory, "Paris — tout ensemble usine et sérail." Similarly, Michu beheld France as an "ardente usine." Baudelaire likened a prostitute to a "machine de fer." Renaud spoke of the people as a "moteur inconscient s'écrasant sous sa roue," and the same influence underlies his couplet:

> Vous avez fait tourner la roue
> De la machine humanité.

These examples are not numerically impressive. In fact, one is forced to the conclusion that during the four decades 1830–1870 poets did not seek in industry material for the treatment of strictly non-industrial themes. Perhaps one exception must be made for the idea of progress, though in many cases industry is the most important element from which a vision of progress is made to derive. Victor Hugo's poetry, for example, always excluding such compositions as *Melancholia*, *Le Satyre*, and *Vingtième Siècle*, reflects little or nothing of the industrial movement. If there was any such general invasion of the poetic language, it occurred after 1870. As the industrial movement grew and established itself more firmly, its influence would naturally become increasingly effective. It is, therefore, possible that a study of French poetry, in the later years of the nineteenth century, would

permit more positive conclusions than our study of the earlier period has warranted. From 1840 to 1870 industry as a subject entered the poetic domain, bringing with it necessary equipment. Having conquered this initial position, it seems reasonable that it would seek to extend its influence even further.

Personification was greatly favored by the poets of 1830–1870. Cautiously and carefully used, it was not unsuccessful. Rather too frequently, however, it causes the reader an involuntary smile. A poet of Hugo's or Vigny's genius can call the locomotive a *hydre d'airain* or a *dragon mugissant* without seeming in any way ridiculous, while Weustenraad's comparison of the same machine to an elephant and a tiger cannot be judged entirely fortunate.

The process was, indeed, carried to extraordinary lengths. The locomotive, for example, was identified with every conceivable beast. It was a horse, a charger, or a stallion. Again it was a bull. Not only did it seem to some poets a dragon or a hydra, but it also appeared to them as a scolopendra, a centaur, or a hippogriff. Then, the process of animation being carried further, the locomotive was endowed with the various organs and parts of living creatures. One can almost reconstruct a perfect animal of the quadruped variety. The machine was said to have eye-balls, nostrils, neck and throat, lungs, a belly and entrails, a mane, a crupper, arms and muscles. It could, furthermore, breathe and whinny and snort; it could sweat and vomit; it could whistle and roar and bellow. When one adds that it had feet and could gallop, the personification would seem to be complete.

The steamer, for some reason, was not treated with such great familiarity. Yet it did not entirely escape. It too was held to be a monster vomiting forth flame and smoke. Its smokestack was called a *gueule* in one case; in another, *naseau*. It moved by fins. In one instance, it was described as a charger with a watery mane.

Factory machinery succumbed to the same tendency. Bobbins were serpents and pistons were likened to the heels of a dancing giant. In another passage, Barbier uncharitably compared the

machine to a hippopotamus. A later poet described it as a hideous monster. Still later, another writer viewed machines as giant workmen, with indefatigable arms and called them iron slaves, the children of Science.

The reason for the wide-spread use of this process is doubtless twofold. It is, on the one hand, as we have seen, a desire, conscious or not, to avoid introducing technical language into poetry. But, on the other, it is an endeavor to render picturesquely the aspect, form, and movement of a given machine. It is a feeble attempt to create a "plastique." Maxime Du Camp had insisted on that possibility. A few poets, Barbier, Laurent-Pichat, Hugo, Sully Prudhomme, Weustenraad, had, in varying degree, achieved it, though even they are far from complete success. Their pictures, moreover, contain more than arms, legs, nostrils, lungs, and so forth; they contain an occasional wheel, motor, driving-rod, and boiler. It is possible, of course, to use personification with good effect, but excessive care is quite essential in order to avoid being terrifically banal or heart-breakingly ridiculous. We cannot honestly affirm that all of our poets avoided either of these unpleasant alternatives.

The fact that French poetry rarely succeeded, even in the work of Barbier, Weustenraad, and Sully Prudhomme, in *depicting* industrial scenes — and in the verses of men like Lapointe, Michu, Py, and others lamentably failed — can surely be explained. It must be remembered that the poets who were most capable of dealing satisfactorily with the many impressive aspects of industry and machinery had their faces turned in another direction. Gautier, Baudelaire, Leconte de Lisle, Théodore de Banville — the attitude of these poets is known only too well and has more than once been mentioned in the preceding pages. Hugo, to be sure, is an exception. His contribution to the poetry of industry is important. And yet it is strangely restricted. No poet had the gift of vivid description to a greater extent than he. He sympathized with the establishment and development of the industrial régime. But of the several thousand verses that flowed so abun-

dantly from his pen, only a relatively small number concerned themselves with industrial inventions, the locomotive, the steamer, and, if we may include it here, the balloon.

The second reason is to be sought in the prevailing literary taste. Even though such men as Barbier, Hugo, and Sully Prudhomme were independent and inclined to take lightly the conventions made strong by long tradition, they could not antagonize too overtly the existing standard. We have seen how Barbier's realism shocked Gustave Planche and how Du Camp's proposals were received by the critics. The attitude of these men could not be absolutely ignored.

One must also remember that the years 1830–1870 are still the early period of the industrial movement. Compared with its present power and magnitude, industry in France during the middle of the nineteenth century was pitifully weak and small. Machinery, whether of the factory, the mill, the foundry, or the railroad, had simply not been developed to the point of miraculous perfection attained to-day. The poets of the reign of Louis-Philippe and of Napoleon III could not depict the awe-inspiring industrial scenes which to-day take our breath away, for the good and sufficient reason that they did not exist. This accounts for much, including the fact that not an overwhelmingly large number of technical words penetrated the poetic vocabulary. The really surprising thing is that our poets succeeded in depicting as many impressive spectacles and in introducing as many technical terms as they did.

And finally, it must be confessed that most of the poets were interested in other things. Léon Daudet would perhaps see here one more proof of the century's stupidity, for it is perfectly true that many poets were primarily interested in such a conception as the idea of progress. The passionate believers were eager to get launched upon their favorite theme; they took industry as a point of departure and lingered over the setting only as long as was absolutely necessary. Other poets were disbelievers and were concerned chiefly with spreading propaganda. Still others were

distressed by child labor and miserable working conditions; they quickly abandoned description to utter dire prophecies concerning the future physique of the race. And so it went, with the unfortunate effect of pushing into second place the interest in the pictorial qualities of industry. A few poets, to be sure, beheld them and touched upon them. But when all is said and done, the principal influence of the industrial movement on French poetry during these years was, on the one side, to add a new theme to those open to poetic treatment and, on the other, to broaden slightly the poetic vocabulary at the disposal of French poets. That in itself, however, is by no means an insignificant achievement.

CONCLUSION

Two revolutions, governmental and industrial, introduced the nineteenth century. The one transformed political life; the other transformed economic life. Both combined to change radically the organization of society. Individualism, a sense of personal dignity and responsibility, a demand for equal opportunity — these are effects of the French Revolution. Increased production, division of labor, standardization and automatism, a demand for a more comfortable life — these are some of the effects of the industrial revolution.

Other and even more serious consequences resulted from the introduction of mechanical power. In 1789 the bourgeoisie won its place in the sun. Early in the following century the industrialized workers began their struggle — not yet ended — for a more favorable situation. The ideal of human rights and of human progress loosed upon the world by the overthrow of political despotism was reinforced by the spectacle of man's power and genius. The idea of progress penetrated to every class of society and produced an extraordinary fermentation. More and more, people came to believe that, aided by machinery, man could overcome any obstacle.

The history outlined in the preceding pages is obviously one current in the general movement of the century. It is one manifestation of the social thought of the time. We need not recall the passionate discussion to which the establishment of the new régime everywhere gave rise. We have seen that literature inevitably came in contact with the new phenomenon, mechanical power. Some men of letters ignored it; others gave it a warm welcome. Some attacked it; others, on the contrary, paid tribute and gave it enthusiastic defense. Limiting ourselves to one form of artistic productivity, we have tried to relate how and when

industry made its appearance in French poetry and what treatment it received in the poems of 1830–1870.

How J. J. Ampère made a place in his verse for the new means of ocean travel, how Alfred de Vigny suddenly realized the far-reaching possibilities of mechanical power and translated his feeling in *Paris* has been described. Thus in 1830–1831, industry made an almost dramatic entrance into the poetic realm. It was not long, however, before poets were not merely introducing the new phenomena into their work but were also passing judgment upon them. Auguste Barbier, Vigny himself, Amédée Pommier join in an attack on the industrial movement: Barbier turning his guns on factory conditions; Vigny utilizing the Versailles catastrophe in order to utter a warning against the possible domination of man by machinery; Pommier exclaiming against the whole philosophy of material progress. Other poets follow their lead, while a few, notably Théodore Weustenraad, rise to defend industry and to celebrate its achievements.

Meanwhile a decline had been taking place in French poetry as a whole. Romanticism had run its course and a period of sterility had set in. Sainte-Beuve perceived the fact and saw that a new direction must be taken. Perhaps the first attempt to solve this particular problem is to be seen in the Academic *Concours* of 1845 on the discovery of steam. As none of the major poets were apparently attracted, the *Concours* did not succeed in imposing a new orientation. Another and more serious endeavor to provide a driving force for a revival of French poetry occurred when the group of young writers connected with the *Revue de Paris* launched upon the waters of public opinion a series of articles proclaiming the glories of industry and demanding that poetry seek in them its inspiration. The culmination of this campaign was the publication in 1855 of *Les Chants modernes*.

What Maxime Du Camp really did was to exploit a number of ideas that had been in existence for some time. He assembled them and gave them concrete expression. They had been, in a sense, seething underground; he brought them to the surface.

Mme de Staël's famous remark about Rousseau that he discovered nothing but set everything aflame may well be applied to Du Camp. In at least one respect, however, he seems almost original. His insistence on the pictorial qualities of industry, his effort to develop a "plastique" stands out clearly in all the flood of controversy. Curiously enough, it caused little comment. Yet it is the portion of the preface which was destined to have the best literary posterity.

The opposition to the theories of *Les Chants modernes* was so intense that Du Camp clearly failed in his attempt to found a new school. At the same time, the principles he set forth were quietly put into effect by a number of independent writers. The fundamental idea that industry is a manifestation of the modern era and as such is not to be neglected would not be downed. Thus, such poets as Laurent-Pichat, François Barrillot, Louise Colet, Eugène Manuel, such truly great geniuses as Victor Hugo and Sully Prudhomme, freely and unhesitatingly utilized in their work industrial scenes and machines.

This episode of French literary history is in itself interesting and, sometimes, even amusing. It had, moreover, two important results. It introduced into poetry a new theme from which writers could draw subjects and comparisons. A whole set of ideas, dramas, pictures, and illustrations was thereby opened up to the poets. In the second place, the poetic language was somewhat broadened and rendered more supple by the penetration of industrial terms. In their efforts to depict modern life in all its aspects, writers found themselves in possession of an instrument better adapted to their needs than before.

The history traced in this volume is not only of some importance as a contribution, however small, to our knowledge concerning French literature of the nineteenth century; it also sheds a certain light upon the major current of French poetry. It is by no means a novelty to assert that the philosophy of the Romantic school was essentially one of escape and protest. Oppressed by the

indifference and incomprehension of society, writers celebrated in prose and verse their own "otherwiseness" and took refuge in a melancholy exoticism. Thus do we explain the extraordinary vogue in Romantic literature of Ossian, of the Middle Ages, of Spain and the Orient, even of America. Thus do we account for the lyrical laments of spiritual isolation that occur in the works of Romantic poets and novelists. They are all obsessed with the importance and uniqueness — Vigny infinitely less than the others — of their own emotional experiences. But as time goes on, a profound change takes place, till with Leconte de Lisle, Baudelaire, and others we once again attain objectivity in French poetry.[1] The philosophy of these writers too is none the less one of escape and protest.

There is an evolution here that needs to be explained. Perhaps the explanation is to be found in the preceding pages. We are convinced, indeed, that the development of the economic life of France is intimately connected with the progressively clearer definition of the escape philosophy of its greatest poets. The revolt of the early Romanticists was literary and personal. They were absorbed, on the one hand, in a struggle to break with the worn-out literary conventions of a bygone age, and, on the other, they were terribly concerned with the problem of individualism. But thirty years later the revolt of the new generation is quite different. It is a denunciation of a materialistic society — a society that, for thirty odd years, had been more and more transformed by the development of industry and commerce. Leconte de Lisle asserts that "l'impure laideur est la reine du monde." The explanation of this phrase may be found in his comments on the "Pandémonium industriel" inserted in the preface of *Poèmes et poésies*. It is from this that he sought to escape.

Théodore de Banville's poetry illustrates this shift of point of view. Less emotional, less personal than the work of Lamartine or Musset, it is less erudite, less exotic, and less objective than

[1] By "objectivity" we do not mean "impassibility." It is a mistake to apply the latter epithet to the poetry of Leconte de Lisle.

that of Leconte de Lisle. Susceptible of many interpretations and judgments, the poetry of Banville may nevertheless be truthfully described as a vigorous and all-embracing protest against a materialistic civilization.[1] For this reason, as well as others, his work appears to us different from that of the poets of 1830. By 1852, Leconte de Lisle was able to ignore almost entirely this purely negative aspect of the problem, though it remains a fundamental reason for his attitude, and to insist upon a constructive program.

Of course, the problem is tremendously complex. While it is true that the escape philosophy of the early Romanticists was essentially personal, it is also quite true that it was partly a reaction against material progress. We are not likely to forget the allusions of Alfred de Musset and of Alfred de Vigny in *Rolla* and *La Maison du berger*. But in spite of these seeming contradictions, we feel that our general contention is correct, that the development of the economic background is largely responsible for the change in the philosophical or social attitude of French poets between 1830 and 1860.

It is important to remember in this connection the well known fact that an essential element of Leconte de Lisle's constructive attitude is his belief in science itself. However much he may deplore the unholy uses of applied science, he cannot do otherwise than feel confidence in the scientific spirit devoted to the discovery of truth.

> L'art et la science, longtemps séparés par suite des efforts divergents de l'intelligence, doivent donc tendre à s'unir étroitement, si ce n'est à se confondre.[2]

Théodore de Banville, not long after, in 1857, wrote:

> Rien n'empêche et ne saurait empêcher l'essor de la Science, de la Poésie, du Génie dans toutes ses manifestations, enfin de ce qui est la vie même de la France.[3]

---

[1] See p. 46.

[2] Preface to *Poèmes antiques* (1852).

[3] Preface to *Odes funambulesques*.

This confidence in science, on the part of men who so roundly denounced some of the results of science, is illuminating. Equally illuminating is the attitude of Alfred de Vigny. In *La Maison du berger* he not only attacked the railroad; he even reproached science itself in a gloomy generalization:

> La science
> Trace autour de la terre un chemin triste et droit;

Later, however, — and it is perhaps worth noting that Leconte de Lisle's preface to the *Poèmes antiques* had then appeared — Vigny declared:

> Le vrai Dieu, le Dieu fort, c'est le Dieu des idées.
> Sur nos fronts où le germe est jeté par le sort,
> Répandons le savoir en fécondes ondées.[1]

Thus, he, too, came to have faith in the scientific spirit.

A recent critic has pointed out that "gains for humanity are, *pari passu*, gains for the expression of humanity that we call literature. Industrialism has been a loss of ground for the one, and romanticism a loss of ground for the other."[2] But he finds comfort in the fact that science has produced more legitimate offspring than industrialism, that science in its purest aspects has contributed to the enlargement of the human spirit and therefore to the enrichment of literature. Such a thesis receives support in the literary theories so eloquently expressed by Leconte de Lisle, whose poetry is certainly an addition to the wealth of classical literature that has at once charmed, consoled, and enriched humanity.

This, of course, is merely one point of view. Industry is not in everyone's eyes the bastard daughter of science. Many, as we have seen, consider her quite legitimate and, as such, capable of inspiring great poetry. One result of this opposition is that studying the work of the latter contributes to clarifying the motives and attitude of the former.

[1] *La Bouteille à la mer* (1858).

[2] N. Arvin, "Romanticism and the Modern Mind," *The Freeman*, February 20 and 27, 1924.

In 1880, Maxime Du Camp was elected to the French Academy. The day of his reception, his *éloge* completed, it was the celebrated Professor Caro who replied. Caro's allusions to *Les Chants modernes* were diverting. He recalled Du Camp's denunciation of the Academy, and assured the author that the Immortals had by no means forgotten his words; they had felt that the best revenge was to overlook that youthful outburst. He also recalled with some irony the theory promulgated in the preface:

> Ce prétendu dogme, qui venait renouveler la vieille poésie épuisée . . . se réduisait à établir dans la poésie le règne des forces physiques, le culte de l'industrie et la gloire des machines. Grand merci pour l'échange que vous nous proposiez.

But as if fearful that this theory might still have some seductive vigor, Caro proceeded to demolish it in a short but decisive paragraph.

It is impossible to say without careful investigation whether *Les Chants modernes* had any direct influence during the last decade or two of the century. In 1895, when Paul Bourget was elected to Du Camp's seat, he made no allusion whatsoever in his eulogy to the book and the controversy it had provoked. Except among a few of Du Camp's contemporaries, the whole affair had doubtless fallen into profound oblivion. But the basic thesis lived on. More accurately, perhaps, it was rediscovered.

Two Belgian poets, Georges Rodenbach and Emile Verhaeren, wrote successfully of industrial scenes. There is no evidence that they were influenced either by Du Camp or by their own countryman, Théodore Weustenraad. Nevertheless, Emile Verhaeren composed poems that are singularly reminiscent of the theories of Du Camp's preface. He succeeded where his precursors had failed. His talent, of course, is incomparably greater. But his method accounts in large measure for his success. Both Du Camp and Weustenraad suffered from the disease of oratory; they felt obliged to express in glowing language their emotions about the astounding progress of the human race. Forty or fifty years later, the visions of a mechanically made millennium had vanished. The

whole attitude had changed; emotion had given way to fact. Verhaeren naturally reflects this new spirit and, in spite of an essentially Romantic temperament, abandons oratory for realism. What is more, he paints for us in faithful colors the very appearance of industry. The machines themselves, quite apart from their relation to man, stimulate his imagination. Certain poems of *Les Villes tentaculaires*[1] — *Les Usines*, for example, — evoke in grandiose, impressive manner, yet by the very simplest process, the spectacle of mechanical force and accomplishment.

It is this characteristic which most distinguishes the work of Verhaeren and other modern poets from that of their numerous precursors. The vast majority of the poets who grace the preceding pages were concerned with the social and philosophical importance of *le Machinisme*, its influence upon the present and future fate of mankind. As artists, they were largely dominated by the rigid opposition created by Théophile Gautier and his followers between the beautiful and the useful. The useful, according to Gautier's formula, is ugly. Machinery, being useful, is ugly. Consequently, if our poets, bewitched by this perfect syllogism, attributed any esthetic value to a machine, it was only in a very limited way. A train rushing across a plain at dusk — there is a beautiful scene for a poet's pen. But the train in such a case is only one element in the tableau; it is not necessarily perceived as being beautiful in and for itself. This restriction will be found in many of the poetic descriptions gathered together in this volume.

The conviction that a machine can in itself be a beautiful thing does not really take possession of French poets till the days of Emile Verhaeren. Yet there are hints of this conception much earlier in the century. In *Paris* (1831) Alfred de Vigny had proclaimed the beauty of the industrial scene that he evoked: "Je ne sais si c'est mal, tout cela; mais c'est beau! Mais c'est grand!" His enthusiasm, alas! was short-lived. In 1837, Hugo said of the railroad, "c'est décidément très beau." This may merely mean

[1] 1895.

that the railroad is a fine thing. But, on the other hand, it may be an esthetic judgment. Consciously or unconsciously, Auguste Barbier in *La Lyre d'airain* (1837) suggested the beauty inherent in factory machinery. We seriously doubt, however, if Barbier would have put forth as a literary theory, that a loom or a locomotive is beautiful. Théodore Weustenraad here and there seems to attribute an esthetic value to industry.

This aspect of the problem was treated in the preface of *Les Chants modernes*. Maxime Du Camp insisted on the pictorial qualities of industry. Then he practically neglected this recommendation in his own *Chants de la matière*. After 1855, as before, a few poets glimpse the beauties of mechanical power. Du Camp himself describes the locomotive as "plein de beauté." A suggestion of esthetic appreciation is to be found in certain poems of Laurent-Pichat, Victor Hugo, and more especially in Villiers de l'Isle-Adam and Sully Prudhomme. But none of these writers give to such a *motif* its full value. None of them deliberately devote their whole talent to the creation of a great picture in which industry is evoked for its own sake. It remained for Emile Verhaeren to do so. For him, machinery was not merely an object of interest; it was an object of beauty.

The poets of the twentieth century follow in Verhaeren's path and accept life in all its aspects. They see and successfully translate the hidden beauties of mechanical power. They perceive in modern machinery some mystery, some fascination, something irresistible that draws from them unrestrained admiration. They realize that modern machinery has contributed vastly to the tenseness, the emotional velocity of contemporary life. All this — the beauty of machinery and its influence on man's inner nature — is rendered by such poets as Louis Mandin, Henri Guilbeaux, Ivan Goll, Valéry Larbaud, Henri Allorge, Jules Romains, and Paul Morand. The first of this group says in *Sous le Tunnel:*

> Ici la vie,
> Et les ténèbres et les cris, et le génie
> De l'homme moderne aux mains noires!
> Ici pas de soleil, mais la foudre en sa gloire.

Ici, le dieu nouveau, qui fait danser les freins,
Et change le vertige en féconde victoire,
Et, d'un trait de ses yeux, nous porte et grisés nous effare,
Le dieu souterrain, souverain.[1]

And the last of these poets writes:

5000 dollars
à qui prouvera
qu'on peut faire entendre un mot dans l'usine
à l'heure où l'on forge les chaudières tubulaires.
Les châssis s'envolent, suspendus;
le crâne éclate
sous les marteaux-pilons.
J'aime ça.[2]

Such is the end of the road we have travelled; such is the modern expression of the poetry of industry. We cannot attempt here to study it in any detail. It is sufficient merely to indicate that a possible relation, however remote, exists between these ultra-modern writers and those poets of the nineteenth century whom we have catalogued in the foregoing chapters. In one sense, the same idea animates the work of both. In another, their productions seem entirely alien. A careful comparison of their poems would doubtless reveal the similarities and the profound differences. It would be necessary to seek the explanation, however, not only in the varied talents of individual writers, but also in the enormously significant characteristics of the eras to which they belong.

[1] *Anthologie des poètes nouveaux*, Paris, 1912.
[2] "Business," *Feuilles de température* (1920).

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

Texts referred to in various footnotes of preceding chapters.

CHAPTER II

PAGE

17 [2]. Un autre, à la vapeur ouvrant d'étroits canaux,
Comprima ses élans dans d'énormes fourneaux,
Et, fixant, à leurs flancs deux orbes tutélaires,
Fit marcher sur les flots nos flottantes galères.
Grâce à lui, les vaisseaux changés en chars mouvants,
Peuvent fuir les écueils et se jouer des vents.

24 [1]. Divins ouvriers, à l'ouvrage!
Au bruit cadencé des marteaux
Forgeons la foudre pour l'orage:
Allons! sous la dent des étaux
Broyons la veine des métaux.

24 [2]. D'une locomotive on croirait voir du feu
Jaillir en jets ardents des flammes de son jeu,
D'un foyer sourd, profond, où la bile bouillante
Donne aux yeux cet éclair, imprégné d'épouvante.

25 [1]. O siècle de fumée et de bruyants travaux,
On veut que je vous aime! Aimez-vous le poète?
L'usine envahit tout. Où ferai-je retraite?
Où fuir les Cyclopes nouveaux?
La forge est au vallon, au fond du précipice.
Plus de Nymphe sans artifice!
Dans un nuage sulfureux
L'horrible wagon qui s'élance,
Des marteaux la lourde cadence
Du plus charmant désert font un séjour affreux.

25 [2]. Etre prométhéen, ô céleste machine,
Ah! comme la sueur coule de ta poitrine,
Après tant de fatigue, ainsi qu'un noir coursier,
Tu reposes enfin tes quatre pieds d'acier.
Oui, je te chanterai, bizarre créature.
Je ne résiste plus, tu domptes ma nature.

25 [3]. Sous les coups incessants des gigantesques roues
Couvertes en tous sens d'une armure de fer,
L'eau bleuâtre bondit, mousse et frappe mes joues,
Au milieu d'un bruit sourd qui semble de l'enfer.

. . . . . .

Le bateau, redoublant sa course triomphale,
Et doucement posé sur la croupe des flots,
Glisse en faisant sortir de son grand mât de bronze
Un torrent noir qui plane ainsi que le milan,
Tandis que le pilote aussi calme qu'un Bonze,
A travers les écueils dirige son élan.

37 [1]. Ici, c'est l'industrie ouvrant ses larges ailes,
Pour essayer sans cesse un plus rapide essor;
En tous lieux ses mains pleines d'or
En laissent tomber des parcelles.
Là, c'est l'œuvre féconde inspirée au savant;
C'est le chant sacré du poète;
Ici, c'est la voix qui répète:
"Artistes, marchons en avant!"

"L'Intelligence," *Espoir, poésies nouvelles*, 1845.

43 [2]. Dans un cylindre épais, l'eau pure renfermée
Palpite en s'échauffant sur la houille enflammée,
Torrent impétueux qui se gonfle en son cours,
Centuple son volume en de brûlants détours,
Et, par l'issue ouverte à ses laves actives,
Epanche en s'échappant ses colères captives.
Contre un double levier la vapeur se heurtant
Monte avec le piston qu'elle hausse en sortant;
Hors de l'étroit conduit le levier qui s'élance
Dans le vide bientôt rentre avec violence
Et, foulant la vapeur qui le chasse au retour,
Quand l'autre redescend, se redresse à son tour.
Une roue, à leur jeu prêtant obéissance,
Suit des membres de fer l'inflexible puissance,
Et le colosse, éclos sous le souffle de Dieu
Gronde comme la foudre et marche avec le feu!

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

C'est un vaisseau sans mât, sans voile, sans cordages!
Un panache, qui flotte à ses larges naseaux
Fume après lui dans l'air et plane sur les eaux;
Deux nageoires, fendant l'onde qui tourbillonne,
S'agitent à ses flancs où l'écume bouillonne,
Et sur le flot vaincu sa croupe s'élevant
Glisse droit sur la vague et va contre le vent.

. . . . . .

Et, noir Léviathan, dans sa course emporté
Sous le front du navire il passe avec fierté.
L'œil qui plonge éperdu dans ses cavités sombres
Voit autour du brasier errer de pâles ombres
Pareils à ces damnés dont la fourche de fer
Attise incessamment les bûchers de l'enfer,
Sous les rouges reflets d'une vaste chaudière,
Les démons dispersés nagent dans la lumière,
Et de blocs noirs, lancés à ses antres sifflants
Alimentent l'Etna qui mugit dans ses flancs.
L'onde qui s'évapore et s'échappe grondante
S'élève en tourbillons de la fournaise ardente,
Et de l'artère immense animant les ressorts
Sous ses muscles de fer fait mouvoir ce grand corps.

Napoléon au camp de Boulogne, M. J. Lesguillon.

43 [3]. (*a*) Sous d'énormes marteaux le métal s'aplanit:
Sous le cylindre épais bientôt il s'élargit;
Dans de vastes mortiers le pilon vient descendre;
De la scie, à son tour, le cri se fait entendre;
La grue offre ses dents pour monter les fardeaux,
Et les soufflets pleins d'air font mugir les fourneaux.
Et bien! c'est la vapeur qui produit et s'applique
Ce gigantesque point du travail dynamique!
Elle seule, à son gré, put mépriser les lois
Que le labeur des mains s'imposait autrefois.

La Vapeur, H. Poullain.

(*b*) Maintenant que les fils de l'active Albion
Saisissent de Papin la machine-modèle;
Que Savery, que Watt, s'enrichissent par elle,
Que même elle ait grandi sous la main de Fulton;
Que ces fils, si puissants sur l'empire de l'onde,
Armés qu'ils étaient du trident
Aient salué le souffle ardent
Qui fait de la vapeur la maîtresse du monde;

Que dans ses intérêts, toujours si palpitants
Londres sur des wagons ait marché la première
Et que ses chars, roulant dans une double ornière,
S'élancent, fendent l'air, et dévorent le temps:
Les mortels étonnés, admirant son audace,
A ses succès applaudiront,
Et les peuples s'empresseront
De suivre, avec transport, la route qu'elle trace.

La Découverte de la vapeur, J. S. Boubée.

(*c*) Trouvez-moi, s'il se peut, un spectacle plus beau,
Que ces grands chars, roulant dans leur ornière d'eau,
Vainqueurs audacieux du vent qui les ballotte
Dont le feu qui dévore est le premier pilote,
Ces chars navigateurs, à qui le genre humain
Semble, au lieu de coursiers, atteler le chemin.
La Vapeur, J. Le Fèvre-Deumier.

43 [4]. . . . le sifflet et l'heure au cri d'airain
Délivrent les coursiers hennissant sous le frein,
Etalons dont la race est encore un mystère
Descendus du soleil ou sortis de la terre,
Tous noirs, tous baptisés, d'un poétique nom,
Encelade, Vulcain, Prométhée, Alecton;
Ils partent, leurs naseaux, leurs pieds lancent la braise
Le long convoi massif vole avec la fournaise,
Déroule sa fumée ainsi qu'un étendard
Et se perd dans l'azur du ciel ou le brouillard.

47 [1]. Le cornet sonne, on part; d'un électrique choc
Se heurtent les wagons, comme de roc en roc.
Le fer grince, l'air siffle, et le noir moteur gronde;
Tout passe comme un trait, les champs, les arbres, l'onde.

. . . . . .

Un grand choc ébranla le monstre voyageur:
Le guide avait trop vite enrayé le moteur.
Lorsqu'enfin s'arrêta la masse énorme et lourde,
L'Anglais était aveugle, et l'Allemande sourde.

47 [2]. Tantôt comme un dragon à la gueule enflammée,
Laissant sur son passage une épaisse fumée,
S'annonçant à grand bruit par de longs sifflements,
Elle fatigue l'œil qui suit ses mouvements;
S'excitant elle-même, en sa marche hâtive,
Elle donne l'essor à la locomotive:

. . . . . .

Tantôt aussi l'on voit la vapeur; — ce géant
Toujours prêt au combat, — défier l'océan.

47 [3]. Et voilà, maintenant, qu'un prodige nouveau
Du monde social achève le niveau,
La Vapeur qui propage, à l'ombre de son aile,
L'ordre, la liberté, l'unité fraternelle.

. . . . . .

Les peuples voyageurs, dans leur pèlerinage,
Ne formeront entr'eux qu'un immense engrenage,

47 [4]. Ici, dès qu'il (l'homme) le veut, les routes nivelées
Courent au cœur des monts, ou pendent aux vallées,
Ouvrages dont l'aspect nous frappe de stupeur;
Et quand, en noirs filets, le rail-way se déploie
Il vient prendre sa place, et sur l'étroite voie
Lance ses coursiers de vapeur.

49 [1]. Où l'arbre dégouttait de chants et d'heureux cris,
Où la source lavait l'oiseau qu'un pas effraie,
Un rail tend tristement un ruban sec et gris
Flanqué d'ignobles tas de cailloux et de craie.

49. [2] Oui, vos industriels ruinent votre industrie;
Et pour réaliser leurs projets hasardeux,
Sèment de tous côtés la misère autour d'eux.
. . . . . .
Est-ce là le progrès qu'on vous avait prédit?

49 [3]. Pourtant, je ne veux pas, par des pleurs de regrets,
Rendre à jamais glissant le sentier des progrès,
Ni clouer sur ses rails par un veto stupide
De l'ardente vapeur la puissance rapide;

49 [4]. . . . et le wagon rapide,
A peine dans son vol sur la terre porté,
Au terme du chemin d'un seul bond emporté,
Sur ses axes de fer légèrement gravite:
Tout va peut-être mal, mais du moins tout va vite.

49 [5]. Chante sur la lyre d'Homère
A ce peuple de travailleurs
Un hymne qui de la matière
Puisse enfin détacher leurs cœurs.

49 [6]. Immense scolopendre aux mille pieds roulants,
Une ligne de chars, de sa machine armée,
Semant le feu, sifflant, soufflant flamme et fumée,
Sur deux rubans de fer, s'avançait dans les champs.
(A shepherd, who owns the adjacent field, places a pebble on the track.)

C'en est assez: la roue abandonne la trace;
Le train déraille, et contre un roc
La machine frappe; et du choc,
Tout se renverse, tout se casse.
Le berger est vengé, le sot orgueil puni.
Beaucoup diront: c'est pain bénit.

CHAPTER III

69[1]. Voilà que le coteau, tout à l'heure immobile
S'anime tout à coup et fuit d'un pas agile;
La décoration, dans les brumes du soir,
Change au coup de sifflet du machiniste noir;
En route donc; adieu! Que c'est bon d aller vite.
Et, cependant, hélas! mes amis, je vous quitte!
L'hippogriffe enflammé m'emporte loin de vous;
Quelques heures mettront tout un monde entre nous!
Albert, où donc es-tu? toi qui sais tant de choses
Qui connais les secrets des savants et des roses,
Tu me disséquerais ce fabuleux coursier
Et ses poumons de bronze et ses jarrets d'acier.
Ignorant que je suis, j'ouvre mes deux oreilles
Au récit émouvant de toutes ces merveilles;

CHAPTER V

116[1]. Vois-tu cette fournaise aux flammes haletantes,
Ces leviers confondant mille clameurs stridentes,
Ces spirales sans fin et ce lourd balancier?
C'est là, dans cet enfer, que le frêle cyclope;
Forge, non le filet où Vénus s'enveloppe;
Mais la chimère au cœur d'acier!
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
D'une haleine de flamme animer ce colosse
Et le rendre aussi doux que le plus doux molosse,
Soit qu'il fende les mers comme Léviathan,
Soit que sur le rail-way, seul, il anéantisse
L'espace et la durée, ou qu'il laboure ou tisse,
Non, ce n'est point assez pour le nouveau Titan.

S'il a pétri le fer comme autrefois l'argile,
S'il soulève les monts avec sa main fragile;
S'il parle à l'océan avec le ton d'un Dieu;
Il a saisi la terre en de fortes tenailles,
Et, fouillant le secret de ses vastes entrailles,
Jusque dans sa fournaise il a puisé le feu.

After some argument with the Poet, the Muse says in surrender:

Puisque l'amour de l'or que j'avais cru seul maître
N'a pas dans tous les cœurs tué l'amour du beau
. . . . . .

O poète, j'accours! j'accours, l'âme enflammée,
Que m'importe la forge et sa noire fumée;
Si nous pouvons encor, grâce au pouvoir des vers,
Encourager les bons et flétrir les pervers.

117[1]. (*a*) Et vous, ô pléiade étoilée,
Persécutés de tous les temps,
Colomb, de Serres, Galilée,
Fulton, Jacquard, noms éclatants!

. . . . . .

A vous la gloire! car vous êtes
Les héros de l'humanité!

P. Véron, "Les Héros," *Rev. de Paris*, Sept. 1, 1857.

(*b*) Il franchit les rails et les eaux,
Soulève les puissants marteaux,
Fend la pierre, arrache la ronce,
Plante, moissonne, tisse, coud;
Tes défis sont restés debout,
Et la Vapeur fait la réponse!

H. Brissac, "Magnus," *Le Banquet*, 1855.

(*c*) La machine aux axes mouvants
Prise de vertige, exaltée,
Gronde et tord ses membres vivants,
C'est l'atelier de Prométhée;

H. Potié, "L'Exposition universelle," *Rev. phil et rel.*, Jan. 1856.

(*d*) Regardez! dans l'usine elle tisse le lin,
Epure la toison et forme le vélin.

. . . . . .

Sur les mers contemplez sa course triomphale.

. . . . . .

Formidable vapeur, que ton rugissement
Ne nous offre donc plus qu'un bon pressentiment:
Centuple le progrès, centuple l'Industrie;

Des Vergnes, "La Vapeur," *Cœur et patrie*, 1855.

(*e*) Mais quel monstre se précipite?
Centaure impatient du frein,
Dans sa poitrine qui palpite
Halètent des poumons d'airain.
La vapeur tonne: où je la guide
Elle m'emporte, plus rapide
Que le vol fougueux des antans.
Des airs j'envahis le domaine
Et mollement je me promène,
Balancé sur des chars flottants.

Maury, "Le Progrès," *Recueil des Jeux Floraux*, 1858.

(*f*) C'en est fait. . . . De Suez à l'antique Péluse,
Le flux se précipite et, d'écluse en écluse,
Le niveau s'établit entre les deux bassins

. . . . . .

L'Egypte a salué cette blanche spirale
Qu'au front de tes *steamers* attache la vapeur.
Garnier, "Le Canal de Suez," *Recueil des Jeux Floraux*, 1857.

(*g*) Tu peux te proclamer le roi de la matière;
Ton fil télégraphique a ceint la terre entière;
Ta voile est la vapeur, et ton coursier le feu.
Homme! . . . Roi! . . . qu'ai-je dit? Tu n'est rien par toi-même:
Tu n'es que le sujet de ton maître suprême,
Tu n'est que l'ouvrier de Dieu.

117 [3]. Belle conception d'un génie inventeur!
Rouages merveilleux! Magnifique machine!
Mais sur l'homme amoindri par trop elle domine
Je n'en puis sans réserve être l'adulateur.

. . . . . .

La matière fait tout, l'homme est son serviteur.
Veiller sur les brasiers et fournir au moteur
L'aliment qu'il demande, est son unique étude;
L'œil au guet, il écoute avec inquiétude;
C'est un ordre pour lui qu'un souffle, un sifflement.

CHAPTER VI

141 [2]. J'admirais, comme en longs fils d'or,
Sur les métiers, de broche en broche,
La soie invisible se tord,
Se double, et fuit, et se rapproche.

. . . . . .

Sous les bobines qui tournaient,
Rattachant chaque brin de soie,
Ses petits doigts allaient, venaient,
Serraient ou lâchaient la courroie.

. . . . . .

(The poet realizes that the girl is pregnant)
Elle portait effrontément
Le poids sacré de cette honte.

142 [5]. Un seul commis, veillant sur la machine ronde,
Tourne une manivelle et fait aller le monde.
Quelques longs fils partis de ce centre commun
Meuvent les pieds, les mains, la langue de chacun.
Le temps ne se perd plus en discussion vaine. . . .

143 [2]. Comme un coursier bouillant d'écume,
Vois, Fulton, ta machine fume
Et rase le sol aplani;
Daguerre, dans sa chambre obscure
Cachant un coin de la nature,
La multiplie à l'infini.

. . . . . .

Heureux qui de notre patrie
Foule aujourd'hui le sol sacré!
Du savoir ou de l'industrie
Nul bienfait n'y reste ignoré!

143 [3]. Le voyez-vous, semblable à la foudre qui passe
Sous ses pas dévorant l'espace,
Le grand char que meut la vapeur?
Echangeant les produits des cités étrangères,
Il fond les nations en un peuple de frères,
Sublime pacificateur.
Et pourtant le seul doigt d'un homme
Règle, presse, suspend la marche du géant:
De Paris à Moscou, de Pékin jusqu'à Rome,
C'est lui qui rétrécit les bornes du néant.
Mais de ses bras de fer qu'une main imprudente
Ose toucher les magiques ressorts,
Et soudain, déchaînant sa force impatiente,
Il éclate au milieu des débris et des morts.

143 [4]. Les faubourgs par la Faim aux mamelles arides
Sont hantés. Les métiers restent muets et vides,
Et la fabrique oisive a clos ses ateliers.
Le coton, qui faisait manœuvrer les leviers
Et courir la navette et gémir l'engrenage,
Qui nourrissait la ville et le prochain village
Comme l'huile nourrit la lampe, le coton
Manque à la filature, et dans chaque maison,
Sur chaque seuil, on voit la misère installée.

143 [5]. Là-bas, le voyez-vous traverser les campagnes,
Et courir se plonger dans un gouffre béant,
Puis ressortir fumant du ventre des montagnes
Avec son char de fer et son brasier ardent?

. . . . . .

Quelquefois, vers le soir, quand mon âme pensive
Se repose un instant des fatigues du jour,
Je le revois dans l'ombre avec sa clarté vive,
Et son aigre sifflet m'annonce son retour;

Mais là, pour rafraîchir ses entrailles brûlantes,
Il s'arrête, et bientôt les ondes bouillonnantes
Dans sa gorge d'airain jettent un cri d'adieu;
Formant de son haleine une écharpe ondoyante,
Il reprend son essor, poitrine haletante,
En sillonnant la nuit comme un dragon de feu.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Je le retrouve encor sur la plaine liquide,
Et comme un cavalier sur les flots bondissants,
Il dompte ses coursiers à la crinière humide;
L'hélice est l'éperon dont il presse leurs flancs.
Quand les vents déchaînés dans la nuit sans étoiles
Viennent briser ses mâts et déchirer ses voiles,
Toujours il est vainqueur du terrible élément;
Il peut sur l'océan braver le gouffre immense,
L'antique dieu des mers, lui cédant sa puissance,
Dans sa main formidable a remis son trident.

143 [6]. Ce n'est pas sans plaisir qu'à l'abri d'un manteau
Et couché tout du long sur le pont d'un vaisseau,
Par une belle nuit de lueurs constellée,
Je me sens emporter sur la plaine salée.
Mêlée aux sons aigus du cri des matelots,
Autour de moi mugit la grande voix des flots;
Le bois de la poulie au faîte des cordages
Gémit comme l'oiseau précurseur des orages,
La vapeur avec bruit s'épanche en jets fumeux;
Mais au-dessus de moi le calme est dans les cieux,
Et je vois sur la voûte infinie et sans voiles
Silencieusement resplendir les étoiles.

151 [2]. Mais voilà qu'une ère nouvelle
Rajeunit le monde trop vieux.
Quelle clarté vive étincelle
Dans tes vallons tumultueux?
Où vont ces messagers rapides,
Portant la flamme dans leurs flancs,
Glissant sur ces chemins rigides,
Et dépassant presque les vents?

151 [3]. Accourez, ô peuples du monde!
Déployez vos fiers étendards,
Apportez la gerbe féconde,
De l'Industrie et des Beaux-Arts.
Venez des confins de la terre,

Artistes, ouvriers, penseurs,
Et prenez rang dans la carrière
Ouverte aux talents créateurs.

151⁴. Les produits usuels ont aussi leur grandeur,
Et la foule autour d'eux s'empresse avec ardeur.
Un rouleau de papier, coulé pour écriture,
De visiteurs attire une triple ceinture.
Joynson et les Spicer, grands manufacturiers,
Briguent pour ce tribut de solides lauriers.
Deux mille cinq cents yards sont absorbés de reste
A mesurer le cours d'une pâte modeste.
De la machine ainsi l'effet est attesté,
Car la bouillie aqueuse, en une extrémité,
Versant à plein ses flots sur une aire bien nue,
Se transforme aussitôt en feuille continue,
Et quand enfin la pâte arrive à l'autre bout,
Déjà c'est un papier sec et parfait en tout.

Chant viii.

152¹. Dirai-je les apprêts et les soins que réclame
Cette soie encor vierge et sortant du moulin,
Avant qu'elle devienne et la chaîne et la trame
Qui du bruyant métier provoqueront l'entrain?
Le travail qu'elle exige à d'honnêtes familles
Fournit le vêtement et leur donne du pain;
Et, pour se faire ourdir, elle offre aux jeunes filles
La vie et l'honneur par le gain.

152³. L'homme s'est asservi cent éléments divers.
La Science et l'Idée ont conquis l'univers.
La vapeur frémissante obéit à des guides;
Et, dociles au frein, d'invisibles fluides,
En tous lieux animant d'électriques courants,
Déversant la pensée et la vie à torrents.
Pour le bien-être humain, les machines utiles
Vont, remplaçant les bras dans les travaux serviles,
L'industrie activée étale ses splendeurs.

152⁴. Il est la flamme qui réchauffe,
Le rayon qui chasse la nuit;
C'est l'ardente vapeur qui chauffe,
C'est le wagon qui roule et fuit.

152⁷. Le chaudron bout, le sifflet siffle,
La fumée en masses se tord;
Le piston bat, râcle, renifle. . . .
L'on apporte un colis, — le mort.

Dépêchez-vous! Prenez vos places!
Parents, amis, vite aux guichets!
Premières ou deuxièmes classes,
—Vos billets, messieurs, dépêchez!

Et sur le rail en incendie
L'ardent hippocampe de fer,
Aux pieds du mort qu'on expédie,
Hurle les sabbats de l'enfer!

Par train express! grande vitesse!
Les morts vont vite pour le coup!
Et nous exproprions, Lutèce,
Tes os . . . L'hygiène avant tout.

APPENDIX B

TECHNICAL WORDS

Group I. Words of Recent Foreign Origin

Word	Used by	Date	Page
dérailler	Donzel	1848	49, 187
dock	De Banville	1862	138
	Renaud	1870	150
express	Soulary	1857	126
	Villars	1870	152, 194
pyroscaphe	Pommier	1844	30
rail	Lapointe	1844	35
	Vacquerie	1845	49, 187
	Pertus	1846	49, 187
	De Banville	1847	46
	Laurent-Pichat	1847	48
	Dupont	1848	53
	Brissac	1855	116, 189
	Lemoyne	1866	148
	Coppée	1870	154
	Villars	1870	152, 194
rail-way	Aliez	1849	47, 187
	Colet	1852	74
	Py	1857	116, 188
steam-boat	Minier	1856	117
steamer	Pommier	1845	40
	Hugo	1854	129
	De Banville	1857	118
	Garnier	1857	116, 190
	Hugo	1859	132
	Gautier	1869	152
télégraphe	Hugo	1819	17
	Hugo	1859	131
tender	Du Camp	1858	135
tunnel	Soulary	1857	51
turbine	Michu	1862	146
wagon	Barbier	1837	23
	Festeau	1841	36
	Porchat	1842	25, 183
	Pommier	1844	29

Word	Used by	Date	Page
	Boubée	1845	185
	Pommier	1845	39
	Vacquerie	1845	49
	Martin	1846	47, 186
	De Peyronnet	1846	49, 187
	Tisseur	1853	70
	Barrillot	1857	124
	Hugo	1854	129
	Soulary	1857	51
	Lemoyne	1866	148
	P. Barthélemy	1867	152, 193
wagonnet	Renaud	1870	150

Group II

We include here words that belonged to the French language but that had never, or at least very infrequently, been used by the poets.

aérostat	Barrillot	1857	123
aiguilleur	Coppée	1870	154
bitume	Mathieu	1843	55
	Hugo	1853	69
bitumineux	Pommier	1844	31
câble	Barthélemy	1855	114
	Juillerat	1857	116
	Boulay-Paty	1858	117
carton-pâte	De Banville	1857	119
casse	Michu	1862	145
chaudière	Barbier	1837	21
	Vigny	1842	28
	Pommier	1845	39
	Lesguillon	1845	43, 185
	Tisseur	1853	70
	Potvin	1854	73
	Laurent-Pichat	1855	120
	Villiers de l'Isle-Adam	1866	155
	Renaud	1870	150
chauffage	Dupont	1848	53
chauffeur	Dupont	1848	52
	Villiers de l'Isle-Adam	1866	156
chemin de fer	Musset	1833	20
	Festeau	1841	36
	Germigny	1842	31
	Stappaerts	1843	56
	Pommier	1844	30

Word	Used by	Date	Page
	Lapointe	1844	35
	Martin	1846	47
	Van Hasselt	1859	128
	Villars	1870	152
cliché	Michu	1862	145
contre-maître	Baudelaire	1857	126
électricité	Michu	1862	145
électrique	Boulay-Paty	1855	117
	Van Hasselt	1859	128
engrenage	Laurent-Pichat	1844	26
	Barthélemy	1846	43
	Theuriet	1863	143, 191
filature	Pommier	1844	30
	Theuriet	1863	143, 191
fonte	Pommier	1844	31
	Weustenraad	1844	62
	Pommier	1845	39
	Laprade	1845	42
	Du Camp	1855	94
	Barthélemy	1855	114
	Laurent-Pichat	1855	120
	Bornier	1869	153
	Villiers de l'Isle-Adam	1866	154
gangue	Soulary	1857	127
grappin	Dupont	1848	53
grisou	Renaud	1870	150
grue	Poullain	1845	43, 185
haut-fourneau	Barbier	1837	23
	Weustenraad	1844	60
hélice	Genoux	1850	36
	Prior	1865	143, 192
houille	Barbier	1837	21
	Lesguillon	1845	43, 184
	Tisseur	1847	50
	Tisseur	1853	70
houillère	Renaud	1870	150
laminoir	Weustenraad	1844	61
	S. Prudhomme	1866	156
locomotive	Cuisin	1839	24, 183
	Pommier	1844	29
	Lapointe	1844	35
	A. des Essarts	1846	47, 186
	Pommier	1845	39
	Tisseur	1847	50

Word	Used by	Date	Page
	Dupont	1848	52, 53
	Genoux	1850	36
	Vincent	1854	72
	Du Camp	1855	94
	Minier	1856	117
	Barrillot	1857	123
	Du Camp	1858	135
	Hugo	1859	133
moteur	Martin	1846	47, 186
	MacCarthy	1857	117, 190
	Renaud	1870	151
moteur hydraulique	Lebreton	1840	37
pilon	Poullain	1845	43, 185
	S. Prudhomme	1866	156
piston	Barbier	1837	21
	Pommier	1845	38
	Lesguillon	1845	43, 184
	Barthélemy	1855	114
	Minier	1856	117
	Villars	1870	152, 193
plomb	Barthélemy	1855	114
poulie	Barthélemy	1855	114
remorqueur	Stappaerts	1843	56
	Weustenraad	1841	58
réseau	Barthélemy	1855	114
	Villiers de l'Isle-Adam	1866	155
rouage	Barbier	1837	21
	Bouilhet	1854	71
	Laurent-Pichat	1855	120
	MacCarthy	1857	117, 190
	Bornier	1869	153
scorie	Mathieu	1843	55
	S. Prudhomme	1866	157
train	Donzel	1848	49, 187
	Soulary	1857	126
	Coppée	1870	154
	Villars	1870	152, 194
tuyau	Barbier	1837	21
	Pommier	1844	30
usine	Porchat	1842	25, 183
	Dupont	1848	54
	Laurent-Pichat	1852	68
	Du Camp	1855	91
	Des Vergnes	1855	116, 189

Word	Used by	Date	Page
	Juillerat	1857	116
	Du Camp	1858	135
	Michu	1862	145
	Lefèvre	1865	143
zinc	Barthélemy	1855	114

It will be noted that some of the words in the above list are neologisms. One example is *locomotive*. The word had existed in French as an adjective; as a noun, it entered the language at the time of the invention of the railroad engine, and several years later penetrated the poetic vocabulary.

Group III. Words Used with Technical Meaning

atelier	Laprade	1845	41
	Tisseur	1853	70
	Vincent	1854	72
	Potvin	1854	73
	Michu	1862	144
	Bornier	1869	153
	Coppée	1869	153
balancier	Pommier	1845	39
	Potvin	1854	73
	Py	1857	116
	Bornier	1869	153
bobine	Barbier	1837	21
	Pommier	1845	39
	Dupont	1848	53
	Michu	1862	146
	Manuel	1863	141, 190
carder	Pommier	1844	30
chaîne	Barbier	1837	21
conduit	Lesguillon	1845	43, 184
crampon	Barbier	1837	21
dent	Hugo	1846	45
	Poullain	1845	43, 185
	De Banville	1847	47
	Du Camp	1855	92
	Laurent-Pichat	1855	120
dévider	Pommier	1844	30
étau	Laurent-Pichat	1844	26
	Du Camp	1855	92
fabrication	Pommier	1844	31
fabrique	Lebreton	1840	37
	Lapointe	1844	34

Word	Used by	Date	Page
	Baudelaire	1857	126
	Theuriet	1863	143, 191
forge	Van Hasselt	1842	57
	S. Prudhomme	1866	156
huile	Tisseur	1847	50
industrie	Tastu	1823	18
	Barbier	1837	21
	Lebreton	1840	36
	Weustenraad	1840	58
	Germigny	1842	32
	Mathieu	1843	55
	Pommier	1844	30
	Lebreton	1845	36
	Laurent-Pichat	1847	48
	V. Barbier	1848	49, 187
	Vincent	1854	72
	De Belloy	1855	117
	Laurent-Pichat	1855	119
	Soulary	1857	51
	Des Vergnes	1855	116, 189
	Michu	1862	144
	De Garel	1862	143
	Pailleron	1864	142
	Lefèvre	1865	143
	Foulc	1866	151, 192
	Togno	1866	152, 193
levier	Barbier	1837	21
	Lesguillon	1845	43, 184
	Barthélemy	1855	114
	Py	1857	116, 188
	Theuriet	1863	143, 191
machine	Barbier	1831	20
	Barbier	1837	22
	Deschamps	1841	25
	Boubée	1845	43, 185
	Pommier	1845	38
	Laprade	1845	41
	Hugo	1846	45
	De Banville	1847	47
	Donzel	1848	49, 187
	Dupont	1848	53
	Colet	1852	74
	Tisseur	1853	70
	Vincent	1854	72

Word	Used by	Date	Page
machine	Laurent-Pichat	1855	119
	Potié	1856	116, 189
	Baudelaire	1857	125
	MacCarthy	1857	117, 190
	Laincel	1862	142
	De Garel	1862	143
	Pailleron	1864	142
	Lemoyne	1866	148
	Togno	1866	152, 193
	Bellin	1867	151, 193
	De Banville	1868	149
	Coppée	1867	154
	Bornier	1869	153
	Renaud	1870	151
manivelle	Laprade	1862	142, 190
marteau	Pommier	1845	39
	Weustenraad	1844	61
	Laprade	1845	42
	Poullain	1845	43, 185
	Tisseur	1853	70
	Du Camp	1855	91
	Brissac	1855	116, 189
	Barrillot	1857	123
	Du Camp	1858	135
	De Podestat	1868	152
mécanique	Pommier	1844	30
	Colet	1852	74
métier	Barbier	1837	22
	Lapointe	1844	34
	Dupont	1848	53
	Reynaud	1852	68
	Colet	1852	74
	Vincent	1854	72
	Alexandre	1855	102
	Michu	1862	145
	Manuel	1863	141, 190
	Debelfort	1868	152, 193
mortier	Poullain	1845	43, 185
navette	Lapointe	1844	34
	Laprade	1845	42
	Theuriet	1863	143, 191
rouet	Barbier	1837	21
rouleau	Du Camp	1855	93
tisser	Pommier	1844	30

There was no need of the industrial movement to supply poets with these words. Some of them, indeed, had belonged to the poetic vocabulary for a long time. Ronsard used *dévider;* LaFontaine and Boileau used *machine.* But when the process indicated by *dévider* is accomplished by mechanical power; when a machine is one run by steam, then the words *dévider* and *machine* assume technical meaning.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

BIBLIOGRAPHY

In order to make this bibliography serve as a chronological table for the subject, we have adopted in two parts a chronological rather than an alphabetical system.

In some cases, i. e., where it seems essential to do so, we give the title of an individual poem rather than of the collection in which it was printed. The date of composition frequently makes this necessary.

I. Poems and Collections of Poems

Arranged chronologically

1826	Tastu, Mme Amable	*Poésies.*
1830	Ampère, J. J.	La Flotte.
		La Démocratie. (See *Heures de poésie*, 1863.)
1831	Barbier, A.	*Iambes.*
	Hugo, V.	*Les Feuilles d'automne.*
	Vigny, A. de	*Paris.*
1835	Hugo, V.	*Les Chants du crépuscule.*
	Musset, A. de	*Rolla.*
1837	Barbier, A.	*Satires et poèmes.*
	Hugo, V.	*Les Voix intérieures.*
1838	Quinet, E.	*Prométhée.*
1839	Lamartine, A.	*Les Recueillements.*
1840	Hugo, V.	*Les Rayons et les ombres.*
	Lebreton, Th.	*Heures de repos d'un ouvrier.*
1841	Deschamps, A.	*Le Travail et la vapeur.*
	Lamartine, A.	*La Marseillaise de la paix.*
	Rodrigues, O.	*Poésies sociales des ouvriers.*
1842	Van Hasselt, A.	*Souvenirs de Liége.*
	Porchat	Le Palimpseste, *Rev. du Lyonnais.*
	Juillerat, P.	*Croix-Fontaine.*
1843	Stappaerts, L.	Le Chemin de fer et le remorqueur, *Rev. belge.*
	Germigny, P.	*Une Lyre à l'atelier.*
	Mathieu, Ad.	Mons et ses environs, *Rev. belge.*
1844	Lapointe, S.	*Une Voix d'en bas.*
	Chevreau, H. and Laurent-Pichat	*Les Voyageuses.*
	Pommier, A.	*Colères.*
	Vigny, A. de	*La Maison du berger.*

1845	Vacquerie, A.	*Demi-Teintes.*
	Pommier, A.	*La Découverte de la vapeur.*
	Laprade, V. de	*L'Age nouveau.*
	Barthélemy, A.	*La Vapeur.*
	Lesguillon, M. J.	*Napoléon au camp de Boulogne.*
	Poullain, H.	*La Vapeur.*
	Boubée, J. S.	*La Découverte de la vapeur.*
	Le Fèvre-Deumier, J.	*La Vapeur.*
1846	Hugo, V.	Melancholia.
		A Villequier, *Les Contemplations* (1856).
	Martin, N.	En Chemin de fer, *L'Artiste*, Feb.
	Des Essarts, A.	*Salomon de Caux.*
	Barthélemy, A.	La Démocratie, *Zodiaque.*
	Pertus, C.	*Dies irae.*
	De Peyronnet	*Satires.*
1847	De Banville, Th.	La Malédiction de Cypris. (See *Poésies complètes.*)
	Laurent-Pichat	*Libres Paroles.*
1848	Barbier, V.	*Les Proscrits.*
	Weustenraad, Th.	*Poésies lyriques.*
	Donzel, F.	La Machine à vapeur et le berger, *Rev. du Lyonnais.*
	Tisseur, J.	La Locomotive. (See *Poésies de Jean Tisseur*, 1885.)
1849	Aliez, A.	Le Progrès, *Recueil des Jeux Floraux.*
1850	Genoux, C.	*Chants de l'atelier.*
1851–		
1854	Dupont, P.	*Chants et chansons.*
1852	Gautier, Th.	*Emaux et Camées.*
	Leconte de Lisle	*Poèmes antiques.*
	Laurent-Pichat	*L'Eau qui chante.*
	Colet, L.	*La Colonie de Metray.*
1853	Hugo, V.	*Les Châtiments.*
	Reynaud, C.	*Epîtres, contes et pastorales.*
	Tisseur, J.	Une Visite au tombeau de Jacquard. (See *Poésies de Jean Tisseur.*)
	Laprade, V. de	Les Taureaux, *Rev. des Deux Mondes*, Oct. 15.
1854	Bouilhet, L.	*Les Fossiles.*
	Potvin, C.	La Vapeur, *Rev. trimestrielle de Bruxelles.*
	Vincent, A.	La Guerre d'Orient, *Rev. du Lyonnais.*
1855	Du Camp, M.	*Les Chants modernes.*
	Leconte de Lisle	*Poèmes et poésies.*
	Ménard, L.	*Poèmes.*
	Laprade, V. de	*Les Symphonies.*
	Barthélemy, A.	*L'Exposition.*
	Alexandre, C.	L'Exposition, *La Revue*, Nov.

1855	Des Vergnes, F.	*Cœur et patrie.*
	Brissac, H.	*Le Banquet.*
	Meurice, P.	*Paris.*
	Rhéal, S.	*La Vision de Faustus.*
	Viennet	Epître à Despréaux, *Epîtres et satires.*
1856	Hugo, V.	*Les Contemplations.*
	Laurent-Pichat	*Chroniques rimées.*
	Minier, H.	*Mœurs et travers.*
	Potié	L'Exposition universelle, *Rev. philosophique et religieuse,* Jan.
1857	Baudelaire, Ch.	*Les Fleurs du mal.*
	De Banville, Th.	*Odes funambulesques.*
	Barrillot, F.	*Les Vierges.*
	Auguez, P.	*Les Chants du cœur.*
	Juillerat, P.	Hier et aujourd'hui, *Rev. contemporaine,* Feb. 15.
	MacCarthy, Vicomte de	Le Progrès, *Recueil des Jeux Floraux.*
	Véron, P.	Les Héros, *Rev. de Paris,* Sept. 1.
	Garnier, G.	Le Canal de Suez, *Recueil des Jeux Floraux.*
	Soulary, J.	*Les Ephémères.*
1858	Du Camp, M.	*Les Convictions.*
	Dierx, L.	*Aspirations.*
	Bornier, H. de	La Guerre d'Orient, *Poésies complètes* (1894).
	Massé, I.	Le Progrès, *Les Olympiades.*
	Maury.	Le Progrès, *Recueil des Jeux Floraux.*
1859	Hugo, V.	*La Légende des Siècles.*
	Mouy, Ch. de	Le Poème des jours nouveaux, *Le Magasin de librairie.*
	Van Hasselt, A.	L'Etablissement des chemins de fer en Belgique, *Poèmes, paraboles, odes* (1862).
	Boulay-Paty, E.	Le Câble transatlantique, *Recueil des Jeux Floraux.*
1860	Py, E.	*Foi et patrie.*
	Alexandre, C.	*Les Grands Maîtres.*
	Glatigny, A.	*Les Vignes folles.*
1861	Bornier, H. de	L'Isthme de Suez, *Les Poètes lauréats de l'Académie fr.* 1864.
	Vaucelle, A. de	A la Muse, *L'Artiste,* Nov. 1.
	Lacaussade, A.	Le Poète et la vie, *Revue européenne,* Apr.
1862	Leconte de Lisle	*Poésies barbares.*
	Van Hasselt, A.	*Poèmes, paraboles, odes.*
	Des Essarts, E.	*Poésies parisiennes.*
	Michu, C.	*Les Chants de l'Industrie.*
	De Laincel, L.	*Pages d'un album.*
	De Banville, Th.	Ballade de ses regrets de l'an 1830, *Trente-six ballades joyeuses* (1873).

1862	Laprade, V. de	L'Age d'or, *Le Correspondant*, June.
	De Garel, E.	Hymne au progrès, *Les Olympiades*.
1863	Barrillot, F.	*La Mascarade humaine*.
	Ackermann, Mme.	*Contes et poèmes*.
	Manuel, E.	La Fille aux bobines, *Poèmes populaires* (1872).
	Theuriet, A.	Sylvine, *R. D. M.*, March 1.
1864	Vigny	*Les Destinées*.
	Bonnel, L.	*Fables*.
	Barbier, A.	Rimes de voyage, *R. D. M.*, Aug. 15.
	Pailleron, E.	Pangloss, *R. D. M.*, Nov. 15.
1865	Hugo, V.	*Les Chansons des rues et des bois*.
	Prior, J.	*Les Veilles d'un artisan*.
	Ponzio, J. G.	*Les Chants du peuple*.
	Lefèvre, A.	Antithèse printanière, *Revue moderne*, June 1.
1866	Sully Prudhomme	*Poésies* (1865–1866).
		Les Épreuves.
	Lemoyne, A.	*Les Charmeuses*.
	Foulc, J.	Chant de l'Exposition universelle, *Rev. du Lyonnais*.
	Villiers de l'Isle-Adam	*Esquisse*.
	Peychiez, J.	Présent et avenir, *Les Olympiades*.
	Togno, A.	L'Œuvre du progrès, *Les Olympiades*.
1867	De Banville, Th.	*Les Exilés*.
	Theuriet, A.	*Le Chemin des bois*.
	Coppée, Fr.	*Intimités*.
	Bellin, A. G.	*L'Exposition universelle*.
	Pagnon, J.	Le Forez, *Rev. du Lyonnais*.
1868	Py, E.	*Antiques et contemporaines*.
	Vaucelle, A. de	L'Art immortel, *L'Artiste*, Feb. 1.
	Debelfort, L.	La Soierie, *Rev. du Lyonnais*.
	De Podestat, M.	Les Torrents, *Rev. contemporaine*, Feb. 29.
1869	De Banville, Th.	*Occidentales*.
	Sully Prudhomme	*Les Solitudes*.
	Coppée, Fr.	*La Grève des forgerons*.
		Poésies (1869–1874).
	Bornier, H. de	Pour la Crèche, *Poésies complètes*.
	Gautier, Th.	Marine. (See *Le Parnasse contemporain*, vol. ii).
1870	Renaud, A.	L'Enfant de la houille.
		Les Rats, *Drames du peuple* (1885).
	Tremblay, L.	Le Vrai Progrès, *Les Olympiades*.
	Villars, E.	Le Chemin de fer des morts, *L'Artiste*, Jan. 1.

Le Parnasse contemporain, vol. i, 1866, vol. ii, 1869, vol. iii, 1871.

II. Prose Works Bearing on the Subject.

Only articles and books that appeared from 1830–1870 are included here. They are listed chronologically.

1835	Gautier, Th.	Preface of *Mlle de Maupin.*
1837	Lamennais	*Le Livre du peuple.*
1840	Chaudes-Aigues, J.	Etat présent de la littérature, *L'Artiste,* Jan. 26.
1841	Sand, G.	Dialogues familiers sur la poésie des prolétaires, *Rev. indépendante.*
1842	Houssaye, A.	De la Poésie, de la vapeur et du paysage, *L'Artiste,* p. 98.
1843	Sainte-Beuve	*Chroniques parisiennes,* April.
		Quelques Vérités sur la situation en littérature, *R. D. M.,* July 1.
	Laprade, V. de	De la question littéraire, *Rev. ind.,* Oct. 10.
1844	Rochery, P.	Critique littéraire, *Rev. ind.,* June 10.
1845	Everlove, L.	L'Art et la poésie, *L'Artiste,* April 6.
1846	De Mazade, Ch.	Des Œuvres littéraires de ce temps, *R. D. M.,* June 15.
	Michelet, J.	*Le Peuple.*
	Ponsard, Fr.	Preface of *Agnès de Méranie.*
1847	Maron, E.	Critique littéraire, *Rev. ind.,* Jan. 25.
1848	Renan, E.	*L'Avenir de la science* (published 1890).
1852	Baudelaire, Ch.	Edgar Allan Poe, *Rev. de Paris,* March.
	Cormenin, L. de	Les Féeries de la science, *Rev. de Paris,* May.
	Pelletan, E.	*Profession de foi du xix^e^ siècle.*
1853	Castille, H.	Des Lettres et des arts au point de vue industriel, *Rev. de Paris,* Feb.
	Kauffmann, A.	La Poésie de l'Industrie, *Rev. de Paris,* July 15.
	Planche, G.	La Poésie et les poètes en France en 1853, *R. D. M.,* Sept. 15.
	Ulbach, L.	La Liquidation littéraire, *Revue de Paris,* March.
1854	Cuvillier-Fleury, A.	*Etudes historiques et littéraires,* 2 vols.
	Flaubert, G.	*Correspondance,* 3e série, 1854–1869 (Charpentier edition, 1916).
	Michelet, J.	*Le Banquet.*
1855	Baudelaire, Ch.	Exposition universelle de 1855, *Curiosités esthétiques.*
	Belly, F.	La Poésie de l'Exposition, *Rev. contemporaine,* Dec. 15.
	Lacaussade, A.	De la Poésie utilitaire et d'une poétique nouvelle, *Rev. contemporaine,* June 15.
	Pichot, A.	Chronique littéraire, *Rev. britannique,* April.

1855	Thierry, E.	*"Les Chants modernes," Le Moniteur universel*, July 10.
	Limayrac, P.	Livres, *La Presse*, June 4.
	Chevalier, M.	Exposition universelle, *Journal des Débats*, May 15.
	Planche, G.	La Littérature nouvelle, *R. D. M.*, May 15.
	Pontmartin, A. de	M. Maxime Du Camp, *Dernières Causeries littéraires.*
	Renan, E.	La Poésie de l'Exposition, *Morale et critique.*
	Sainte-Beuve	*"Les Chants modernes," L'Athenaeum français*, July 28.
	Ulbach, L.	*"Claudin, L'Exposition à vol d'oiseau," Rev. de Paris*, Dec. 1.
		Preface to *Suzanne Duchemin.*
	Texier, E.	*"Les Chants modernes," Le Siècle*, May 18.
1856	Laprade, V. de	La Poésie et l'Industrie, *Le Correspondant.*
	Laurent-Pichat	*Poèmes et poésies*, Leconte de Lisle, *Rev. de Paris*, Jan. 1.
	Guéroult, Ad.	La Poésie de l'Exposition, *Rev. philosophique et religieuse*, Jan.
	Pelletan, E.	Deux Poètes, *La Presse*, March 27.
1859	Claveau, A.	*"La Légende des Siècles," Rev. contemporaine*, Oct. 15.
	Tisseur, J.	Les Affinités de la poésie et de l'industrie dans l'antiquité grecque, *Rev. du Lyonnais.*
	De Mazade, Ch.	L'Arrière-Saison de la poésie, les poètes et les vers nouveaux, *R. D. M.*, June 15.
1860	Pontmartin, A. de	La Poésie française en 1861, *R. D. M.*, Aug. 1.
1862	Laurent-Pichat	*Les Poètes de combat.*
1864	De Banville, Th.	Mouvement dramatique et littéraire, *L'Artiste*, April 15.
	About, E.	*Le Progrès.*
	Gourdault, J.	Poésies nouvelles, *R. D. M.*, Aug. 15.
	Simonnet, M.	Essai sur les destinées de la poésie, *Rev. du Lyonnais.*
	Leconte de Lisle	Béranger, *Le Nain jaune*, Aug. 13.
1865	Proudhon, P.	*Du Principe de l'art et de sa destination sociale.*
1866	Martha, C.	La Poésie d'aujourd'hui, *R. D. M.*, April 15.
1867	Vapereau, G.	*L'Année littéraire et dramatique.*
1868	Scherer, E.	L'Avenir de la poésie, *Etudes de littérature contemporaine.*
	Theuriet, A.	La Poésie et les poètes en 1868, *Rev. moderne*, Jan. 10, 1869.
	Gautier, Th.	*Les Progrès de la poésie française depuis 1830.* (See volume, *Histoire du romantisme.*)

III. More Recent Critical Comment

Arranged by authors, alphabetically.

Arvin, N. Romanticism and the Modern Mind, *The Freeman*, Feb. 20, 27, 1924.

Baldensperger, F. Edition of A. de Vigny's *Poésies* (1914).

Berret, P. Edition of Hugo's *La Légende des Siècles* (2 vols., 1920).

—— *La Philosophie de V. Hugo (1854–1859) et deux mythes de "la Légende des Siècles"* (1910).

Bersaucourt, A. de Un Précurseur de Verhaeren, *Mercure de France*, Aug. 15, 1916.

Biré, E. *Victor Hugo avant 1830* (1883).

—— *Victor Hugo après 1830* (1891).

—— *Victor Hugo après 1852* (1894).

—— *Victor de Laprade, sa vie et ses œuvres* (1886).

Bonnefonn, P. Maxime Du Camp et les Saint-Simoniens, *Rev. d'histoire littéraire* (1910).

Cassagne, A. *La Théorie de l'art pour l'art en France* (1906).

Descharmes, R. *Flaubert; sa vie, son caractère, ses idées avant 1857* (1909).

Doncieux, G. Un Poète inconnu, *Le Correspondant* (Sept. 25, 1887).

Dupin, H. Etude sur la chronologie des Contemplations, *Bibliothèque de la Faculté des lettres, XXI* (1906).

Dupuy, E. *Alfred de Vigny, ses amitiés, son rôle littéraire* (2 vols., 1910–1912).

Estève, E. *Leconte de Lisle; l'homme et l'œuvre* (1923).

—— *Sully Prudhomme; poète sentimental et philosophe* (1925).

Fleischmann, H. *Rachel intime* (1910).

Fuchs, M. *Théodore de Banville* (1912).

Fusil, C. *La Poésie scientifique de 1750 à nos jours* (1918).

Karénine, W. *George Sand. Sa vie et ses œuvres* (1912).

Latreille, C. La Vie littéraire à Paris en 1843–1844, *Revue bleue*, Oct. 25, 1913.

Leblond, M. A. *Leconte de Lisle d'après des documents nouveaux* (1906).

—— La Poésie et la science au xix^{e} siècle, *La Grande Revue*, May 15, 1904.

Lemaître, J. *Les Contemporains*, vol. i.

Magne, E. Le Machinisme dans la littérature contemporaine, *Mercure de France*, (Jan. 16, 1910).

Mariéton, P. *J. Soulary et la Pléiade lyonnaise* (1884).

Marsan, J. *La Bataille romantique*, 2^{e} serie, (1924).

Martino, P. *Parnasse et Symbolisme* (1925).

Masson, P. M. *Lamartine* (1911).

Morice, H. *La Poésie de Sully Prudhomme* (1920).

Mustoxidi, T. *Histoire de l'esthétique française 1700–1900* (1920).

Rigal, E. *Victor Hugo, poète épique* (1900).

Séverin, F. Théodore Weustenraad, *La Belgique artistique et littéraire*, July 1910.

Sugier, E. *Lamartine* (1910).

Tisseur. *Poésies de Jean Tisseur, recueillies par ses frères* (Lyons, 1885).

Whitehouse, H. R. *Life of Lamartine* (2 vols., M., 1918).

IV. General and Miscellaneous Works

Arranged by authors, alphabetically.

Ballot, Ch. *L'Introduction du machinisme dans l'industrie française* (1923).

Cabet, M. *Voyage en Icarie* (1848).

Castille, H. Les Hommes et les mœurs sous le règne de Louis-Philippe, *Rev. de Paris*, April 1853.

Chemin-Dupontès, P. La Navigation à vapeur en Angleterre, en France et aux Etats-Unis, *R. D. M.*, 1838.

Chevalier, M. Du Réseau des chemins de fer tel qu'il pourrait être établi aujourd'hui en France, *R. D. M.*, 1838.

Coquelin, Ch. De l'Industrie linière en France et en Angleterre, *R. D. M.*, July 1, 1839.

Du Camp, M. *Souvenirs littéraires* (1882–1883).

Dupin, C. *Progrès de l'industrie française depuis le commencement du xix^e^ siècle* (1823).

Duruy, V. *Histoire de France* (2 vols., 1898).

Festy, O. *Le Mouvement ouvrier au début de la Monarchie de Juillet* (1908).

Gautier, Th. Le Chemin de fer, *La Charte de 1830*, Oct. 15, 1837. (Reprinted in *Fusains et Eaux-fortes*, 1907.)

—— *L'Orient* (Charpentier edition, 1907).

Hémon, C. Sully Prudhomme, *Journal intime*, *Rev. de Paris*, March 15 and April 1, 1922.

Hugo, V. *En Voyage. France et Belgique.*

Lavisse, E. *Histoire de France contemporaine.* (Tome V. *La Monarchie de Juillet*, 1921, by S. Charlety. Tome VI. *La Révolution de 1848–Le Second Empire*, 1921, by Ch. Seignobos.)

Lerminier. De la Littérature des ouvriers, *R. D. M.*, Dec. 15, 1841.

Lewinski, M. J. *L'Evolution industrielle de la Belgique* (1911).

Michiels, A. *Histoire des idées littéraires en France au xix^e^ siècle* (2 vols., 4e édition, très augmentée, 1863).

Nettement, A. *Histoire de la littérature française sous le gouvernement de Juillet* (2 vols., 1854).

Petetin, A. Du Rôle politique des chemins de fer, *Rev. ind.*, Apr. 10, 1844.

Picard, A. *Les Chemins de fer français*, (6 vols. 1884–1885).

Potvin, Ch. *Histoire des lettres en Belgique* (1882).

Poulot, D. *Le Sublime* (1870).

Renard, G. *Etapes de la société française au xix^e^ siècle* (1913).

Sand, G. *Les Sept Cordes de la lyre* (1839).

Schnitzler, J. H. *Statistique générale, méthodique et complète de la France comparée aux autres grandes puissances de l'Europe* (1846).

Thureau-Dangin, P. *Histoire de la Monarchie de Juillet*, (7 vols. 1884–1906).

Villermé, L. *Tableau de l'état physique et moral des ouvriers* (1840).

Weill, G. *Histoire du mouvement social en France 1852–1910*, 2e édition refondue (1911).

INDEX

INDEX

Italics refer to most important passages

Alexandre, Ch., 102, 142, 201.
Aliez, Adrien, 47, 195.
Allorge, H., 179.
Ampère, A., 5, 18.
Ampère, J. J., 18, 172.
Arvin, N., 176.
Augier, Émile, 14.

Banville- Th. de, *Malédiction de Cypris, 46–47*; *Odes funambulesques*, 118–119; his attitude in 1862–1864, 137–138; *La Mitrailleuse*, 149; preface to *Odes funambulesques, 175*; 64, 174, 195, 196, 199, 200, 201.
Barbier, Auguste, *Lazare, 20–24;* 39, *63*, 90, 93, 143, 149, 150, 165, 167, 168, 169, 172, 179, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201.
Barbier, V., 49, 200.
Barral, 9.
Barrillot, Fr., *La Vierge a l'Etoile, 122–124;* 67, 119, 130, 141, 143, 173, 196, 198, 201.
Barthélemy, A., *43–44*, 47, 64, *114–115*, 130, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200.
Barthélemy, P., 152, 196.
Baudelaire, Ch., discussion of idea of progress, *100–101; Les Fleurs du mal, 125–126;* 52 n, 119, 168, 174, 197, 200, 201.
Bellin, Antoine-G., 151, 201.
Belloy, Marquis de, 117, 200.
Belly, Felix, 110.
Béranger, P. J. de., 32, 139.
Berret, P., 67 n., 115 n, 122 n, 125, 129, 130, 131, 132.
Blanc, Louis, 9.
Blanqui, Adolphe, 10.
Bonnel, L., 143.
Bornier, H. de, 118, 143, 152–153, 197, 198, 199, 201.
Boubée, J. S., 43, 185, 196, 200.
Bouilhet, Louis, *70–72*, 97, 98, 198.
Boulay-Paty, E., 116–117, 196, 197.
Bourget, P., 177.
Brissac, H., 116, 189, 195, 201.

Cabet, 9.
Caro, Professor, 177.
Castille, H., *80–81*, 82.
Chaudes-Aigues, J., 13 n.
Chaulon, Alph., 47.
Chemin-Dupontès, P., 9.
Chevalier, Michel, 9, 10, 110.
Chevreau, H., 26, 166.
Claveau, A., 134.
Colet, Louise, *74–75*, 173, 195, 200, 201.
Coppée, F., 153–154, 195, 196, 198, 199, 201.
Coquelin, Ch., 9.
Cormenin, Louis de, 10, *79–80*, 82.
Creusot, Le, 4, 88, 156, 157.
Cuisin, 24, 197.
Cuvillier-Fleury, A., 74 n.

Daguerre, Louis J.-M., 143.
Daudet, Léon, 169.
Debelfort, L., 152, 201.
Deschamps, A., 25, 90–91, 200.
Des Essarts, A., 47, 197.
Donzel, Fleury, 49, 195, 198, 200.
Du Camp, M., his personality, 83–84;

Lambert's influence on him, 85; preface to *Chants modernes, 86–90; Chants de la matière*, 90–95; *Les Convictions*, 135; his insistence on a "plastique," 168; his election to French Academy, 177; 10, 110, 111, 112, 121, 122, 125, 134, 137, 140, 141, 146, 160, 162, 169, 172, 173, 179, 195, 197, 198, 199, 201.
Dupin, C., 9 and n.
Dupont, Pierre, *52–55*, 64, 77, 195, 196, 197, 199, 200, 201.

Enfantin, B., 83–84.
Estève, E., 34 n, 156.
Everlove, L. S. A., 13 n.

Festeau, L., 32, 36, 195, 196.
Flaubert, Gustave, *97–98*, 109, 136.
Foulc, Jacques, 151, 200.
Francon, 37.
Fulton, R., 4, 143.
Fusil, C., Pref., 71.

Garel, E. H. de., 143.
Garnier, Georges, 116, 190, 195.
Gautier, Théophile, his judgment of Bouilhet's *Fossiles*, 71; publication of *Emaux et Camées*, 85, 87, 88 n; his opinion of the *Chants modernes*, 146; his description of a steamer, 152; the influence of his condemnation of the useful, 178; 10, 11, 15, 67, 163, 168, 195.
Genoux, Cl., 32, 36, 197, 198.
Germigny, Paul, 31–32, 143, 196, 200.
Girardin, Mme de, 11 n.
Goll, Ivan, 179.
Gourdault, J., 137.
Grivot, Ch. A., 32.
Guéroult, Ad., 109–110.
Guilbeaux, H., 179.
Guillermain, 37.

Houssaye, Arsène, 10, 64 n.
Hugo, V., *Les Voix intérieures*, 26; *Melancholia*, 45–46, *Force des choses*, 69; *Chose vue un jour de printemps*, 129; *Le Satyre, 129–130*; *Vingtième Siècle*, 131–134; his contribution to a "plastique," 168; 7, 11, 17, 63, 64, 86, 93, 119, 136, 141, 160, 162, 164, 165, 166, 167, 173, 178, 179, 195, 196, 198, 199, 200.

Indret, 4, 88.

Jacquard, J. M., 4, 70, 98, 143.
Jasmin, J. B., 32.
Jouffroy d'Abbans, 4.
Juillerat, Paul, 25, 115–116, 196, 199.

Karénine, W., 33.
Kauffmann, Achille, 81–82, 95.

Labitte, Ch., 13 n.
Lacaussade, Aug., 106–107, 142.
Laincel, L. de, 142, 201.
Lamartine, Alph. de, 25 and n., 174.
Lambert, Ch., 83, 84–85, 91.
Lamennais, F. de, 8.
Lapointe, Savinien, 32, 34–36, 143, 195 196, 197, 199, 201.
Laprade, Victor de, *L'Age nouveau, 40–43*; his article *La Poésie et l'Industrie, 102–104;* 75–76, 91, 109, 136, 197, 200, 201.
Larbaud, V., 179.
Laurent-Pichat, L., *Libres Paroles*, 47–49; *l'Eau qui chante*, 67–68; *All Right, 119–121;* his attitude toward industry, *121–122, 141 n;* 26, 74, 91, 165, 168, 173, 179, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201.
Lebreton, Th., 36, 198, 199, 200.
Lechevalier, Jules, 10.
Leconte de Lisle, Ch., publication of *Poèmes antiques*, 85; his criticism of Du Camp's theory, *99;* further expression (1861–1864) of his opinion of industry, *138–139;* 14, 67, 106, 136, 137, 168, 174, 175, 176.
Lefèvre, A., 143–144, 147, 166, 199, 200.

Le Fèvre-Deumier, J., 43, 186.
Lemaître, Jules, 159.
Lemoyne, A., 148, 195, 196, 201.
Lerminier, Jean L. E., 32.
Lesguillon, M. J., 43, 131, 185, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200.
Lewinski, M. J., 55.
Limayrac, Paulin, 110–111.

MacCarthy, Vicomte de, 117, 198, 201.
Magu, 32, 33.
Mainvielle, 37.
Mandin, L., 179–180.
Manuel, E., 141, 173, 199, 201.
Mariéton, P., 49.
Maron, E., 13 n.
Martha, C., 147.
Martin, N., 47, 196, 197, 198.
Massé, I.-A., 117.
Mathieu, Ad., 55–56, 196, 198, 200.
Maury, M., 116, 189.
Mazade, Chas. de, 14, 137.
Ménard, L., 85.
Meuricé, P., 7, 115, 166.
Michelet, Jules, 9, 44, 77, *Le Banquet*, 78.
Michiels, A., 110, 111.
Michu, Claude, *144–146*, 159, 166, 168, 195, 196, 197, 199, 200, 201.
Minier, H., 117–118, 195, 198.
Morand, P., 179, 180.
Moreau, H., 32.
Morse, S. F. B., 5.
Mouy, Ch. de, 116.
Musset, A. de, 20, 174, 175, 196.

Nisard, Désiré, 11.

Oersted, Hans C., 5, 18.

Pagnon, J., 151.
Pailleron, E., 142, 200, 201.
Papin, Denis, 38.
Pelletan, E., 78–79, 111.
Pertus, C., 49, 195.
Petetin, A., 9 and n.
Peychiez, J., 152.
Peyronnet, Comte de, 49, 196.
Pichot, Amédée, 110, 111.
Planche, G., 23, 64, *98–99*, 136, 169.
Podestat, M. de, 152, 201.
Pommier, Victor L., A., *Colères*, 29–31 *La Découverte de la vapeur*, 38–40; 130 162, 172, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201.
Poncy, 32, 33.
Ponsard, F., 13, 14.
Pontmartin, A. de, 107–108, 137.
Porchat, 25, 195, 198.
Potié, H., 116, 189, 201.
Potvin, Ch., 58 n, 73–74, 196, 199.
Poullain, H., 43, 185, 197, 198, 199, 201.
Prior, J., 143, 163, 197.
Proudhon, P. J., 140.
Py, Edmond, 116, 168, 195, 199, 200.

Quinet, Edgar, 24.

Renan, E., 11, *104–106*, 109, 110, 136.
Renaud, A., 149–151, 195, 196, 197, 198, 201.
Reynaud, Ch., 68–69.
Rhéal, S., 115.
Richard, F., 3.
Rodenbach, G., 177.
Rodrigues, O., 32.
Roly, Michel, 32.
Romains, J., 179.
Rossi, P., 10.

Sainte-Beuve, C. A., his criticism of Du Camp's *Chants modernes*, 99–100; 12, 42, 108, 113, 172.
Sand, George, *32–34*, 37, 38, 64.
Scherer, E., *147–148*, 159.
Schnitzler, 9.
Simonnet, M., 137, 139–140, 141.
Soulary, J., 49, 51, 119, *126–128*, 195, 196, 197, 198, 200.
Staël, Mme de, 96, 173.
Stappaerts, Louisa, 55, 56, 196, 198.

Sully Prudhomme, A., *155–159*, 160, 165, 168, 173, 179, 197, 200.

Tastu, Mme A., 18, 200.
Texier, E., 106.
Theuriet, A., 143, 147, 197, 200, 201.
Thierry, E., 110, 111.
Tisseur, J., 49–52, 64, 70, 112, 196, 197, 200, 201.
Togno, A., 152, 200, 201.
Tremblay, L., 149.

Ulbach, L., 108–109.

Vacquerie, Aug., 49, 195, 196.
Van Hasselt, A., 55, *57*, 119, 128–129, 197, 200.
Vapereau, G., 137, 139, 147.
Vaucelle, Aug. de, 141, 148.
Vergnes, F. D. des, 116, 151 n, 189, 198, 200.
Verhaeren, E., 132, 177, 178, 179.
Véron, P., 116, 189.
Viennet, G., 161–162, 163, 165.
Vigny, A. de, *Paris* 19; *La Maison du berger*, 27–29; 10, 162, 172, 174, 175, 176, 178, 196.
Villars, E., 152, 195, 197, 198.
Villermé, L., 8.
Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, 153, *154–155*, 179, 196, 197, 198.
Vincent, A., 72, 198, 199, 200, 201.

Weustenraad, Th., *Le Remorqueur*, *58–60*, *Le Haut-Fourneau*, *60–62*; 55, 57, 63, 66, 132, 165, 167, 168, 172, 179, 197, 198, 200, 201.

MILLS COLLEGE LIBRARY

THIS BOOK DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

Books not returned on time are subject to a fine of 10c per volume per day.

JUN 4 '62

MAR 8 '68

FACULTY SEP 1 8 1985

840.9 G761f
46186